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FORE AND AFT

A STORY OF ACTUAL SEA LIFE

PROPERTY

BY

ROBERT B. DIXON

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PREFACE.

HAVING passed many pleasant hours in narrating reminiscences of fourteen months of ship life, I have prepared this story because my friends thought that what they had enjoyed hearing, others might find interest in reading; and because so few true accounts have been given by persons who have themselves been sailors, and who write from actual experience. With the notable exception of Richard H. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," there has been hardly a book giving a correct statement of the sailor's life, with its many hardships and perils, and its few pleasures and enjoyments. I send my story out into the world, hoping that it may be found to be — what I have tried to make it — a truthful representation of the average experiences of the American sailor, "fore and aft."

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FORE AND AFT.

CHAPTER I.

At six o'clock on the morning of Oct. 10, I arrived in the city of New York for the first time in my life. I had left home the morning before with Capt. Bradley, with whom I was to make my first voyage at sea, in the brig "Elizabeth," bound for Vera Cruz, Mexico.

My life thus far had been reluctantly passed at school. I was jubilant with the idea that at last my youthful dreams were about to be realized, and that I was going to sea. My father had long known Capt. Bradley; and, as my wish to go to sea had been so urgent, he decided, much to my joy, to let me go in the "Elizabeth." I was born and brought up in a seaport-town where shipbuilding was the chief industry. My greatest delight was to go on board the vessels which were being built, especially when they were being fitted with their rigging; and my interest in such things had long since made me familiar with all the ropes, spars, and sails. I had finished a course of instruction at Chauncy-hall

School, Boston, and was at home on my summer vacation, when I met Capt. Bradley, and it was decided that I should go with him.

Our baggage was sent directly to the brig at Pier 18, East River, while we took a cab across the city. After a drive of twenty minutes we arrived at the dock, where several vessels were lying, and among them the "Elizabeth." On getting out of the carriage at the edge of the pier, no one being in sight, the captain sung out, "On deck!" to which came back the response, "Halloa!" and the scraggy head of the mate appeared over the rail.

After the usual greetings, and inquiries as to the condition of the vessel and cargo, the captain, turning toward the mate and pointing at me, said, —

"Mr. Hardy, this young man I have brought along with me is to make a voyage with us, and I put him under your care. You can get his luggage aboard, and put it in the boy's room."

With this he left us, and went into the cabin. The mate led the way to my quarters, a small and dingy room, containing two berths, in the after-part of the forecastle.

"There, boy," said he, pointing to the berths: "they ain't very clean, but you can take your choice, and then fix things up to suit yourself. Now you can stow your traps away in here, and do what you want to for the rest of the day. To-morrow morning I will set you to work." The mate then left me, and went on deck.

My quarters had apparently been used as a store-

room, for the floor was covered with blocks and rigging thrown in promiscuously. Having removed the contents of the lower berth, and stowed them on the deck underneath preparatory for my bedding, I went on deck and took a look around. The loading was nearly done; and the stevedores were putting in the last of the cargo, which was a mixed one, made up mostly of railroad-supplies.

The vessel was old, but had recently been thoroughly overhauled, her bottom being newly coppered, and some new spars and sails supplied. She was four hundred and fifty tons measurement, brig rigged, and, the mate informed me, a good sailer when lightly loaded, but very slow when loaded deep as she now was.

The mate and two shore-hands were busy battening down the hatches, and making every thing trim and ship-shape about the decks, ready to haul out into the stream on the following morning, when the sailors who had been shipped were to come on board.

As is customary, our crew had been shipped for the voyage out and back, and had received a month's pay in advance. This latter might be thought rather a risky thing to do, as the sailors having received this sum of money might easily keep out of the way till after the vessel sailed, and by so doing defraud the captain of that amount, and oblige the vessel to sail without her full number of men. This, however, seldom happens; arrangements being made as follows: When a crew is to be shipped for a voyage, the captain goes to the shipping-commissioner,

who provides men through boarding-house keepers and runners who frequent his office, and with whom he is well acquainted. These agents keep the commissioner informed as to the men they have, and select those that seem the most desirable for the places to be filled; that is, able seamen, ordinary seamen, and boys, also cooks and stewards, and sometimes officers. Many of these boarding-houses are kept by old sailors, who employ runners — often sharpers of the worst class — to board in-bound vessels on the way up the harbor, and urge the merits of their houses, in order to get as many boarders as they can. The sailors frequently stay at these houses until their money is all gone, and they are, many of them, more or less in debt to the boarding-house keeper. The runners especially recommend these latter to the commissioner, as able-bodied and fine seamen, so as to get rid of them before their boarding-house bill exceeds the amount of the next month's advance, which is to be received from their captain. Frequently through this deception the captain finds, after getting to sea, that some of the men who have been represented to him as able-bodied seamen turn out to be land-lubbers of the worst sort. It is customary to give sailors a month's pay in advance, but it is so arranged that they cannot get it into their own hands before the vessel sails. The captain of the vessel for which the crew is to be shipped deposits with the shipping-commissioner a sum sufficient to cover the month's advance for all the sailors he needs for the voyage. The commis-

sioner then selects the men, and gives them an order on himself for their pay; but, this order not being due till the ship is well out of the harbor, the sailor cannot draw the money from the commissioner, and therefore cannot cheat the captain. He can, however, negotiate this order; and if, as is commonly the case, he is in debt for two or three weeks' board, then the boarding-house keeper takes the order, deducts the amount due himself, and pays the sailor the balance, usually a very small sum. As the boarding-house keeper cannot get this order cashed by the shipping-commissioner till after the vessel has sailed, he keeps a sharp lookout for the sailor in question, until the latter has been put, bag and baggage, on board the vessel. If the sailor should escape the boarding-house keeper by any means, and the vessel should sail without him, the money which was left with the commissioner will not be paid, but is kept to the credit of the vessel; and the boarding-house keeper is out of pocket the amount he has advanced the sailor.

After dinner I went on shore with the captain, who bought me a suit of oil-clothes and a "sou'-wester," to be used in wet weather; also a mattress, which he called a "donkey's breakfast" from its being filled with straw. Besides these things we got a quart tin dipper, a small tin pan, and a large iron spoon, which were to be my eating-utensils.

In the evening, having made up my berth with the mattress, and some blankets and comforters brought from home, I turned in early, and being very tired soon fell asleep.

At daylight the next morning I was aroused from my sound sleep by the gruff voice of the mate, who called out, "Halloa there, Bob! turn out and come on deck. The cook will give you some coffee. Fly around now, for we are to haul out of dock right away!"

I hurriedly dressed myself; and going on deck, taking my quart dipper and pan with me, found the crew had just come on board, and were stowing away their luggage in the forecastle. Alongside was a tug-boat, with steam up, waiting to pull us into the stream. I went to the galley, and found the cook busily at work straightening out his quarters. I passed him my dipper, and he filled it with coffee from a huge coffee-pot which was steaming on the range; he also gave me some bread, and said he should have breakfast later in the morning. I drank down the coffee; but it did not suit my taste, being made, as the sailors afterward told me, of split peas, and sweetened with molasses. The crew, which consisted of eight men, were rather noisy among themselves, having drank considerable liquor the night before. The mate now came forward; and with him was a large, brawny, muscular man of about thirty, who, the cook told me, was the second mate, and who came on board with the crew.

"Mr. Sawtell," said the mate, "turn the men to, take in the fasts, and pass out a hawser to the tug!"

A hawser was passed to the tug, the pier fasts were hauled in, and, at a command from the pilot, we moved slowly but steadily out into the current. The

tug, which had been alongside, now went ahead of the vessel; and, our speed being gradually increased, we glided down the East River, occasionally changing our course a little to avoid the vessels and small craft that are so numerous in this vicinity.

Meanwhile I was set to work with the crew hauling ropes, taking in fenders from over the sides of the vessel, and overhauling the anchor-chains, preparatory, as we now learned, to coming to anchor; for our voyage was not yet begun as I had supposed. We soon came to anchor off one of the small forts in the harbor; and the brig, swinging round with the tide, headed back towards the city.

We were to take in a small amount of ammunition, which was to be sent out for the Mexican government. The reason we took in this portion of our cargo here in the river, instead of at the pier, was because the law did not allow the powder to be handled in the city proper.

In the afternoon two lighters came alongside, bringing the powder from the shore. This was soon stowed away in the forehold without accident, and we were once more ready for our voyage: the wind, however, not being favorable, the captain decided to wait till morning. During the afternoon the second mate kept us busy clearing up the decks, stowing away spare spars and rigging, lashing down water-casks, and making every thing secure for the voyage.

In the evening the crew became rather noisy, owing to some liquor which they had concealed in their luggage, and of which they had frequently par-

taken. They were soon quieted, however, by the two mates, who came forward; and, one of the most noisy and turbulent men being knocked down by a blow from the brawny fist of the second mate, and several bottles and flasks, more or less full of liquor, being taken away from them, order was restored.

CHAPTER II.

"TURN out, all hands, and get ready to weigh anchor!" came the order in the mate's gruff voice, awakening me from a sound sleep, at four o'clock the next morning.

Hurrying on my clothes, I hastened forward, and assisted the crew in shipping the windlass-brakes; and at the command we began to "heave away." The morning was dark and cloudy; but there was a good breeze blowing from the north-west, which was favorable for us.

We now got an insight into the character of the second mate. Born and brought up on Cape Cod, he had, since his early life, been almost continually at sea. Rough, uneducated, a perfect giant in strength, he was not easily trifled with; and, when he once gave a command, it could not safely be disregarded, as many a sailor who has been under him can testify.

"Anchor's short, sir," called out Mr. Sawtell to the mate.

"'Vast heaving!" bawled the mate, "lay aloft, and loose the tops'ls."

"Here, Bob, run up and shake out the to'gallant

sail, and be spry about it," said the second mate to me.

I had been about vessels so much while at home, and taken such an interest in them, that I had become perfectly familiar with the names of the different ropes, spars, and sails, knew where they belonged and what they were for, and was also quite an adept in the use of ordinary nautical terms. I was not taken at all aback by this order from the second mate; and, nimbly climbing aloft, I soon had the sail shaken out and ready to hoist. Having finished my duties, I returned to the deck, sliding down the topgallant back-stay (an easy and rapid way of descent); and, going up to the second mate, I reported the topgallant sail loose and ready to hoist away, and then went forward.

In the mean time the crew had shaken out the topsails, and loosened the fore-and-aft sails, which were ready to run up.

The second mate reported to the mate, that the sails were loosened and ready to hoist.

"Man the stay-sail halyards, and hoist away!" shouted the mate.

At this command the stay-sails were rapidly run up to the measured sing-song of an old East-India sailor, who was among the crew, singing, "Yo, heave ho!" the end of each note being the signal for a strong pull all together.

"Stay-sails up!" shouted the second mate.

"Belay the halyards, take in the slack of the sheets, man the windlass, and heave away; let two

men stand by the jib-halyards ready to hoist away," bawled out the mate.

The pawls of the windlass rattled merrily to "Shanandore, I love your daughter," led by our "shanty-man;" the crew coming in on the chorus of "Hurrah, you rollin' river!"

"Anchor is a-weigh, sir!" shouted the second mate.

"Run up the jib, and be spry about it. Trim flat the jib-sheets, and make fast!" ordered the mate.

The anchor being out of the holding-ground, and our head-sails set, the brig began gradually to swing around away from the city, and to move slowly down the harbor.

Sawtell reported to the mate that the anchor was up.

"'Vast heaving, unship the windlass-brakes, man the top-sail clew-lines and sheets," said the mate.

"All ready, sir!"

"Sheet home, and hoist away!"

The top-sail sheets were hauled taut and "bowsed down;" the halyards were then run through a snatch-block, manned by all hands; and, with another song from our "shanty-man," the yard was "mast-headed," and the sail filled with the breeze. The rest of the square sails were soon set; and we began to scud down the harbor at the rate of eight knots an hour, leaving the city in the distance. All sail was set, and drawing well; and it seemed from the beginning that our voyage was indeed to be a prosperous one.

Half of the men were now sent below for their breakfast, I among them; and we were regaled with a feast of hash, bread, and a tin pot of coffee. I cannot say that I liked the food, as it was rather different from what I had been used to: however, I was determined to make the best of it, and, being hungry, I ate a hearty meal with the others. We were allowed half an hour for our breakfast, when the rest of the crew were given theirs. One of the men — and it generally falls to the lot of the ordinary seaman, or a boy — goes to the galley-door, and the cook passes to him the "grub" for the watch in a large mess-pan, together with a large pot of coffee. The tin pots and pans which belonged to the crew were at this time bright and clean; but I later found that a sailor rarely washes his dishes so long as he knows that he was the last person to eat out of them, and the natural consequence of this is, that, at the end of the voyage, they are commonly begrimed with a deep and not altogether sweet layer of mosaic nutriment.

After breakfast we were ordered forward to stow the anchor, which was hanging over the bow from the hawse-hole.

"Cat and fish the anchor," shouted the mate. "Here, boy, crawl under the fo'castle, and get out the fish-hook," he said, turning to me.

The fish-hook is a large iron hook, with a long wire pennant attached to it. One of the men, taking this, lowered it over the bow of the vessel, and succeeded in hooking it into the ring of the anchor; the

inner end of the pennant was then attached to the fish-tackle, the upper block of which was hooked into a strap at the fore-topmast head. The slack of the fall having been taken in, and the rope run through a leading-block, it was taken to the capstan, which was then manned by all hands; and at the command, "Heave away," the anchor was brought up to the cat-head, and secured by a single turn of the stopper, one end of which was fast at the rail, while the other was reeved through the ring in the anchor, and then brought back to the cat-head, where it was held in place by a pivot, which could easily be detached at any time when it was necessary to let go the anchor. The fish-hook was now hooked under one fluke of the anchor, which was hoisted on to the rail and fastened by a couple of turns of the shank-painter. Thus the anchor was firmly secured, so that there was no danger of its getting loose when the vessel was rolling and pitching in heavy weather.

At two o'clock the pilot was taken off by a pilot-boat that we had signalled near Sandy Hook, as she was cruising in the lower harbor, waiting for in-bound vessels.

These pilots lead a bold and dangerous life, especially during the winter-season. Oftentimes they run out for miles from the coast to meet vessels that are due or overdue. If the weather is rough when a ship is spoken, much courage is required on the part of the men on the pilot-boat. The vessel to be boarded backs her top-sails so as to stop her headway, while the pilot-boat rounds-to under her lee, and the pilot,

with two men in his dingy, puts off for the ship. If the sea is moderately smooth he will get on board without much difficulty, by means of a side-ladder put over the side of the vessel: if, however, as is often the case after a storm, there is a high sea running, it is an entirely different matter; he may get away from the pilot-boat all right, but the difficulty will be in boarding the ship. Coming under the lee of the vessel, a rope, which runs through a block on the fore-yard arm, is thrown to the boat, and made fast to the bow-thwart as quickly as possible, while the other end is manned by a dozen willing hands on the deck of the ship, ready, at the command, to pull the boat forward, or gently slack her away, as may be found necessary. Another rope is then thrown to the boat; this the pilot fastens around his body, under his armpits, and, the boat then being gently pulled to within a few feet of the ship's side, he awaits his opportunity till the boat is on the top of a wave; then the rope around his body is quickly hauled taut by those on the deck of the vessel, and he, firmly grasping it with both hands, swings himself from the boat against the side of the ship, and is quickly hauled on board. He may consider himself very fortunate if he gets through this manœuvre without a drenching. Often the boat, being jerked about by the rolling of the ship, is filled with water; if, however, it is not upset, the men will be all right as long as they keep their heads, and cling to the boat, which, containing no ballast, will not sink. The pilot having finally succeeded in boarding the

ship, the boat's painter is let go; and, the boat drifting astern, the men and yawl are again taken on board the pilot-boat, which is waiting for them to leeward.

At eight bells in the afternoon, the mate called all hands to the main-mast, and divided the men into two watches. He, being the superior officer, chose those he wanted for his, the port watch; while the second mate, who stands the starboard, or captain's watch as it is called, had the remaining half of the crew. The mate told the men what would be expected of them; that they must do their duty; and that discipline would be enforced.

"Now, men," said the mate, leaning against the weather-rail, with both hands thrust deep into his trousers-pockets, his hat pulled down over one eye, and his monkey-jacket flying back loose, "every man of you will be expected to do his full duty: no shirking will be allowed, and when there is any thing to be done you've got to be there. As long as you 'tend to these things, every thing will be all right, and we shall get along first-rate; but just as sure as you don't 'tend to your business, and stay where you belong, I'll use you worse than any crew was yet served on the old 'Black Ball' packet-line out of Liverpool. Many a sailor comes on board of a vessel with the idea that he is a little lord of the universe, and that he can do about as he wants to; and if any of you have got such notions in your heads, the quicker you get clear of them the better it will be for you. If you do your duty as you should, you'll

find there ain't a better man sails the sea to get along with than I am!" With these complimentary remarks, he dismissed the men.

As the mate, in whose watch I was to be, always has the selection of the time when he will begin to go on duty, he decided to take the second dog-watch, which is from six to eight; and it now being time for the first dog-watch, from four to six, the port watch, in which I was, was piped below.

It is always customary at sea to divide the men equally into two watches, each of which is on deck four hours at a time: one of these four-hour watches — the one between four and eight in the afternoon — is subdivided into two watches of two hours each, called "dog-watches;" the one from four to six being called the first, and the one from six to eight the second, dog-watch. As the port watch was now below, the second mate's, or starboard watch, had the deck. The next day, however, the starboard watch would be below from four to six in the afternoon. The dog-watches are arranged in this manner, so that each watch may not be on deck the same hours each day, but may alternate, so as to be on at the same hours every other day, — the time being thus equally divided. At half-past five our supper was served; and at six o'clock four bells was struck by the man at the wheel, on a little bell firmly fastened to the deck at the after part of the cabin. This was repeated upon a larger bell forward by the man on the lookout.

"Port watch on deck, ahoy! four bells. Turn out

there, men!" shouted the second mate, through the forecastle-door.

At this command the port watch, to which I belonged, came on deck; the man at the wheel and the one on the lookout were relieved; and the starboard watch went below for two hours to get their supper, and a nap if they should so desire, preparatory to coming on deck again at eight o'clock for four hours.

Only two of our watch were occupied at this time, one at the wheel and one on the lookout; the remainder, including myself, were permitted to lounge about the decks, occasionally giving a pull at the weather-braces, as the wind veered a point or two, or obeying some other order from the mate, as any slight change in the wind or weather might require.

Although feeling a little tired from my day's work, I climbed up over the windlass-bitts on to the forecastle, where a large, muscular fellow, about twenty-five years old, was stationed on the lookout. This was Tom Johnson.

"Halloa!" said Tom, "the cook tells me this is your first trip to sea. How do you like it so far?"

"Quite well," I replied: "I thought I might be a little sea-sick, but I haven't been yet."

"Don't croak, young man: this is smooth-water sailing here; just wait till we get off shore, and strike into a good nor'-wester, and begin to pitch round a little."

"I don't believe I shall mind it."

"Well, we'll wait a bit, and see what time will do for you," he replied with a smile.

I took a fancy to Tom. He told me he was born at Stockport, England, about forty miles from Liverpool, where his father was rector of a small parish church. He was the oldest of seven children, and had been kept steadily at school until he was fourteen years of age. One evening his father and mother were talking together in the library; and he, happening to hear his own name mentioned, and on the impulse listening to what was said, found that his own future was under discussion. Both his parents, especially his father, seemed to be desirous that he should study for the ministry. Tom heard his father say, "I myself can instruct him for a year or two, and then send him to college to finish his education." Tom said that on hearing this, he was restless and uneasy. He had always an idea that he should like to lead a life of adventure, and go to different parts of the world, of which he had read and often heard his father speak.

Although Tom's father had not mentioned his plans to his son, Tom was daily expecting him to do so. Having made up his mind not to become a divine, he one day tied up some of his clothes into a bundle, and taking a small sum of money which he had saved up, and which amounted to about two dollars, he purchased a ticket for Liverpool, and determined to leave home that night. Going to bed early, as usual, he waited impatiently till he heard his parents ascend the stairs to their room, and the

door close behind them. The house was soon quiet. Tom waited about an hour, as he thought: then, stealthily creeping out of bed, he hurriedly dressed himself, and, taking his bundle from a top shelf in the closet where he had concealed it, he crept down the creaking stairs as carefully as possible. Just as he reached the hall, and had put his hand on the key of the door, he heard the door of the room above quickly open, and his father say to his mother, "I think the dog is in the hall down stairs: I will go down, and fasten him up."

Tom said he was frightened half out of his wits, he hardly dared to move; but, hastily turning the key, he opened the door, and ran breathlessly down the driveway to the street. Turning his head, but not slackening his pace, he saw his father in his dressing-gown, standing at the open door (which in his haste he had not attempted to close), with a lighted candle held high above his head, peering out into the darkness. Fearing his father might arouse the servants, and start in pursuit, he ran as fast as he could to the railway-station, about half a mile distant. He thought he had arranged his departure from home in time for the down train from London for Liverpool, and on his arrival at the station was somewhat disturbed to find he had nearly half an hour to wait. Fearing to meet a familiar countenance, he eagerly scanned all the faces he saw; but they were strange to him. The station-agent, a single policeman, and a few waiting travellers, were the only persons in view. He kept well out of

sight, however, dodging into doorways and behind corners when any one approached. A shrill whistle was now heard; and very soon the rapidly moving train came in sight, and puffing and steaming whirled into the station.

The coaches were opened on the side by the guard, and a few sleepy passengers got out. The guard looked at Tom as if wondering what he was doing alone at that time of night, asked to see his ticket, and, scrutinizing it closely, put him into a third-class compartment, and locked the door. There was but one other occupant, — a rough-looking man, sound asleep in one corner.

The mails being changed, the train started with a puff and a jerk; and after a quick run it rushed into the Central Station at Liverpool.

Getting out of the train, he was in a quandary as to what to do, or where to go. Wandering through a long line of noisy cab-drivers, baggage-handlers, and the usual hangers-on, he reached the outer door of the station; and seeing two men standing near, talking in an undertone, he approached them, and asked if they could tell him where he might get a place to sleep for the rest of the night. The smaller of the two said he would find a place; and not suspecting any thing, Tom followed him. The man led the way down the street, and turned into a narrow side street. There were but few people about at that time of night; but they passed two policemen, whom, Tom noticed, his companion seemed anxious to avoid by crossing to the other side of the street before

reaching them, and hurriedly walking on. Following this street a short distance, they stopped before a low, tumble-down house. The man, taking a key from his pocket, and ascending a few steps to the house, unlocked the door, and they entered. Lighting a dingy little lamp in the hallway, the stranger took Tom up several flights of dirty and crazy stairs, and, opening a door at the top of the landing, led him in.

The room contained a small bed in one corner, a table, and two chairs. There was no carpet on the floor; the windows were heavily curtained, and the shutters closed.

On the way from the station the man seemed anxious to learn where Tom came from, what he intended doing, and if he had money about him, and, in short, showed so much interest in him that Tom wondered at such friendliness from a perfect stranger. However, he kept his wonder to himself.

Tom's companion said to him, "You must be tired and hungry after your journey: I will bring you something to eat, then you can go to bed."

With this he left the room, but shortly returned bringing some meat, bread, and a mug of beer. Tom ate quite heartily of the bread and meat; but, never having tasted beer in his life, he did not touch it, although the man urged him, and said it would do him good. When he found that Tom did not drink the beer, he brought a glass of milk; which Tom drank, but did not like very much, the taste being so different from that to which he had been

accustomed at home. The man then left him, saying he would call him in the morning; and Tom went to bed. It was cold in the room, so he kept most of his clothes on, and soon went to sleep.

When he awoke, he was amazed to find himself lying on some blankets, on the deck of a vessel at sea; he felt very queerly, and his head ached as though it would split open. Two or three men were bending over him, one of whom was chafing his temples; he heard one say, "What a dose they must have given him!" another, "Look, he opens his eyes: he will come to, yet."

Tom attempted to move, but was too weak to do so. The rubbing was continued; and he soon felt better, but it was several days before he was quite well again.

No one could have been more surprised than Tom was, on finding himself at sea on board of a full-rigged ship. The mystery was soon explained to him by one of the crew. He had been "shanghaied," as it is called: the man he had met at the station was a "shark" lying in wait for the uninitiated, and in Tom he found an easy prey. The food, or more probably the beer, was drugged; and, when Tom did not drink it, the milk was brought. Soon becoming unconscious, he was carried in a close vehicle, with two others who were in the same condition, to the pier-head, and put on board a ship which was ready to sail, but was waiting for the full number of her crew, which she was unable to get legitimately on account of the scarcity of seamen in

port at the time. Every ship is obliged to have a certain number of men, varying with the size of the vessel, before she can leave port on her voyage. The "land-sharks" are paid a certain sum for each man they can obtain, and sometimes do a fine business, especially when there is a lack of sailors that wish to ship. It often happens by this process, that green hands are placed on outward-bound vessels for a long voyage, who know nothing about a vessel, and are of but little service when once on board. They have to stand kicks and cuffs from both officers and men: from the former, on account of their ignorance and lack of seamanship; and from the latter, because, being green hands, they are unable to do their share of the work, and it has to be done by the rest of the men.

This same process of "shanghaing"—which is not carried on so much nowadays as formerly—is sometimes practised on old sailors as well, so that able-bodied seamen occasionally wake up to find themselves where they least expected to be. There have been cases where the victims were *so deeply drugged that they never came out of it.*

Thus Tom found himself on board the English ship "Queen of the Seas," Capt. Clark, bound from Liverpool to Melbourne, with a general cargo of merchandise. After an uneventful voyage the ship reached Melbourne, and from there went to California; where Tom left her, and shipped in another vessel, making several successive voyages. The last of these was to China, where he remained on shore

for about a year; but getting tired of shore life he shipped again, and finally, the vessel in which he sailed arriving in New York, he left her, and staid on shore until his money was all gone, and then shipped on the "Elizabeth." Since leaving his home he had neither seen nor heard from his parents.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Tom was telling me his story, he had been "planking" the deck from rail to rail, continually on the lookout, occasionally stopping and peering ahead, first from one bow, then from the other, while I, leaning on the capstan-head, intently listened to what he said. Just as he had finished speaking, he stood still, and, steadily gazing off to leeward, said to me,—

"Come here, Bob. Your eyes are younger than mine: look off there," pointing with his hand, "and see if you can make out any thing that looks like a light in the distance."

I strained my eyes, trying hard to see it, but could not. Tom, who was accustomed to seeing lights by night, was positive there was one, although he said it was a long way off, and looked different from any ship's light he had ever seen, being much spread out on the horizon. Certain that it was a light, although too far away to make out its character, he, as is customary, called out to the officer of the watch, who was walking the poop-deck,—

"Light ahead, sir!"

"Where away?" shouted back the mate.

"About three points off the port bow, sir."

The mate at once came forward, bringing with him an old-fashioned spyglass, which, he said, belonged to his father, who was an East-India sea-captain, and with which he could make out any thing he could cover.

"That's a queer-looking light for a ship's side-light, and it don't look like a steamer's mast-head light either," said the mate.

A vessel at night always burns a red light on her port side, and a green one to starboard. A steamer, besides these two lights, must show a white light at her mast-head. These can be seen at sea for a distance of several miles on a clear night, and indicate to those seeing them which way the vessel is going. If a vessel should be approaching us at night, and we should see her red light, we should know it was her port side that was towards us: if instead we saw a green light only, it would be the starboard side. If both a green and a red light were visible at the same time, we should know the vessel was coming directly towards us. If, besides, she should show a white mast-head light, we should then know it was a steamer approaching, and she must keep away from us, the sailing-vessel having the right of way.

The mate rubbed up the lenses of the spyglass with the corner of his coat; and, bracing himself, brought the instrument to his eye on a level with the horizon, and, adjusting the focus, looked long and steadily at the light. Suddenly he exclaimed, "By all the mud on Nantucket flats! That's a ship on

fire, man. It's a good thing you saw that light. Call all hands at once, and square in the yards so that we may stand down towards them."

The mate, going aft, reported to the captain, who hastily came on deck. We were running along at the time with a stiff breeze a little abaft the beam, when the captain came from below. Taking a quick look through the glass at the light, which was now plainly visible off our port beam, the captain at once ordered the yards squared, and eased off the main-sheet with his own hands. The slack of the boom-tackle was taken in, and the strong pulls of the eager and excited men rapidly squared in the yards, as the helm was put up, and we steered directly for the light.

"Crowd on every stitch of canvas, set the royal and top-mast stay-sail, and be quick about it," bawled out the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came back the cry from the mate, who was on the main deck urging on the men. We all realized the peril our fellow-creatures on the burning ship must be in. All sail was set, and we began tearing through the water as fast as it was possible for the old brig to go. Every sail was trimmed, and drawing to its fullest extent. Two men were stationed at the wheel to keep the brig steady, that she might not fall off too much from her course: a quick admonition or an oath from the captain reminded the men to keep an eye on the compass, and not allow the vessel to veer a hair from her course.

We were all eagerly intent, watching the burning craft, as we approached nearer. She was now about five or six miles distant; and, at the rate we were going, we would be up with her in half an hour.

The mate, who was on the after-house with the captain, walking forward a few steps, sang out, —

"Lay aft, men, and get the boat ready to lower!"

The lashings of the boat, which was hung at the "davies," were hastily cast off, and the boat was ready to lower into the water at a moment's notice. Having now come within a mile of the burning vessel, we could easily make out that she was a large ship, apparently deeply loaded. Her fore-mast had gone by the board, and was dragging alongside with the yards and sails attached, being held there by the wire rigging which had caught over the bulwarks as the spars fell. The whole forward part of the vessel was in flames; and the fire could be seen leaping up through the fore-hatch, in which part of the vessel it had probably begun.

We were now about a quarter of a mile to the windward of the burning ship. Our light sails were quickly taken in, the wheel put down, the brig rounded-to, and the topsails filling aback brought the vessel to a stand-still. The boat, containing the second mate and two men, was lowered away at once, the falls unhooked, and the men, shipping their oars, pulled away with a strong and steady stroke. There was nothing for us to do but to wait anxiously for the return of our boat, and to find out how we might still further render assist-

ance. Fortunately for the safety of the boat, the water was very smooth, the weather for the past few days having been remarkably fine.

It was a night I shall never forget. The sky was brightly illuminated by the glare of the burning ship, which also brilliantly lighted up the sea for miles around. The lights of several vessels could be seen to windward, bearing down towards us, attracted by the unusual occurrence of a ship on fire. At such a time every sail and spar is bent to the wind, in the eager and heroic endeavor to render all possible aid to the unfortunate mariners. Every few minutes an explosion occurred, and dense volumes of smoke and flame rose into the air. We could see drift-stuff in abundance to the leeward of the ship; and near the stern was a small yawl, which probably belonged to the vessel, and which was rapidly filling up with the men, whom we could see sliding down on a rope over the stern. The boat now pushed away from the vessel, and seemed crowded with as many as it could contain. The flames were sweeping rapidly aft; and the deck, which was of pitch-pine and tarred, burned like tinder. Our boat was not yet half way to the burning ship. Our men could be seen bending at the oars with their utmost strength, and using every endeavor to reach the ship as soon as possible. At this moment a tremendous explosion occurred, which resounded again and again, like the rattle of thunder in the distance. The main and mizzen masts fell over the side with a loud crash, leaving the ship a dismasted

hulk. The dense smoke from the explosion now lifting, we could see *débris* of all kinds floating in the water.

The hull, which was burning fiercely, was fast nearing the water's edge; and in a few moments more, the bow rising high out of water, the ship went down stern first.

We were in a state of the most intense excitement, wondering as to the fate of the poor fellows that we had seen left on the deck of the ship just before the explosion took place. The smoke which clung to the water having lifted sufficiently, we could see our boat picking her way through the floating pieces of wreck and cargo, some of which, still burning, lighted the way. The second mate could be seen standing in the stern-sheets of the boat, with the tiller-ropes in his hands, eagerly looking about, occasionally changing his course as something attracted his attention; now stopping the boat to pull in some apparently lifeless object, then steering away to continue the search, which we hoped would result in saving all the drowning men.

The ship's boat, which was overloaded, and sat deeply in the water, had been slowly pulling towards us during this time, and soon came under our lee quarter. We threw the men a rope, fastened a side-ladder over the stern, and, with our assistance, they were soon on board. Their boat, for the time being, was made fast to the quarter, and allowed to drift astern.

One of the men, who proved to be the first officer,

told the captain that their ship was the English ship "Oriole" of Shields, Capt. Talbot, and that they were bound from Philadelphia to Bremen with a cargo of petroleum. He said this was their second day from port; and at four bells in the afternoon, just as the second dog-watch was coming on deck, the steward, who had gone down into the fore-hold with a lantern, to get some provisions, suddenly rushed on deck, and shouted out that the ship was on fire. He had carelessly set the lantern on a box, while getting what he went for; and the ship, giving a lurch, upset the lantern into some loose straw which had been used for packing a part of the stores; and, the glass of the lantern breaking in the fall, the straw immediately burst into a flame. He tried to stamp it out, but was unable to do so, and hastened on deck to give the alarm. All hands were instantly called, the greatest excitement prevailing. The deck pump was set to work, and water was passed below in buckets and any thing that could be caught hold of at the time. The men fought the fire bravely, realizing their probable fate should it get well under way. All their efforts were without avail: the flames spread rapidly through the straw, and dry boxes and barrels, which were in the storeroom, and the heat became so fierce, that the men were driven back to the deck. They kept pouring the water in torrents through the hatchway, hoping to extinguish the fire before it spread into the cargo, knowing that if this once caught fire nothing could save them; and, as an explosion might occur at any moment, as soon as

the oil was ignited, they would have to give up the fight. As the fire was increasing, and rapidly making its way aft towards the cargo, the hatches were put on, and hastily battened down, in the hope that by shutting off the draught the fire might be stifled.

The heat through the deck was now becoming almost unbearable. The captain, fearing an explosion, called all hands aft, and ordered the quarter-boat to be put into the water. There were two more boats lashed on top of the forward house; but the danger of an explosion and injury from falling spars was so great, that the captain would not permit the men to make an effort to get these boats over the rail. This ought to have been attempted earlier; but, in their hope of extinguishing the flames, the crew did not think of the boats. They numbered twenty-eight men all told, while the quarter-boat would not hold two-thirds that number.

The captain ordered the mate to take charge of the boat; and, before they could be prevented, the men jumped into her without order, or thought of any thing but their own safety: the boat would soon have been swamped, had not the captain, drawing a revolver, shouted, "If another one of you attempts to get into that boat, I'll shoot him like a dog." This served to check the hasty flight of the men. The captain could not be induced to leave the ship, although all hope of saving her was gone. He ordered those in the boat to row away; he remaining on the quarter-deck with five others, whom the boat could not have taken without swamping. Several

small explosions had already occurred; the fore-mast now went by the board, and the flames with a roar burst fiercely through the deck, making the situation for those on board the ship exceedingly perilous. The captain and the men could be seen busily engaged constructing a raft of pieces of spars which happened to be aft where they could get at them.

The men in the boat had seen our vessel coming down towards them, and rounding-to, and the boat putting off; and hoped it would reach their doomed vessel in time to save those whom they had been compelled to leave. Their boat was overloaded, and deep in the water; and occasionally a wave would break over her side, and necessitate a continuous bailing and great watchfulness on their part to keep the boat from being swamped. At this moment came the terrific explosion that we had heard. The captain and the men were thrown by the force of it into the water, and, grasping whatever happened within their reach, they kept themselves afloat. Our boat being now near at hand, the ship's boat waited no longer, but pulled slowly and cautiously toward us, and arrived safely.

While the officer was relating this, we were all closely watching our boat as she picked her way through the wreckage. Its little crew were searching diligently; and at last, being unable to find any more men in the water, the bow of the boat was turned towards the brig, and we breathlessly awaited its arrival. Pulled by strong arms, the boat was soon alongside; and with willing hands we helped

the drenched and exhausted seamen on board. The captain was among them, but was in an unconscious condition, having been struck on the head and knocked overboard by a piece of falling spar. Just as he was sinking, he was grasped by a sailor, who, happening to be near him in the water, swam to a piece of deal floating near at hand, and succeeded in keeping the captain's head above water until they were rescued by the boat. It was found that one of the crew was missing: he was among those who had been left on board the vessel and, probably being hit by a falling spar, was either killed or stunned, and, dropping into the water, went down without a struggle.

The captain was taken aft into the cabin, and restoratives were applied: all was done for him that sympathetic hands could do. Our crew furnished the men with dry clothes, and theirs were hung in the galley to dry. The cook, who had been aft working over the unconscious captain, now came forward, and told us that the injured man was rallying, and had asked a few questions. He had been thoroughly rubbed down, and given stimulants as soon as he could swallow. Later, he was reported as feeling nearly all right, with the exception of a severe pain in the head.

We had already filled away again, but our course was changed. The yards being braced up sharp, we steered more to the westward than before, and were skimming along close-hauled, on the wind. This change was soon explained to us by the mate, who

said we were to put into Delaware Breakwater, and leave the rescued crew.

It was now nearly six bells (eleven o'clock): the exciting events of the evening had made the time pass rapidly. All hands had been kept on deck; although it was the regular time for the port watch to be below, as we were to come on deck at twelve for our usual four-hours' watch. Our watch was now ordered off duty, and told to go below. We all availed ourselves of the opportunity, but obtained a "cat-nap" only, before we were routed out by the call of "Port watch, ahoy! eight bells; turn out there, men."

I must acknowledge that my pine-wood bunk and "donkey's breakfast" seemed at that time to be the most comfortable quarters I had ever slept in. I had never been so tired and sleepy as I was at that moment. The wheel and lookout were relieved, and the course and general orders exchanged, as is customary.

The mate came forward, and I heard him tell the lookout to keep his eye open for a flash-light about one point on the starboard bow: this we expected to make at two bells.

Every half-hour on board ship, at sea, one bell is struck by the officer of the deck, or the man at the wheel: this is repeated on a larger bell forward by the man on the lookout. Supposing it to be twelve o'clock, midnight, the bell is struck eight times, and the watches are changed. At twelve-thirty it is struck once; at two o'clock, four times, when the

man at the wheel is relieved. At two-thirty, five bells are struck, and so on, one bell added each half-hour, till four o'clock, when eight bells are again struck, and the watches once more changed; then the bells are begun anew, at four-thirty one bell being struck, and so on up to eight o'clock, when eight bells are again sounded. Thus it goes on through the day. It will be seen that at two bells, at which time the mate expected to see the light, it would be one o'clock in the morning.

This light is situated on the outer end of the Delaware Breakwater, for which we were steering, and from which the mate reckoned we were about fifteen miles distant.

The wind had held fresh all the evening, but was now getting lighter, and hauling more to the northward. The yards were squared-in a little by a small pull on the weather-braces; the royal and upper stay-sail, which had been hauled up, were loosened and set; and we continued our course towards the land, bowling along at the rate of nine knots an hour. The crew were lounging about the decks, smoking, and talking over the events of the evening. Mattresses and blankets had been spread on the floors of the forecastle and cabin for the men from the "Oriole." Tired and exhausted by their efforts to save their doomed vessel, they were now sleeping as soundly and contentedly as one can only after some great mental or bodily fatigue.

Strolling about under the lee of the forecastle, I found Tom sitting on a water-cask, busily engaged

cutting tobacco, and filling his pipe. He said he was never contented at night unless his old "T. D." was well under way. I later found that he was a great smoker, and, whenever he had the opportunity, would invariably whip out his pipe, and take a whiff.

We were now startled by the cry from the look-out, —

"Light dead ahead, sir."

"All right!" shouted back the mate, who, coming forward, looked through the glass at it. It proved to be what he expected; and, taking its bearings from the compass, he went below to examine the chart. Returning in a few moments, he ordered the man at the wheel to put up the helm, keep her off a little, and bring the light about a point on the weather-bow; as it was intended to keep a little to the southward of the light, and, "rounding-to" inside of the breakwater, to come to anchor, wait for daylight, and then signal a boat from the shore.

Capt. Bradley, who had been taking a short nap, now came on deck. He had apparently been indulging somewhat in the restoratives that had been given the drenched crew, and was not only noisy, but began to show the faculty of being ugly as well: he ordered all hands called, and every thing made ready to come to anchor. The light sails were taken in and stowed, the anchor lowered from the rail, ready to let go, and every man ordered to stand by.

Hearing loud talk aft, and looking in that direction, I saw the captain and second mate standing on the main-deck, in front of the cabin. The second

mate had been slow in coming on deck when called; and it so happened that Capt. Bradley was standing by the companion-way as Sawtell came up, and, with an oath, demanded of him where he had been "all this time." The second mate snarled out some unintelligible reply; at which the captain, drawing off, gave him a stinging blow with his fist, which sent him reeling head first into the lee-scuppers. This was too much for the fiery blood of the "Cape Codder," who, seizing a heavy oak belaying-pin from the rail, rushed at the captain, and would have been on him in an instant, had not the captain, quicker than a flash, whipped out a revolver, and, aiming it at the second mate, ordered him to drop his hands, and go forward, on penalty of having his brains blown out.

The second mate, growling out an oath in an undertone, dropped his belaying-pin, and slowly went forward. I heard him, as he passed by me, swear eternal vengeance against the captain. This was but the beginning of hostilities between the captain and Sawtell. Meanwhile we had been rapidly approaching the breakwater, which, as the night was clear, could be seen looming up, like a long dark line, about a mile ahead of us. The mate now ordered the fore-sail hauled up, and the light sails stowed; and we slowly moved along under top-sails, main-sail, and jib.

In a few moments we passed the light; the top-sail yard was settled on the cap, and the jib lowered, the wheel put down, the main-sheet hauled aft, and, as we "rounded-to" under the breakwater, the

anchor was let go. As the wind was light, and we intended to get under way as early as we could in the morning, the heavy sails were not stowed, but were left hanging in the brails. There were several vessels lying at anchor near us. All hands were now permitted to go below, and turn in, excepting one man to stand the anchor watch. This watch is always kept when a vessel is at anchor; one man usually being on duty till relieved at midnight by another, who stays on deck until daylight. He is to keep a sharp lookout for any moving craft that might run into his vessel, report any important changes in the weather, and especially keep the "riding-light" burning. This is a bright white light which all vessels are obliged to show during the night when at anchor, and is fastened to either the fore-shroud or stay.

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning we were turned out early. I found all hands on deck waiting for a tug, which, while cruising among the shipping, had been signalled by our flag flying at the fore, and was now coming towards us. Breakfast had been given to the "Oriole's" men before our own crew had been called, and they were now ready to take their departure. They were all in good condition, including the captain, who experienced no inconvenience from the blow he had received, except an occasional slight pain through his head. They saved nothing whatever from their vessel, and had nothing but the clothes they had on. The tug was soon alongside; and bidding us good-by, and thanking us for our kindness, the men embarked, and the tug went steaming up the bay.

Our sails were at once loosened and hoisted, and the anchor hove up; and we were soon once more on our way to Mexico. The wind had died down during the night, but sprang up again towards morning, and was now blowing fresh from the north-west; with our yards squared and our sails all set, we were making six knots easy.

Nothing of any special note occurred for several

days: the wind held fair, and the sea smooth. We entered the Gulf Stream on the third day from the breakwater; passing through a long, narrow belt of seaweed, which extended as far as one could see in either direction, on the dividing-line between the two currents of warm and cold water.

There is a difference of several degrees in the temperature of the water on either side of this line, where the two currents mingle with each other.

On the eighth day from the Delaware Breakwater we sighted the "Hole in the Wall," which we passed at about three o'clock in the afternoon. As the weather was good, and our course brought us near, we had a fine view of it.

The wind had been getting lighter during the night, and at daybreak there was a dead calm. Looking over the side of the vessel, what was my astonishment to see the bottom as clear and bright as could be, and seemingly but a few feet under the surface of the water! I asked Tom, who was standing near, where we were, and what was the cause of this sudden and (to me) mysterious phenomenon. He said we were on the Bahama Banks, and what I saw so white, at the bottom, was a coral formation: there were six or eight fathoms of water under us, although it looked as though there were not half that number. Vessels often cross these banks on their way to the Straits of Florida and some parts of the West Indies.

The sky was perfectly clear, and the heat intense.

As we were drifting back at the rate of two miles

an hour with the current, which runs toward the north-east at this point, the smaller anchor was let go, so that we might at least hold our own. The anchor and chain could be seen distinctly, lying on the white-coral beds. In the afternoon a breeze sprang up from the eastward: this was fair for us; and, heaving up our anchor, we moved slowly through the crystal-clear water.

I was intently gazing over the side of the vessel at the coral formations, when the mate, coming along, said, —

"Well, Bob, how do you like it so far?"

"Very well, sir," I said.

"That's good," he replied. "To-night, every thing being favorable, we shall pass through the Straits of Florida; and you will have a chance to see how well the Spanish and American governments light up their coasts, as we shall probably get a sight at the lights on the coast of Cuba, as well as at those of Florida."

"How long will it take us to pass through?" I asked.

"If the wind holds as good as it is now, we shall be well through by morning; but if the wind should die down any more, as we have a two or three knot current running through the straits against us, we might find ourselves in the morning very little farther along than when we started. It looks now as though we might have all the wind we want before midnight: if so, there will be some lively work for us." Saying this, he went over to the other side

of the ship, where the second mate was at work with some of the men, splicing up the old and reeving off new running-gear, and told him to see that every thing was made secure about decks, as there was a prospect of bad weather, and a nasty time during the night.

The captain and second mate had had several "blow-outs" since their fracas of a few days before: it had, however, all been wind so far, but a rough-and-tumble outbreak might be looked for at any time.

During the afternoon a ludicrous incident took place. The second mate had sent a young Swede, named Joe, aloft with a tin pot of slush, which he got from the "doctor," as the cook is called: he was told to slush down the top-mast, and give it a good greasing, as the top-sail yard stuck on its way up, and was hard to hoist.

The captain was walking about the deck, looking here and there to see if he could find something or other out of the way, and seeming determined to come down on that "cussed jackass of a Cape Codder," as he called the second mate. Joe had reached the topmast-head, and was just rubbing on his first handful of slush, when, losing his hold, he slipped, and to save himself let go the slush-pot, and, catching hold of the topgallant-clewlines which were at hand, swung himself back into the rigging. Just as Joe lost his hold, Capt. Bradley was passing along the lee side of the house, and, hearing a noise aloft, stopped and looked up just as the slush-pot

came swooping down, and struck on its side on the edge of the forecastle, which was about a foot above the top of the captain's head. Its dirty, greasy contents were squirted directly into his open mouth and eyes. For a moment we did not know what to do: no one dared to go near him. Spitting and blowing, and dancing about first on one foot, then on the other, he tried to clear his mouth, and wipe the grease from his eyes and face, — about as sorry a looking object as I ever saw. We could see the tiger raging within him, which needed but an opportunity to show itself.

Joe was still aloft, not daring to come down, and looking scared out of his senses. The captain having by this time recovered his breath, but still wiping his face and pulling the grease from his whiskers, howled out, —

"By all the imps in hell! I'll tear out the bloody hearts of some of you for this! You infernal, long-legged hound of a Cape Codder, you had something to do with this. Don't you know any better than to send such a deck-slop of a land-lubber aloft with a slush-bucket? What are you thinking about any way? where's your brains, man?"

Having heaped these scathing remarks, together with a volley of oaths, on the head of the remonstrating second mate, he now turned his attention to Joe, who had not moved from his perch. "Come down from there, you devil of a dog! I'll break every bone in your cussed carcass! I'll show you where you belong before you are through with this voyage!"

This encouraging inducement did not start Joe in the least: he remained as firmly fixed aloft in the rigging as if he had been glued there. The captain, who was not a favorite with the men, had been moving slowly aft during this harangue; and, when he had disappeared through the companion-way, the watch all chuckled to themselves at his mishap.

Joe now came down and crawled forward. No punishment was inflicted upon him at this time; but before we arrived in port he suffered the "torments of hell" that the "old man" had promised him, and all the dirty work that the captain could devise.

One night, shortly after this mishap, while Joe was taking his "trick" at the wheel, Capt. Bradley stealthily came on deck from the forward companion-way, and cautiously creeping aft between the taff-rail and the house, that he might not be seen, pounced suddenly on poor Joe, who was at that moment, unfortunately, leaning against the wheel-house, —which the man at the wheel is never allowed to do, —and was drowsily turning the spokes in his hands. The captain had seen the position of the helmsman through the after-cabin windows, and had evidently been waiting for some such opportunity as this. Joe caught a glimpse of the captain as he appeared, and attempted to straighten himself up into position; but he was not quick enough to escape the stealthy captain, and, before he knew it, was floundering full length upon the deck, the blood spurting from his nose, and his face bleeding from the brutal blow which had been struck without the least warning.

The crew said afterwards that the captain must have worn brass knuckles: else it would have been impossible to inflict such a blow, and to produce such bruises. The captain followed up his blow, and, swearing all the time like a madman, brutally kicked the man till he was covered with black-and-blue spots.

When Joe was struck, the spokes of the wheel slipped from his hands; and the wheel rolled over by the force of the waves against the rudder: this threw the helm hard down, and brought the brig up into the wind. The second mate was on the main-deck at the time: hearing the noise, and seeing the sails shaking, and the vessel coming into the wind, he rushed aft, and, grasping the wheel, put the helm hard up, but not soon enough to prevent the brig from "broaching-to." The square sails were all caught aback, and filling against the masts, while the fore and aft sails were shaking and slatting as though they would burst at any moment. The wind had been increasing all the evening, and was now blowing so hard that all hands were called to get the brig on her course again. Hearing a report like thunder, I looked aloft; and what was my consternation to see a huge hole where the topgallant-sail had been! it having been ripped from clew to earing; all that remained was flapping in tattered fragments from the bolt-rope. We had swung around, and the fore and aft sails had filled on the other tack; the square sails were still aback, and held the brig at a stand-still, pitching up and down by the motion of the waves.

"Stand by the lee braces, and haul round the yards!" shouted the mate, slacking off the weather-braces.

It took a strong and hard pull to get the yards started, they were so firmly held back by the wind: when they were nearly square, however, the wind, catching them on the other side, brought them round by the run. The weather-braces were belayed, the slack taken in to leeward, and we were now bowling along on the starboard tack; that is, with the starboard side of the ship towards the wind, and the sails trimmed down to port. The port tack is the reverse of this, — the port side of the vessel being towards the wind, and the sails trimmed down to starboard.

I never saw such a furious man as the captain was at this time: every thing had gone wrong with him, and he swore at every thing and everybody that came in his way.

We tacked ship, and got her once more on her course, then stowed the remains of the topgallant-sail, rolling up bolt-rope and the pieces of torn canvas together, then passing the gaskets over them all as best we could. When this was accomplished, the port watch was sent below again.

It was my watch below at this time, and I could hear the wind howling outside. The ship was careening down to one side, I thought almost on her beam-ends. At four bells in the middle watch, all hands were called to shorten sail. As this was an order I had never heard before, I imagined all sorts

of things were to happen. Climbing out of my bunk in the darkness, and falling over my chest, which had been thrown from under the berth, where it had been stowed against the bulkhead, I grabbed my cap, and rushed on deck. It was so dark I could hardly see any thing before me: not a star was visible; and the wind was blowing a perfect gale, howling through the rigging like an army of wildcats. The lighter sails had all been taken in before our watch had been called. The force of the gale had struck suddenly, and every thing was bustle and confusion about the decks.

"Stand by the main halyards!" shouted the mate, who had taken in the situation at a glance as he came on deck. "Haul aft the main-sheet; slack away your halyards; gently, be careful there at the throat,—don't let it run down so fast; attend to what you're doing!" as the sail came down. The sail was finally taken in, and tied up without being split. In the process of shortening sail, when the wind blows hard, canvas is often torn to shreds in an instant.

"Clew up the foresail," now came the order. "Stand by the lee clew-line and bunt-lines; ease off the fore-sheet. Gently there! do you want to split that sail? Haul away on the clew-line!" roared the mate.

Up went the lee side of the sail; then the weather side was hauled up, the clew-line being bowsed taut, as the tack was eased off; and the sail was drawn up against the yard, and left hanging in the brails. We were scudding along under topsails and fore

and main staysails. The wind was freshening all the time, and working forward, being now nearly abeam; and our sails had to be trimmed down flat, so that we might hold our course.

"Lay aloft, and stow the foresail," shouted the mate. "Roll it up snug, and put on double gaskets." The second mate, and all the men excepting one at the wheel, swung themselves into the rigging, and manned the yard. Sawtell remained in the slings, where he belonged when taking in sail, while the men spread out on the yard. I was one of the first in the rigging, and, running aloft, clambered out on the weather yard-arm behind Tom, who was just inside the fore-lift, which extends from the foremast-head to the yard-arm, and keeps the yard in place. The sail was first dragged up onto the yard-arms, and the gaskets passed around it, hauled taut, and made fast. All hands then crawled towards the centre of the yard; and the bunt, which is the heaviest part of the sail, and hardest to furl, was hauled onto the yard, and stowed.

This was my first experience aloft in bad weather; and I admit I did not like it, as the vessel was beginning to roll altogether too much to suit me. I had eaten a hearty supper, and, while leaning over the yard-arm, felt rather queer; but I did not like to say any thing about it for fear of being laughed at, as I had boasted that I should not be sick. On going into my room, the symptoms grew more suspicious: the odor of the rigging under my berth, and what I had never noticed especially before, that from the

cook's galley, — which was separated from me only by a thin partition, — became almost unbearable. I could stand it no longer, and, going on deck, rushed to the lee rail where no one could see me, and, I fear, gazed upon the water rather longer and more intently than I should have done under other conditions. I crawled back to my berth, feeling about as uncomfortable as possible. Any one who has ever been seasick can comprehend my forlorn condition. How I felt, cannot easily be described. I think I must have had a touch of homesickness as well: I thought of my gay friends and companions at home, and of the comforts I had left for the condition in which I now found myself. I asked myself why I had ever wanted to go to sea; and made up my mind, if I ever put my foot on shore again, there to remain for the rest of my mortal existence.

The ship was now rolling and pitching terribly: my head, as heavy as lead, seemed as if it would burst with pain. The vessel rolled down on one side into the hollow of a sea; and then, picked up by another wave, over she went onto the other side, nearly on her beam-ends.

I pitched first against one side of my berth, then violently against the other, and several times was nearly thrown out on to the deck. I bore this for a while; then, making a desperate effort, braced myself by stuffing some of my clothes between one side of the berth and myself. My chest was upset by the pitching of the vessel, and its contents scattered about on the floor. I felt too sick to move, and do

not believe I should have stirred if the vessel had struck a rock, and gone to the bottom. I lay in this condition some time, unable to get any sleep, till at last eight bells were struck, and the port watch called. The second mate opened my door, and told me to turn out. I did not want to move: I managed, however, to crawl on deck, but was so weak I could hardly stand. I groped my way around under the lee of the forward house, and, grasping hold of a water-cask lashing, I hung on for dear life, not daring to move.

I never saw it so dark as now. The vessel was pitching and tumbling about, first one end down, then the other. The waves were running very high; and occasionally one broke over the bow, and swept the deck fore and aft. Just at this moment we plunged deeper than we had at any time before, and shipped a tremendous sea over the weather bow, which came tumbling over the top of the house behind which I stood, knocking me over, and carrying me along with it toward the lee scuppers. Fortunately I caught hold of the topsail halyards, and, by so doing, kept myself from being swept overboard. I was now in as forlorn a plight as one could be. Seasick, homesick, cold, and drenched to the bone, I crawled back under the lee of the house again. The mate, seeing my condition, told me to go below, and change my clothes. It was with difficulty I got off my wet clothes, and put on dry ones. Bracing myself against the doorway, and standing on one foot, I tried to thrust the other into

my trouser-leg. The vessel gave a lurch to one side, just as I had got it well started; and over I went, head first, into the contents of my chest which were knocking about the floor. After trying this two or three times without any better success, I devised a new plan. Lying flat on my back in my berth, I braced myself as best I could with my elbows, and, waiting for a favorable moment when the vessel was steady on the top of a wave, I thrust both legs in at once, and hauled the garment on. I then put on my oil-clothes, which I had not thought of before; and, pulling my sou'wester well down over my head, I again started out. I think the shaking-up I had had did me good, for I now felt somewhat better.

The wind did not seem to increase or diminish any during our watch. Although the spray was frequently dashed against me, I managed to keep out of the way of the seas that broke over the deck, and did not get another drenching. I was not sorry when eight bells struck at four clock in the morning, as our watch was then relieved, and I went below. Although far from comfortable, I was so tired I soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN I awoke I was feeling much better. During the forenoon the wind began to slacken, and at noon the foresail and double reefed mainsail were set. The sea was still running very high. The captain got an observation at noon, when the sun showed itself for a few minutes, and made our position to be a hundred and eighty miles west-southwest from Key West, or about fifteen miles farther back than the mate had calculated by dead reckoning. This latter is computed from the number of miles indicated on the clock-faced dial of a hollow brass instrument, which is about two feet in length, pointed at one end and shaped like the propeller of a steamer at the other: this instrument, technically called the "log," is dragged astern of the ship by a line about twenty fathoms long, and attached to its smaller and pointed end. The faster the ship goes, the faster the wheel of the log revolves as it is dragged through the water; and the number of miles the ship is making is registered upon the dial. This is called getting one's position by dead reckoning: sometimes it has to be depended upon entirely for several days in bad weather, when the

sun is not visible. It is not always correct, as was shown in our own case, as dead reckoning had put us fifteen miles farther on our course than we found ourselves to be when the observation taken from the sun was worked up. This latter observation is the correct one, and is always to be relied upon when the ship's chronómeter is correct, and has been properly regulated, so that its exact variation is known.

In the afternoon a sail was seen ahead to windward, running diagonally across our bow. About five o'clock we came up with and signalled her: she proved to be the ship "Criterion," of Maine, Capt. Barstow, bound from Liverpool to New Orleans in ballast. Signalling is carried on at sea by means of small flags, each of which represents a number. One vessel can speak another, even if they are a mile or more distant from each other. These flags are run up at the spanker or monkey gaff, one over the other; then the officer on board the other vessel, reading the number, refers to his book of signals, and finds the number, and, beside it, its meaning. Thus, if a vessel short of provisions wished to be supplied by us, the captain of that vessel would look in his book of signals, and find a number, the meaning of which would explain his situation to us. If, for instance, he should find the number to be 372, he would take three flags, each of which represents one of these figures, and, fastening the signal-halyards to them, run them up one over the other. The first figure of the number is represented by the top flag,

and so on: reading downward, the complete number is obtained. Our captain looking through his glass would read the number, knowing, from its peculiar shape and color, what figure each flag represents; then, looking up this number in the signal-book, he would find its meaning to be, "We are short of provisions: can you supply us?" This book is filled with terms that include every expression possibly needed in the communication of one vessel with another.

Thus, as may be seen, quite an animated conversation can be carried on between two vessels, so long as they are near enough for their flags to be made out. In the signal-book, also, are the names of all steamers and sailing vessels, where they hail from and the captain's name. Each of these vessels has her distinct number, which is oftentimes well up in the thousands. Ships when speaking each other show their own number first, so that their respective captains may know at once with what vessel they are speaking. This is the system customarily used at sea in the communication between vessels; as it is unsafe for them to run near enough to each other to admit of conversation, even through the speaking-trumpet. The "Criterion" was now well across our bow, and nearly a mile ahead of us. Flying light, and before the wind, she was going along rapidly, although under reefed top-sails. At dusk we saw her a small speck in the distance. In the evening, the wind dying down somewhat, we shook out and set the new topgallant-sail (which had been bent

by the starboard watch in the morning), the main topmast staysail, and the flying-jib. I was now feeling in good condition again. The sea was getting smoother; and, as we were not shipping so much water over the rail, it was more comfortable to be about the deck.

The next morning I was as hungry as a bear, and ate my tin-plate-full of "salt hoss," potatoes, and bread, washing it all down with a pot of muddy coffee. Never had any thing tasted so good to me: and, having eaten even to the last scrap, I had the audacity to ask the cook for another piece of beef; but he would not give it to me, saying I had had my "stint."

The day was clear and warm; a stiff breeze was blowing from the north-west, and we were going through the water at a good pace; every thing holding favorable, we expected to sight the coast of Mexico in three days.

In the afternoon the cook let me have a little fresh water to wash out some of my clothes which had been wet through during the gale; he also gave me a small piece of soap; and, taking the bucket and my clothes, I went forward, and became a washerman for the first time. I rubbed and scrubbed away in the most energetic manner, using up my small allowance of soap on the first piece; and, besides, pulled off several buttons, tore the heel completely off one of my new stockings, and ripped a big slit in my shirt. Disgusted with my efforts, I hung up my dripping garments, not thinking to wring them out,

and fastened them to the fore-stay, tying them on securely, as I thought, with short bits of spun-yarn. When I went to take them in, I found two of my largest pieces missing: I had not tied them on fast enough, and they had blown away. Taking what remained, I went into my room, and attempted to repair the damage.

Sewing was something I had never tried before. I had several needles all threaded: and after pricking my finger several times, I got on very well with the slit in my shirt; but sewing on a button I found a more complicated matter. Going to the cook, I asked his assistance: he showed me how it was done, and kindly sewed on several for me. I now thought I could do it all right, so decided to make the attempt. The trousers which I wore possessed on one side a solitary button, to which for several days I had attached the two straps of my suspenders; and now that I was at it, and so confident of my ability, I determined to try my skill at sewing on the button myself. Taking the coarsest thread in the box that my mother had so well filled for me, and the largest needle I could find, I held the eye of it towards the light, and tried to thrust the thread through, but found it would not go so easily as I had imagined. I tried it again, first wetting the thread, and then twisting the end to a fine point between my fingers. This time, determined it should go through, I took deliberate aim; and, giving it a push, I grasped the head of the needle and the thread with my fingers, sure that I had succeeded: what was my dismay, on

carefully opening them, to find the thread had passed to one side! After a few more attempts, and a deal of muttered and rather obscure conversation with myself, the needle was threaded. "Gloria mundi!" I shouted; and, pulling the thread through, I doubled it, cut it off about a yard long, and tied a large knot in the end of it.

Holding my trousers with my left hand, and keeping the button firmly in place by a finger and thumb, I proceeded with the difficult part of the undertaking. I stuck the needle through the hole in the button, gave it a quick thrust through the waistband, ran it into my side, and doubled over with a howl of pain; then, undismayed, I again grasped the needle, and gave it a long hard pull that brought the thread to the end. What was my grief, after all this effort, to see the button slip over the knot, and roll off onto the floor! I had pushed the needle through the wrong way. Trying again, and finally getting well started, I was just regaining my spirits, when the thread snarled up, caught, and broke. After pricking my fingers several times more, and sticking the head of the needle about half an inch under my thumb-nail, I got the button sewed on. Having some thread left in the needle, I wound it round and round between the button and the cloth, until the space was about half filled up, and then, running the needle several times through the cloth, cut off the thread. Having at last succeeded, I was happy.

The next day was Sunday, and a grand loafing-day: nothing was done except to wash down decks

in the morning, pump the ship, occasionally take a slight pull at the braces, steer, and keep lookout. The sailors are naturally glad when Sunday comes around. Sunday dinner at sea is always a little better than common: "plum-duff" with sugar sauce is usually supplied forward; and, if a cook wants to keep on the right side of the crew, he must be able to make a good "duff." In appearance it is very much like a loaf of brown-bread, with a raisin thrown in here and there. A large amount must be made, as the sailors expect it; and if, for any reason, the supply should be diminished or cut off, trouble would be likely to ensue.

In the afternoon the mate called me aft, and said, that, as it was now good weather and easy sailing, I must begin to take my "trick" at the wheel. I had several times been at the wheel, but had not been allowed to steer. When at home I had frequently sailed yachts; and, although I had never steered by compass, I knew the points thoroughly, and was confident I could do it. Our course was "sou'west by west, half west." I took my place at the weather side of the wheel, and kept one eye on the compass. We were close hauled, would just about lay our course, and were going along finely. I was thinking I could steer as well as any one, when the cook threw some rubbish over the side. I watched it floating by, and was amused to see it pounced upon by several "Mother Cary's chickens," which had been flying about the brig all day. I unfortunately gazed too long, and was suddenly aroused by the mate shouting at me as he came running aft.

"Put up that wheel, and be quick about it! What in the devil are you thinking about? Don't you see that to'gallant-sail shaking in the wind up there? You will have us all aback in a minute!" He grasped the wheel, put it hard up, and slowly the brig began to pay off, and we were soon on our course again. Admonishing me to keep my eye on the compass, and not to star-gaze any more, he went forward.

Nothing of any importance happened till daybreak on Wednesday morning, Nov. 5, when I was startled by the new and joyful cry of "Land ho!" called out by the man on the lookout. My watch had been on deck but a few minutes, and I was seated at the time on a spare topsail-yard which was lashed to the deck against the starboard bulwarks; and I was eating a piece of hard-tack, and washing it down with a pot of coffee, which the cook always furnishes to the early morning watch when they come on deck. When I heard the lookout, I quickly jumped up, and rushed forward, expecting to see some green hilly slope a short distance ahead of us. Clambering up over the windlass-bitts, I went up to the man on the lookout, at the same time staring all round to see the land that I thought was so near. Imagine my disappointment at seeing nothing but the ocean all around us! I asked the lookout where the land was, and was shown a long, dark streak on the horizon, which looked more like a long, narrow cloud than any thing else. At seven bells, when breakfast was served, we had approached nearer, and the land was

quite distinct. After breakfast all hands were kept on deck, and every thing made ready for entering port. All the running-gear, sheets, braces, and halyards were taken from the pins, and coiled on the deck, ready to let go at a moment's notice. Both anchors were lowered from the rail, and hung from the cat-head, each with thirty fathoms of chain overhauled in front of the windlass. The boat-lashings were taken in, and the boat hung from the "davies" ready to lower if necessary.

Our ensign was run up at the fore for a pilot. We could now distinctly see the fort St. Juan de Ulloa, which lies about one-half mile from the shore, directly opposite the city of Vera Cruz. It is surrounded by water; and inside of it, between the fort and the city, is the only anchoring ground that there is. Beyond the fort, on the shore, could be seen a high wall extending around the city; and within it lofty, odd-shaped buildings, some with large rounded roofs and domes towering high above the surrounding buildings. The land was low and sandy, as far as we could see in either direction. We could discern the volcano Orizaba, its peak covered with snow, looming up in the distance, one hundred miles inland. Several men put off in a rowboat from one end of the fort, and were rowing towards us: we soon came up with them. The boat contained six men, of whom four were at the oars, another steering, the remaining one being the pilot. We threw them a rope; and, as we were sailing along leisurely, they scrambled on board without any difficulty, leaving

one man in the boat, which was dropped astern, and made fast by the painter to our quarter. The pilot went aft with the captain, talking with him in broken English. They were about as rough and dirty-looking fellows as I had ever seen: they had the characteristic features of Indians, and were dressed in shirt and trousers, with a gay-colored piece of cloth or scarf tied about the hips, in which was thrust a bright, double-edged knife with an elaborately carved handle.

All of them excepting the pilot were barefooted, and wore large broad-brimmed hats made of white straw finely braided, with broad bands of some bright tint, red mixed with yellow seemed to be the favorite colors.

The order now came from the pilot, through the captain, to take in every thing excepting the upper topsail, mainsail, and fore-topmast staysail: the last, being up-and-down sails, could be dropped easily and at a moment's notice. Our course was changed a little to the southward, in order that we might run below the fort, and then swing round, and come up among the shipping, the spars of which we could see over the top of the fort as the vessels were riding at anchor. I was greatly struck with the picturesqueness of the scene: it was all new to me, and, being so entirely different from any thing I had ever seen, was particularly interesting. Still going along at a pretty fair speed, we ran under the lee of the fort, a little distance from which there is plenty of water. We hauled down the fore-topmast stay-

sail, let the upper topsail run down, put the helm hard a-port, hauled in our huge mainsail flat, and rounded-to, head to the wind; shooting on a short distance till our headway was nearly stopped, we let go the anchor. The chain rattled through the hawse-hole, grating harshly and snapping lustily, as it ran over the windlass as we sagged back on the anchor.

CHAPTER VI.

Our trip was finished, and it seemed very odd to be lying so quietly at anchor, after tossing and tumbling about as we had. We made the distance from New York in a little less than twenty-six days, a very fair run.

Our anchor had hardly reached bottom, before the custom-bouse boat dashed alongside. It was covered with a bright yellow awning trimmed with a wide band of red around its edges, which, extending from stem to stern, protected the occupants of the boat from the scorching rays of the sun. At the stern the Spanish custom-house flag was flying. The boat was pulled by ten large, muscular natives, dressed in white duck trousers and red shirts. Their heads were uncovered, and their feet bare. In the stern-sheets sat the coxswain, and three officers lounging back on the soft cushions, smoking cigarettes, and apparently thinking their "own little circle comprised the whole world." Coming alongside, the bow oarsman took in his oar, and, hooking a boat-hook into our main channels, drew the boat up to the gangway which we had rigged over the side for them. The largest of the officers, who was dressed in a blue

uniform covered with gold lace and brass buttons, was helped over the rail by the mate, and, shaking hands with the captain, went into the cabin with him. He was about as pompous a man as I had yet seen. He looked over our papers to see if they were all right; also the ship's manifest, which, containing a list of every thing on board, should be entered at the custom-house.

All our hatches were then sealed by putting a piece of tape through a staple at the end of the hatch-bar, and sealing down both ends of the tape with wax stamped with the custom-house seal.

The hatches could not now be removed without breaking the seals. Remaining on board till this ceremony was completed, the officer got into his boat, and took his departure. The mate made several small protective caps of wood, which he carefully put over each of the seals, and tacked to the deck to prevent the seals from being cracked or broken by any accident. Each morning, before the cargo can be touched, these seals are removed by the custom house officers, who carefully examine them; and, if there is the least appearance of their having been tampered with, the captain of the vessel is liable to be arrested and fined, as the authorities are very particular.

The mate now ordered the boat out, to take Capt. Bradley on shore. Tom, another man, and myself were to go in her. Capt. Bradley came on deck, dressed very prim, in a black silk hat and light kid gloves, and carried a large, black, gold-headed cane:

he evidently intended to make a good appearance, if nothing more. As we pulled him ashore, I had a good opportunity to get a square look at the man who had beaten poor Joe so badly during the passage out. I had not known Capt. Bradley personally before I came on board the "Elizabeth;" but I knew of him, and at home he was considered one of the most quiet and gentlemanly of men. I never saw such a fist as he had, and his light yellow gloves made his hands look still larger. He was not a bad-looking man when well dressed, being large and broad-shouldered, with a thick light beard carefully parted in the middle and brushed to either side of his full red face. He was "as good as pie" at this time; talked with us as we pulled along, passed some remark about this or that vessel which we passed, spoke of the possibility of our having a "norther" before we left port, and said that freights were high for Europe, and that he might charter across. We were rowing past a large American-built bark, when the captain suddenly exclaimed, —

"By Jove! I know that vessel. Pull under the stern, and we'll see if this isn't the old bark 'Ice King' of Bath, Capt. Stetson." The captain had suspected aright: the name was painted high up on the stern of the vessel, in large white letters on a black background.

"I didn't expect to see my old friend Stetson way down here," said the captain. "Pull up alongside, and we'll see if he is on board." At this we pulled a few strokes, when the captain called out, —

"'Ice King,' ahoy!"

"Halloa! what's wanted?" came back the voice of the mate, who had come to the rail.

"Is Capt. Stetson on board?"

"No, sir: he went on shore two hours since, and said he should not return till night. If you are going on shore, you will probably find him at Carrara's ship-chandler store, near the head of the pier."

With this the captain told us to push off, and pull to the pier, which we soon reached. Capt. Bradley said he should go to the agent's to see about discharging the cargo, and then take a turn round to the ship-chandler's, and see if he could find Capt. Stetson; and that we must wait for him till he returned.

We made the boat fast; and Tom and I climbed on to the pier to take a look about us, leaving the other man, who said he would stay with the boat. The mate had told us that one man must stay by to look out for the boat, and that none of us must go far away.

The pier, which is the only one at Vera Cruz, and the only place where boats can safely land, is a long structure, built entirely of large blocks of stone so shaped as to make the top of the pier slightly rounded, in order that the waves which break over it during a "norther" may run off, and not remain in pools upon it. All the merchandise that is brought to Vera Cruz by water must be taken in lighters, from the shipping which lies at anchor

between the city and the fort, then over this pier, and so into the city.

We leisurely strolled up the pier, at the head of which is a large archway with a huge iron gate. This is securely locked at night, so that no merchandise can be taken into the city after dark. All persons desiring to go to or from the pier must pass through a small archway, at which is stationed a guard, who closely scrutinizes every one coming from the pier. If he has reason to suspect that they are attempting to smuggle articles about their persons, they are stopped and examined. At either side of the large gateway are immense walls, twenty feet in height, extending about one-quarter of a mile in either direction along the water-front, thence backward, entirely enclosing the city.

This is the only entrance to the city from the water-side; but there are two more, not so strictly guarded, at the other side of the city. The walls are nearly three hundred years old, and, not having been kept in repair, are now in a ruinous condition. In time of war, they would in their present state be but little protection to the city.

Many gayly dressed people were sauntering along the pier, among them many ladies, dressed, some in white, others in bright, gay-colored material, arranged low in the neck, and making a pleasing contrast to their dark skins. They wore their dark, glossy hair twisted in coils about their heads, and held over them gaudy parasols with which to protect themselves from the hot rays of the sun. This is a favor-

ite resort on sultry afternoons for the *élite* of the city, who come out from the heated atmosphere within the walls for a promenade, and also to get a breath of the cooler sea-air. I was especially impressed with the appearance of many of the ladies, who, I had imagined, would be in general a lot of worn-out, haggard-looking mortals, exhausted from the effects of the tropical heat. I was not prepared for the fresh, blooming complexions, and wonderful grace of motion, that I saw. They had a certain languor, due perhaps to the heat of the tropics; but this rather added to their voluptuous beauty. Their large, black, handsome eyes, they have the faculty of using as best suits their purposes. The better classes of the people are Spanish, or of Spanish descent, and have, no doubt, inherited from their ancestors the tropical luxuriousness that characterizes them.

Passing through a gateway, we came into a large square, or plaza as it is called, in the centre of which was a small fountain surrounded by a circle of orange and palm trees: here we found seats, and remained for a while gazing at the rows of gaudily painted houses, built of a dusky-white stone, with small bright-red balconies projecting from the windows. The roofs of the houses were covered with irregular shaped tiles of a dark-red color. There were several archways under these buildings extending into the streets beyond, which run directly across the city. A continuous hubbub and noise came from the mule-drivers and draymen, shouting

at their mules, and cracking their long whips over their heads, as the poor animals dragged the heavily loaded carts up from the pier. It occurred to me that this would be a good field for the labors of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. These muleteers were the most brutal drivers I ever saw: they pounded their mules with long, heavy clubs, beating them sometimes most unmercifully, when the poor animals were tugging away with all their strength at the overloaded drays. One of the most interesting vehicles we saw was a large two-wheeled wooden cart, each of the wheels being made of a solid block of wood, just as it was sawed from the tree, and having a hole bored through the centre for the axle, to which it was fastened by a large peg. These carts are drawn by one large and usually fine, sleek ox, harnessed in between a pair of monstrous thills, which are attached to a large yoke held in place by a rounded bow about his neck.

This ox is usually driven by a boy, who rides on its back, and guides it wherever he chooses by a stick which he carries in his hand, at the same time shouting some gibberish wholly unknown to me. The square was very dirty, and seemed not to have been cleaned for an age. Over in one corner I noticed a lot of coal-black buzzards, which are about the size of turkeys and in appearance very much like them, picking away at any thing they could find in the street. I afterwards learned, that, if any one injures these birds, he is liable to arrest and fine; the buzzards being the only scavengers the authorities provide.

A medium-sized negro, whom I noticed standing by the gateway as we came through, now approached us, and in the ordinary dialect of our Southern negro asked us if we would walk across the square and have a little cognac with him. Tom assented, and over we went. He took us to a shop where there was a small counter with several bottles on it, also a few limes, and at one end some pieces of sugar-cane. A few tables were scattered about: at some, several natives were seated in their customary dress; and at one was a very pretty Spanish girl drinking Mexican wine, and smoking cigarettes, in company with a robust *ranchero*, who, I judged from his dress, had just come in from the country, and, probably having sold his cattle, and filled his pockets with money, was bent on enjoying himself.

The back of this room was entirely open; and we passed through into a garden filled with tropical plants of many species, growing in great profusion, also orange, lemon, and banana trees, all full of fruit and blossoms. The fragrance of these, and of thousands of gorgeous flowers, was delightful, and the whole aspect of the place charming. We seated ourselves at a table at one side; and our new companion—with whom Tom talked as with a friend of many years' standing, instead of a five-minutes' acquaintance—ordered a "drink all round" of white rum. This was a new beverage to me; but, not wishing to show my ignorance, I said nothing, and proceeded to toss down the drink with as little concern as any well-broken-in toper might show.

But it did not go down so readily as I thought it would. I took a large, hurried swallow, gagged, coughed, grew red in the face, stammered out something about its being rather strong, and, becoming disgusted with myself, put the glass back on the table, much to the amusement of my companions. Tom and the negro, who said his name was Wash Tyler, had another drink; and then we started for the boat, as we knew we should get overhauled in good shape if we were not there when the "old man" came along.

Wash was a short, thick-set fellow of about twenty-five, and was dressed like the ordinary native, having on the usual costume of shirt, trousers, and broad-brimmed hat: a savage-looking knife was thrust in his belt. His garments looked as if they were worn for working-clothes week-days, and turned inside out for Sundays. The trousers were formerly of a dark material, and in their day might have adorned the sturdy legs of some stout captain or mate, who, having finished wearing them, had thrown them overboard. Wash, on the alert for "drift stuff," had probably fished them out as a great prize, and had since continued to wear them. Over each knee was now a long white canvas patch, and also on the abundant rear. He said he was a "thorough-bred American," born in Virginia; that he had been at sea more or less, and about a year before, having come across from Havana to Vera Cruz, and not liking the vessel he was in, had run away, and since then hung about, working when he wanted to, and could get the job,

and sometimes acting as a guide to strangers about the city. He said he could speak the language very well: probably, however, it was only a smattering; but this seemed sufficient for all his purposes.

The captain, who had not returned when we reached the boat, soon appeared through the archway; and we got in, and were ready for him when he came up. A medium-sized, fine-looking man of about thirty, whom I heard him call Capt. Stetson, was with him. As it was not time for Capt. Stetson's boat to come for him, we were to take him with us, and leave him at his ship, which was anchored a few lengths inside of our own.

Capt. Stetson was a jolly fellow, and he and our captain were having "great times" together. They had apparently had several drinks in celebration of their unexpected meeting; and both of them were rather lively, talking away, and laughing at a great rate. Capt. Bradley had a tremendous laugh, that sounded to me very much like the bray of a jackass I had heard a few moments before, down the beach. We soon reached the "Ice King," shipped our oars, and hauled into the gangway. The two captains went on board together; Capt. Bradley telling us to wait for him, as he should be gone but a few moments.

After half an hour or so, Capt. Bradley sent word, by the mate, that he was to stay on board the "Ice King" for supper, and that we must pull back to the "Elizabeth," and tell our mate to send the boat back at nine in the evening; and also tell him that we

should begin to unload the brig at nine o'clock in the morning, and that every thing must be ready to discharge the cargo. We pulled away, and were soon on board the "Elizabeth."

After supper the mate told me that I was to stand the latter half of the anchor-watch that night from twelve to six, so I turned in early. Every thing was quiet about the vessel, — no pitching or tumbling, no rattling of blocks or slatting of sails to keep me awake; and I fell asleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. At twelve o'clock I was turned out by John the Dutchman, who had the first anchor-watch. I found, upon looking at my watch, that he had called me fifteen minutes too soon, and remonstrated with him; but he said my time was too slow. It didn't make much difference, now that I was up; but I impressed it rather strongly on his mind that it would not do to get me out again before the proper time. Calling a man too soon is a frequent thing on some vessels, and is the cause of many quarrels.

I had nothing especial to do, but to walk the deck, keep the riding-light burning, and myself awake. At five o'clock I had to call the "doctor," who was to have breakfast ready for all hands at six.

Taking a turn around the cabin to see that every thing was all right, what was my surprise to find the captain, stretched out at full length on the deck near the companion-way, snoring like a trooper! John told me that the boat had been sent for the captain at the appointed time, and that the men had a great deal of trouble to keep him from falling overboard,

as he was rather more than "half-seas over," and insisted on standing up in the stern-sheets of the boat. He managed to get on board the brig with some assistance, and, staggering into the cabin, rolled over on the lounge with his clothes on, and went to sleep. I tried to get him up, and help him below; but he was so heavy and stupid, I could not raise him above a sitting posture. I called the mate, who, when I told him what I wanted, did not seem very anxious to turn out, saying the "old man might as well sleep off his drunk on deck as below," and also that the fresh air on deck would bring him to quicker than the stifled air of the cabin. However, he came up; and, after a deal of lifting and tugging, we got the captain below, and into his berth. We then left him, the mate turning in again. Nothing more of any importance occurred during my watch, except the arrival of a large ocean-steamer of the New York and Havana Line. She, puffing and steaming, and making a great noise generally, finally reached her moorings a few lengths ahead of us, and for a couple of hours made the night hideous with the noise of escaping steam.

At five o'clock I called the cook, and at six the second mate turned out the crew.

Having had our coffee, we were put to work getting every thing ready to take out the cargo. A cargo-gaff was rigged in front of and about half way up the mainmast, so that the forward end might just swing under the main-stay, and allow the cargo to be swung over the rail, and lowered into the

lighters. At the end of the gaff was a large double tackle-and-fall long enough to reach into the hold, hook on to the cargo-slings, hoist out, and lower over the rail. The hoisting-end of the fall was taken to the winch, and firmly fastened to the barrel, and the slack of the rope wound in on it. We were now all ready to take out the cargo as soon as the custom-house officers came on board, and removed the seals from the hatches. Several lighters had already hauled alongside, and were waiting to be loaded. These lighters are small, heavily built open boats, a little longer than a ship's long-boat: they have one short mast, raking well forward, and, fastened to the top of this, a long bamboo pole with its larger and lower end attached to the bow of the boat, and its upper end running upwards and backwards over the top of the mast, and terminating at a small point high up in the air, over the stern of the boat. To this long boom is attached a large triangular sail. These boats, which are very numerous here, are managed by one man, who merely sails the boat back and forth to the ship, and has nothing to do with the handling of the cargo.

At nine o'clock the custom-house officers came on board, and, after thoroughly examining the seals, permitted us to remove the main-hatch, and to begin on the cargo. The boat now pulled away, leaving one officer on board the brig to watch the cargo as it was taken out. He was a dapper little fellow, not very dark, and rather fine-looking, but about as lazy as a Mexican can well be. Dressed in a spotless

white-linen suit, a large sombrero, and a pair of high-heeled patent-leather gaiters, he lolled about the decks, smoked cigarettes, talked in broken English with the mate, and took an occasional half-hour's nap in the hammock that had been slung from the main-boom under the awning. If we had wished to smuggle any thing on shore, we could easily have done so without his knowledge.

At two o'clock the custom-house boat returned, the hatches were again put on and sealed down, and, taking the officer that had been on board, it departed for the shore. No more cargo could be handled till the next morning: so we had but five hours each day to work discharging cargo. Capt. Bradley was in a great rage at this, and swore that he would go on shore and make the "lazy and infernal dagoes" allow him an officer for more than five hours a day, so that he might work the cargo, and get out of the "blasted place." In the afternoon Capt. Bradley went on shore to arrange about this; but evidently the result was not very satisfactory, for during the rest of our stay the hatches were opened regularly at nine o'clock in the morning, and closed and sealed down at two in the afternoon.

This slow manner of doing things is certainly not very encouraging to an ambitious man; but the Mexicans are lazy, and do about as they wish under any circumstances. Late in the afternoon Capt. Bradley came from on shore, bringing with him his friend Stetson. Both captains had evidently again been trying the virtues of Mexican *aguardiente.* This

is among the worst of liquors to drink: it is of a watery consistency and color, with a strong, pungent taste, and is made from sugar-cane. It is the favorite drink among the natives; but foreigners, who are unaccustomed to its use, are affected very quickly and unpleasantly by it. The liquor did not seem to agree with Capt. Bradley, and he was about as ugly as it is possible for a man to be. Coming on deck for some purpose or other, and seeing the second mate washing his face in a bucket of water which he had set on the main-hatch, he at once began a quarrel with him.

"What the devil do you mean by washing yourself aft here on the main-hatch, and slopping that dirty water all over the deck?" bawled out the captain. "Get forward there, and take your bucket with you," he continued, accompanying his remark with a kick that sent the second mate tumbling over on to the deck.

This was more than the second mate could endure: he had long since made up his mind that he had taken too much abuse from the captain; and now, thoroughly aroused, he caught up the bucket, and threw it, dirty water and all, square into the captain's face. Needless to say, this was all that was necessary to raise the captain's anger to its highest pitch.

"You miserable cur," he shouted, wiping the dirty water from his face, and shaking himself like a wet dog, "don't you know who I am? I'm Joe Bradley, the worst packet-mate that ever sailed out of Liver-

pool; and, by G—d, I'll have your heart's blood for this!"

With this he grabbed a marline-spike that was lying on the fife-rail near at hand, and hurled it with tremendous force at the second mate's head. Sawtell was too quick for him, and dodged the spike, which went whizzing by just above his head, and struck with a thud, burying itself nearly a quarter of its length in the deck, twenty feet beyond. Both men were now thoroughly aroused. Coming together, they grappled each other by the throat, and both fiercely and persistently struggled for the mastery. Firmly clinched, with a grip almost like iron, they rolled over on the deck, first one being on top, then the other. The mate and Capt. Stetson had been attracted by the noise, and, rushing up to the men, managed to separate them. The captain, who was the worse handled of the two, was induced to go aft into the cabin by his friend Stetson; while the second mate was taken forward by the mate, and finally quieted.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next afternoon Tom and I, with another man, were given the usual half-holiday that a sailor always expects when in port, and generally gets once or twice a week. We "rigged" ourselves in our best clothes, blacked our shoes, cock-billed our hats, and stepped into the boat feeling about as lively and chipper as a man can when he knows he is his own master, after having been a slave on board ship for several weeks, with two or three men over him ordering this or that thing to be done, and, if not done all right and just so quickly, cursing him for his ignorance or laziness, and inciting him to new enthusiasm by the application of a boot-toe. We were told to be back on board ship before sundown; it being deemed especially dangerous to stay on shore after the dew begins to fall, on account of the prevalence of yellow-fever in the city, and the likelihood of contracting it after sunset, when the air becomes heavy and moist.

Yellow-fever is so common at Vera Cruz, that it is the great drawback to travellers going there, or foreigners settling there. It occurs here at all seasons of the year. The only reason given for its

greater persistence and virulence at Vera Cruz than in the towns down the coast and inland is, that the city is surrounded and so bound in by its wall, that a free circulation of air is prevented, and the germs of the disease are thus kept about the city. I believe it is a question, whether it would not be advisable to demolish the walls, as they would be of very little protective use in time of war, and the healthfulness of the city might be increased by their removal. In the rear of the city are large swamps filled with stagnant water; and, when the weather is very hot, the foul odors which arise from them are very unhealthy and disagreeable. It has been stated that no person born in Vera Cruz will take the yellow-fever: this is not true, but the natives are not so susceptible to the disease as foreigners, or Mexicans born outside of the city. There were, at this time, a great many of the native soldiers sick with the fever in the forts which bound the city walls. These soldiers come from the higher lands inland, and, going into the forts during the most sickly months, are likely to develop the disease. There are a great many negroes in Vera Cruz, and it is said they are not so liable to take the fever as the natives. The Mexicans look upon the negro as belonging to a degraded race, much below themselves, and say the reason the negroes do not take the disease is because they are not worth killing. There was no fever among the shipping at this time.

We were pulled to the pier in our long-boat, by two of the crew. It was such an uncommon thing

for us to sit in the stern-sheets and handle the tiller-ropes, instead of sitting on the thwart, and bending our backs to a "white-ash" breeze, that we felt a little out of our place. We laughingly ordered the men at the oars to pull this or that way, as we were now "liberty men," while they were only poor "Jack tars." It would not do for us to revel too long in our glory, for we should again ourselves be "tars" in four short hours.

On the pier we met our old friend Wash, who said he would take us about and show us the city. We went into the groggery where we had been a few days before, and had a "sailor's allowance of grog." I did not want any, but it was useless to refuse. I succeeded a little better than before; but the liquor stuck in my throat, and did not want to go down. Lighting up some "long-Tom" cigars, — which have a straw running through them to be removed before lighting, — we sauntered out to look at the city. We did not like to associate with Wash, who was not only jet black, but ragged and dirty; and were about on the point of giving him the slip, when he aroused our enthusiasm, and changed our minds about keeping him with us, by saying that there was to be a bull-fight just outside the walls, at three o'clock, and that it would be a gala occasion, especially for which a new *matador* had been brought down from the city of Mexico, and an extra supply of very fine bulls obtained. We were now in a high state of excitement, and would not have lost Wash for a month's pay. None of us had ever seen a bull-

fight; and I had hoped to be able to see one before leaving Mexico, so that I might tell my friends at home about it. Wash took us through the streets, and across plazas filled with tropical trees, plants, and shrubs, and many of them ornamented with small fountains playing in the middle. The heat was so intense, that we took off our thick "reefers," and carried them on our arms. I had a straw hat that I had brought from home, and now found very comfortable; Tom and the other man, less fortunate, wore their thick sea-caps. We passed many very interesting places, and saw several amusing sights as we hurried along. One of the most laughable was a family just coming in from the country, and consisting of a man, woman, and three children, all riding on donkeys, man-fashion. The woman had on a short, dirty skirt, which came about to her knees, below which her black legs and large bare feet protruded. She wore nothing on her head, but had a piece of yellow cloth tied about her shoulders. She held in front of her a small child about two years old, who, but for a bit of cloth tied about its hips, was entirely naked. The little thing squirmed, kicked, and howled, in its endeavors to get away from its mother; who, however, held it firmly, and occasionally gave it a slap with her hand, with the sole result of increasing its struggles and yells. One of the donkeys was straddled by a boy and a girl, of about eight and ten years of age, one seated in front of the other, both riding along as complacently as possible. The head of the family was dressed in

gala attire. He wore a pair of loose leather breeches, trimmed at the top, bottom, and on the sides, with silver lace. These were open on the side from the knee down, and ornamented with a row of large brass buttons. The man had on a roundabout jacket, trimmed with silver lace, and covered all over with buttons: besides, he wore a large broad-brimmed hat, with a roll of silver cord around it, tied in a knot at one side, the ends hanging down over the brim. He was of good stature, and of rather lighter complexion than the ordinary native; his head was covered with a thin growth of coarse black hair; and he was evidently the lord and loafer of the family, the wife probably doing the work and drudgery as is the custom. They were towing several mules, all of them heavily loaded with the products of the country to be sold in the city. We continued on, and soon, passing through a gateway, were outside the walls. The land was low and sandy for some distance; occasional clumps of trees, bushes, and shrubs, were seen growing wild; and here and there a bamboo hut was visible with orange and palm trees towering above it. A short distance to the right, was a large building in which Wash said the fight was to take place. There were crowds of people going the same way with us, all intent and eager with the pleasure they were expecting. Many ladies were in the throng, as excited and enthusiastic as the men. Some of them were very fair and beautiful; and their beauty was rendered still more charming by the sweetness of their manner of speaking,

and their exquisite grace and carriage. They had large, languid, laughing black eyes, and healthy features, with a rich glow on their dusky cheeks, while their forms were full and well rounded; they were evidently fond of dress, and delighted in brilliant colors, many of them wearing rich dresses of different-colored silks, which rustled and glistened in the sunlight; some of them permitted their long skirts to sweep along the ground behind them, while others gracefully carried theirs over their arms. The younger portion frolicked about in short dresses, that, barely reaching to their knees, permitted freedom and grace to their movements as they skipped about, reminding one by their antics of schoolgirls just liberated from their day's studies. Some had veils and mantillas thrown loosely over their heads and shoulders, others carried sunshades; but all were without hats. Many of these young women, belonging to the best families in the city, were accompanied by a duenna; whose duty it is cautiously to watch her charge, and note particularly the approach of any young men, their doings and sayings. If the duenna finds that her *señorita* is met several times by the same youthful cavalier, this fact is reported to the *paterfamilias*, and his intentions are inquired into.

Many of the men were on horseback, and were dressed gaudily in the extreme; their bright jackets and breeches being richly embroidered with gold and silver lace, and almost covered with bright buttons. Most of them wore large, broad-brimmed sombreros,

made of light-colored felt, and trimmed with gold or silver braid. They take great pride in their horses and equipages, and frequently pay very large sums for their saddles. I saw, a few days afterwards, in a shop in the city, several saddles for sale, the prices varying from four hundred to one thousand dollars each. There is a great deal of fine work in the saddles, and they are richly trimmed and embossed in gold and silver. A Mexican's chief delight and pleasure is in possessing a spirited and gayly caparisoned horse. He passes a great deal of time in the saddle, and is as expert a horseman as there is in the world.

Several carriages, grotesque and clumsy in their appearance, and built much like a two-wheeled chaise, passed us on the road. The wheels of these carriages are separated by an axle ten or twelve feet long, having shafts attached to it which run upwards and backwards, with wooden cross-bars before and behind, to which are fastened the leathern springs upon which the body of the vehicle rests. They were drawn by two mules, tandem style, and driven by a liveried postilion, who rode the leader, and furiously lashed the mules as they whirled by us, covering us completely with clouds of dust.

We now approached the building in which the fight was to take place, and could plainly hear the sounds of music from within. About the doorway were ticket-speculators, fruit-venders, and dealers in water, lemonade, and other tempting beverages intended to assuage the thirst of the spectators when

they became hoarse and dry from enthusiastic shouting. As the entertainment proceeded, the loud cries of these dealers filled the air as they proclaimed the virtues of their wares. It was not necessary to go inside the entrance to learn that a crowd had already arrived, as the noise of shouts and the hum of voices which reached our ears from within were deafening. Purchasing tickets, we entered the building; and I was indeed surprised with the sight which met my eyes. The interior was a large, round, open space, surrounded on all sides by tiers of seats with a seating capacity for six thousand spectators. Beyond these seats, and directly over the entrance to the arena, were three boxes: the middle one was the largest and most gorgeously arrayed, and was reserved for the especial use of the municipality, ministers, governors, and others in authority. All of the boxes were gaudily decorated with flags and brilliantly colored draperies. Some twenty feet in front of the lower rows of seats, was a wooden barrier or fence about eight feet high; within this was a second barrier of little more than half the height of the first: both of these extended around the arena, which they thus enclosed; and between them was a passageway about three feet wide, in which the *toreros*, the attendants, and the men that repair any damage done by the bull, pass to and fro. The bull sometimes leaps the inner barrier when in pursuit of the fleeing *banderilleros*, who are attempting to escape his savage onslaught. The outer barrier then prevents the bull from jumping over among the spectators. Extend-

ing around the inner side of the smaller barrier were projections, or foot-rests, about one foot apart, on which the *toreros* can step to assist themselves in scaling the barrier when pursued by the bull. We easily found our seats, which were numbered in large white figures. They were not so good as we might have wished, but proved sufficiently near and desirable to be perfectly satisfactory to us when the spectacle began. Mexicans, Spaniards, and negroes were on all sides of us; and among the crowd could be seen the faces of Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen, while occasionally the face of an Englishman or American was to be seen. There were as many women as men in the building; and their gay dress, and lively, enthusiastic gestures in conversation, added much to the brilliancy of the affair. The men, gathered into little groups, noisily discussed the merits of the different bulls, and placed their bets, each on his favorite animal. The bulls were stalled in a small building just outside the entrance to the arena, where the spectator was privileged to examine them as much as he desired, and so enabled to make his bets much more to advantage. There were two entrances to the arena, directly opposite each other: one, under the boxes, for the *toreros* and horses; while the other was for the bulls only, and this, an unbroken passageway, ran through to the stalls, where the bulls were in readiness to be driven into the arena.

The seats were very full; but, as it was not time for the spectacle to begin, many of the people were

walking about just outside the barriers, while others, who seemed to be more privileged, were sauntering along between them, and still others were within the arena. Among the crowd were some old bull-fighters, many of them crippled, and hobbling about on crutches and canes, narrating the fights in which they had taken part in their younger days. Occasionally one of them could be seen showing a mark on his head or arm, or drawing up his breeches to point with admiration at a scar upon his leg which had been made by the hoof or horn of some fierce bull which he had encountered, and from which he had barely escaped with his life; but, as is always the case with these old *toreros*, the bull was at last handsomely killed amid the tumultuous applause of the multitude. These old stagers do not have a very high opinion of the young men, and say they have not the courage or confidence to withstand the rush of the bull as their fathers did; but this is only idle prattle on the part of the ancient warriors who delight in gloating over their own valiant deeds.

During all this time, while the spectators were coming into the building, and securing their seats, a band of music, stationed on a balcony above the public entrance, was playing agonizing airs to the apparent delight of the assembly, who applauded uproariously at the termination of each piece. It amused me very much to watch the musicians, who were gayly dressed in brilliantly embroidered coats with gold lace across the front, and large protruding epaulets on their shoulders. They had evidently

long been practising for this occasion, and were putting forth every effort in their exertion to make their part of the entertainment pleasing to the people. As the musicians swelled out their chests, and distended their cheeks with their outblown breath, scattering the wild and discordant notes through the air, I was reminded of an anecdote related of the arrival of the Princess Louise at Bermuda during her late visit to that island. It was reported, that, as the princess was driven up from the landing, escorted by a gorgeously arrayed band of musicians, who for a long while had been preparing for the event, and in honor of the occasion were playing "God save the Queen," she was seen to turn her eyes toward heaven, and heard to pour forth the earnest entreaty, "God save the band, they know not what they do!" I was amusingly impressed with the idea that this same sentiment might be well applied to the musicians to whom I was listening.

The crowd was noisy and wild with frantic delight in anticipation of the pleasure to come. Old men and young, women and girls, all were intent on enjoying themselves, and were shouting and calling back and forth to each other in the most wild and boisterous manner. To add to all this tumult, there were the noisy cries of the fruit and drink sellers, as they passed about among the crowd.

The band, which had been playing furiously, suddenly stopped; and at a sound from a trumpet, very much like a military call, — the signal for the arena to be cleared, — the people hastened to their seats,

and in a less noisy manner than before waited for the entertainment to begin. The seats were all filled, and the people were packed together so tight that there hardly seemed to be breathing-space left; and it was so intensely hot and sultry that it was almost impossible to get a breath of fresh air. As soon as the sound of the trumpet died away, three guards on horseback entered through the passageway under the boxes, and, after riding around the arena, withdrew to one side of the entrance. They were dressed in dark clothes, boots reaching nearly to their hips, short swords, and cocked hats decorated with long plumes. Every eye was directed toward them, as their arrival heralded the approach of the *toreros* that were now to enter. With breathless expectancy the people waited. Suddenly the band struck up; and the *toreros* were seen to enter through the passageway, and were received with a tumultuous burst of applause as they advanced to the centre of the arena, and bowed right and left to the people. The procession, as it advanced, was a very interesting and imposing sight to witness. Silks and velvets of red, blue, orange, and yellow, resplendent with gold and silver lace, embroideries, and spangles, and glittering with trinkets and ornaments, made a gorgeous spectacle, as the *toreros* stood in the centre of the arena.

Heading this brilliant pageant were two *espadas*, the smaller of whom was the famous *matador* from the city of Mexico, — a young man not more than twenty-five years old, finely formed, with a dark, handsome face, a bright, quick eye, and a small black mus-

tache that scarcely concealed his proud, firm mouth. He wore a large yellow cape thrown back from his shoulders, and beneath it a short red-velvet jacket, which was elaborately embroidered with gold braid, and on the front of which hung numerous trophies bestowed on him for his daring feats. His legs, as far as the knees, were incased in tight-fitting red-velvet breeches; and around his waist was a bright silken scarf tied in a knot with the ends hanging gracefully at one side. He wore white-silk stockings, and a fur cap finished his attire. His companion was dressed in like fashion, but not so brilliantly. Behind these came the *banderilleros* and *capeadores*, also gaudily attired: the former had in their hands their implements of torture, consisting of small darts about one foot in length, with a small steel barb in the end, peculiarly shaped. This, once catching in the flesh, could not be shaken off by the bull, whose struggles would only drive the arrow the deeper into his side. Behind the *banderilleros* were the *picadores* and the attendants.

The *picadores* were on horseback, and dressed plainly in dark round jackets, and wearing thick, heavily lined breeches to protect their legs during the onslaught of the bull, and to prevent injury if they should get caught under their falling horses. In their hands were long, heavy, steel-pointed spears, their peculiar weapons. The bands of *toreros* now dispersed, and the *espadas* and a portion of the *picadores* left the arena; while the *capeadores* and the remaining *picadores* stationed themselves at equal dis-

tances from each other on the side of the arena opposite to the passageway through which the bull was to enter; and, wheeling their horses, they stood facing the closed door, and awaited the signal of the bull's approach. The multitude, which before had been so noisy, were now silent, and hardly a whisper could be heard. Every eye was intently watching the entrance. It was an anxious moment, and every one was pale and breathless with suppressed excitement. A noise in the direction of the enclosure where the bulls were kept, and a slight murmur from the people, indicated that the keepers had liberated the bull, and were driving him towards the door which opened into the arena. The roaring of the bull could now be distinctly heard; and at the sound of a bugle the door was thrown wide open, and a large, fierce-looking beast, with long, sharp, wide-spreading horns, rushed through the doorway past the guard, and plunged into the arena. The frightened horses began to shake with terror, and jumped about in a vain attempt to escape from the enclosure. The bull stopped near the centre of the arena, and, with lowered head and distended nostrils, began vigorously to paw up the loose earth, and to throw it into the air, raising a cloud of dust which nearly hid him from view. He threshed his tail from side to side, and bellowed furiously. In an instant, with a terrific roar, the creature dashed directly at the guard, who was still standing near the passageway through which the bull had entered. The guard saw him coming, and nimbly leaped the inner barrier, and escaped;

while the bull ran headlong against the partition, and was nearly thrown from his feet by the violence of the shock. Recovering himself, he dashed across the arena with his head lowered and the hot breath pouring from his nostrils; and, before the nearest *picadore* could guide his horse out of the way, the infuriated animal had buried his sharp horns in the horse's side, and with a pitiful groan of pain the wounded beast rushed across the arena with the hot and steaming entrails dragging along the ground. At every step blood gushed out in torrents. The *picadore* attempted to check the frightened horse, but was unable to do so till finally, exhausted from the loss of blood, and probably also from the severity of the pain, — which must have been excruciating, — the poor horse fell over almost lifeless against the barrier. The *picadore*, uninjured, jumped to his feet, and mounted a fresh horse that had been brought in; while the attendants stripped the saddle and bridle from the injured animal. Meanwhile the bull had dashed at the other *picadores*, one of whose horses was struck on the haunch, but, by skilful management on the part of his rider, was wheeled, and made his escape by dashing across the arena. The bull then rushed, head down, at the remaining horse, which directly faced him; but was met by the *picadore*, who thrust his lance into the bloody neck of the maddened beast just above the fore-shoulder. By the exercise of gigantic strength he held back the bull, till he could strike his spurs into the horse's side, and so enable the poor thing, with a plunge forward, to escape. This was

the signal for a thundering burst of applause from all sides. Men and women yelled at the top of their voices, screaming with delight, and called out all the endearing terms and complimentary phrases they could think of, to the successful *picadore*. The long spears of the *picadore* are intended to be thrust into the neck of the bull, and by sheer strength alone the bull is to be held back, so that the horse may be saved. The point of the spear is so made that the wound inflicted by it is very shallow, and does no other harm to the bull than to make him more furious. The *picadore* is rarely successful in holding back the bull, and the poor horse generally becomes the victim. The *picadore* himself does not always escape the horns of the infuriated beast. If, by chance, he should get caught under his fallen horse, the attendants run forward, and throw a piece of red cloth over the bull's head, or wave small red flags before his eyes to distract his attention, till the *picadore* is rescued from his perilous position.

The *picadores* having finished their part of the slaughter, and a sufficient number of horses having been killed, the bull was now further tantalized by the *capeadores* with their red flags and strips of cloth, which they waved before his eyes: then, as he dashed at them, they stepped to one side just as he was upon them, and let the creature rush by, bellowing and raising clouds of dust as he passed. Again the *capeadores* teased and tortured him, and again he came fiercely at them; his tormentors escaping as before, by dexterous movements on their part.

They showed great courage and apparent recklessness, as they jumped from side to side; and one of them, more daring than the rest, put both hands on the bull's fore shoulder, and sprang several times back and forth over his back.

At a sound from the trumpet, the *capeadores* retired; and their places were taken by the *banderilleros*, who were still further to torment the already maddened and infuriated beast. They stationed themselves at equal distances around the arena; and the one who was nearest the bull ran directly toward him, shouting and waving his arms in a frantic manner to attract the bull's attention, — a thing not at all difficult to do. The bull, with head lowered, rushed forward to meet this antagonist, and would have run him through had not the *banderillo* quickly leaped aside: as the bull passed, the *banderillo* improved his opportunity, and hurled one of his small darts, which fixed itself behind the shoulder, while the bull dashed on nearly to the barrier before he could check his speed. Swinging around with a snort and a bellow, he again dashed forward: the first *banderillo* with a quick whirl saved himself, and implanted two darts in the passing beast. His companion, however, was not so successful. In attempting a skilful side-movement as the bull was nearly upon him, either his foot slipped, or his courage failed him; and, falling to the ground, he was caught upon the horns of the bull before he could get out of the way, and was tossed several feet into the air: he again fell directly in front of the infuriated animal, who rushed

upon him, and gored him in a fearful manner, before the *capeadores* and the attendants, who had at once run to the assistance of the fallen *banderillo*, could attract the bull's attention, and make him follow them. The *banderillo*, bleeding profusely, was taken up by the attendants, and carried in an unconscious state outside the building. His clothes were torn, and covered with blood; and he was terribly lacerated about his chest, arms, and face. His condition, however, was not thought sufficiently critical to stop the fight, as is generally done when a man is killed; in a moment the entertainment progressed as vigorously as before.

Once more the trumpet sounded: the *banderilleros*, leaving the arena, gave place to the *espada*, who came through the doorway, and was welcomed by the cries and shouts that resounded from the throats of the thousands of spectators. His presence denoted the critical and closing part of the fight. Many of the people stood in their seats, crying out at the top of their voices. The air was literally filled with hats, fans, and umbrellas, which almost every one in his enthusiasm hurled into the air, and regained as they fell back near him, or beside his companions who passed them to their owner. The *espada* was Romedeo, the famous Mexican *matador:* resplendent with decorations and ornaments, he bowed his thanks to the people for the welcome they were extending to him by their rapturous applause. On all sides of the *espada* were pools of clotted blood, and the bespattered barriers indicated very vividly the slaugh-

ter that had already taken place. The dead horses had not yet been removed from the arena, and were lying near the barriers, where they had been dragged out of the way. The *espada* held a long, flexible sword, which he quietly bent in his hands, and had, besides, a red flag attached to a small stick. He now advanced directly towards the bull at the other side of the arena: the beast, thoroughly aroused, and angered to the wildest pitch by the excruciating torture to which he had been subjected, was bellowing and snorting with the pain produced by the small darts that were worming themselves into his flesh at every movement of his body, and was fiercely pawing the earth, and throwing it over his blood-stained head. The bull sees the advancing *espada*, and needs nothing more to spur him to the attack: lowering his head, and fixing his bloody eyes upon the man, with a bellow and a snort, he dashes furiously forward. It seems as though there can be no escape for his opponent; and just as we breathlessly expect to see the bull thrust his horns through the *espada's* body, the man steps quickly and gracefully to one side, and the bull rushes by. Cry upon cry re-echoes across the arena, as the people shout out their enthusiastic applause. The *espada* waves his flag, and again advances toward the bleeding and maddened beast: again the bull plunges forward, and again the *espada* by a dexterous movement escapes the infuriated animal. Repeatedly the *espada* thus dallies with the bull, and it seems as though his life hangs by a mere thread, as the animal grazes

by his body. Having amused himself as long as he desired, and provoked the bull to the greatest degree of madness possible, he braces himself for the finishing stroke, and, raising his sword with the point on a level with his shoulder, awaits the approaching bull, who, with lowered head, comes dashing on; and just when it seems impossible for the man to escape with his life, the point of the sword is quickly dropped, and, with an iron-like thrust, the sword is buried to the hilt in the fore-shoulder of the beast, the point coming out below between the fore-legs. The bull trembles, stands still, and with a roar like thunder falls dead, the blood gushing in torrents from his mouth and nostrils; the sword having pierced the heart and lungs.

I never heard such a burst of applause as followed this achievement: it seemed as if the building must be shaken down. The people were wild with joy: hats, cigars, fruit, and all kinds of objects were thrown into the air, and hurled at the victorious *espada*, who, with one foot on the body of the bull, bowed right and left to the people, and then promenaded around the arena, just within the barrier, followed by the attendants, who picked up the presents that had been thrown, and returned the hats, fans, and other wearing-apparel to the spectators, who, in their excitement, had hurled them into the arena. The band added its share to the animation of the scene, by playing a lively air. Now the attendants, driving several gayly caparisoned mules, enter the arena, and drag away the horses and the bull; the

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latter being taken outside into the field, and there cut up and sold. Many are the buyers, and the prices run high; for the demand for the meat of a bull that has fought within the arena is very great.

The ground within the arena is raked over and levelled by the attendants, the pools of blood are covered with earth, and every thing is put in readiness for more horses to be disembowelled, more men to be injured or killed, and more bulls to be slaughtered. We remained to see two more bulls and several horses killed. I had then witnessed quite enough of the revolting spectacle, and wished to go; although the whole thing had its attractions, and was so exciting and fascinating that before very long I was anxious to attend again. It was amusing, during the performance, to listen to the cries and exclamations of delight at some courageous or daring feat accomplished by any of those within the arena: on the other hand, the hisses and shouts of disapproval were loud and vigorous, whenever there was any show of cowardice or fear on the part of any of the participants in the spectacle.

The bulls are not always like the fierce, courageous, fighting brute that I have described, and do not always respond to the provocations which are heaped upon them. Sometimes a great deal of tantalizing is required to make them face the *picadores:* often when approached they will run away from their tormentors, and endeavor to escape by jumping the barriers. Some of the several processes of torture used to infuriate a cowardly bull generally

prove successful. The principal weapon for this purpose is a dart with a small explosive in the end: this is hurled into the flesh of the animal, and burying itself deeply there, and exploding, causes excruciating pain as it burns into the wound. As may be imagined, this suffices to madden the mildest-tempered bull, and provoke him to the combat. Instead of fleeing from his torturers, he now rushes at them wild and infuriated, shaking his head from side to side, and, with a roar and a snort, runs his horns through the body of the first unfortunate horse he meets. This is a signal for applause and shouts of delight from the people, who before were heaping derisive epithets on the head of the cowardly animal.

The bull is not always killed by the first thrust of the *espada's* sword, and then a heart-rending scene ensues. The bull runs around the arena, endeavoring to shake clear the sword which still remains sticking in his body; the *espada*, either through terror or some unsteadiness, not having thrust the weapon into a vital part.

It is terrible to witness the enraged bull, with his head and horns reeking with gore, and the blood pouring in torrents from his mouth, as he rushes about, stopping to bury his horns in the bodies of the wounded horses, and turn the wretched animals around, as they twist and squirm under the torture. Finally, after several attempts, the bull is killed, and the combat ends.

The Mexican bull-fights are considered to be equal, and by the Mexicans superior, to those carried on

in Spain. They occur twice a year, and are carried on under the strictest rules and regulations, to which all the participants are obliged to conform. Those in charge of the spectacle are Spaniards, and are thorough masters of the art; many of them having taken part in the contests at Madrid, probably the most superb and brilliant spectacles of the kind in the world. It was now nearly dark, and high time we were getting on board: so, leaving the arena, we walked rapidly to the pier. We found the boat waiting for us, and, getting into it, were pulled to the ship. Climbing over the rail, we stripped off our holiday attire, and were once more slaves to duty.

In the evening I was in the forecastle with the men, and we had great sport talking over the events of the afternoon. They were intensely interested in our description of the bull-fight, and were determined to see the one that was to take place in a few days, should it occur on their holiday.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY thing passed along quietly for several days. The cargo was coming out in good shape and rather rapidly. Sunday afternoon, two of us were given permission to have the boat for an hour's absence to row over to the fort St. Juan de Ulloa. I had gazed on this massive structure frequently, wondering what its internal arrangements were, wishing that I might some time have an opportunity of exploring them. We rowed up to the fort in a few moments, as we were lying near it, and, while pulling along, had a good opportunity to see the outer walls. These were built of stones firmly mortised into each other, and turreted at the top. Set into the walls were immense iron rings about fifty feet apart, to be used by vessels to fasten their cables during the *los nortes* (norther season). They are now so loose and rusty that they would be of little benefit, and are not used. The fort completely covers a small island, about a quarter of a mile from the mainland; and all the shipping must anchor inside of it, and pass directly under its guns to get into the harbor, — or rather open roadstead, for there is no harbor here, or anywhere else on the whole eastern coast of Mexico.

The protection for shipping is better at Vera Cruz than farther up or down the coast, as the fort breaks the force of the wind and sea; but the roadstead is completely open and unprotected north and south, and the "northers" have an unobstructed sweep of the entire anchorage-ground. Many vessels, at these times, have dragged their anchors, and been fiercely swept along before the gale, and piled up, wrecks, in the surf on the low sandy island of Sacrificios, three miles to the southward.

We pulled up to the entrance of the fort, landed, passed the guard, — who, it being visiting-day, did not detain us, — and took a good look around. This fortress was formerly considered to be one of the strongest in the world, and, from its situation, a great protection to the city in case of a naval attack. The progress made in naval architecture within the last hundred years, and the number and power of iron vessels of to-day, are such that I fear St. Juan de Ulloa would not long resist the attack of a foreign foe. The middle of the fort is a large open space, grassed over, and containing a number of trees, and among them several orange-trees full of fruit.

There were but few guns in the fort, and those of small size and old fashion.

In 1839 the fort was blown up by the French, who had matters much their own way; but the victory would not have been so easy, and such a "celebration-day" affair as it seemed, had not an accidental explosion of the magazine spread great consternation among the garrison, many of whom were afterward

found in a wretched and miserable condition. In 1843 Santa Anna, expecting an attack from the English, ordered all the guns and armament removed to Vera Cruz.

The fort is now used as a military prison, and is guarded by a large squad of soldiers, many of whom have their wives and children with them. We saw several women engaged in household duties; others, seated in front of their apartments, were making lace, of which I bought two small pieces. The Mexican women are considered expert lace-makers.

Most of the prisoners confined here are serving short sentences for political offences. There were a great many officers around the place: the Mexican army is full of generals, every commander of a regiment having that title conferred upon him. The soldiers are so poorly paid and fed, and laxly disciplined, that, if they were brought into hostilities against the well-regulated forces of almost any other power, the result could hardly be other than disastrous to them. One unavoidably gets the idea, from the small stature and feeble appearance of the average Mexican soldier, that he must be an insignificant foe in times of war. By reason of their excellent horsemanship, they make far better cavalry than infantry. The uniform of the soldiers we saw about the fort was white throughout, with a small blue plume on the cap. We looked through the fort as thoroughly as we could in the short time allowed us.

Our time being up, we left the fort, and pulled

back to the "Elizabeth." There were two boats alongside the brig, and we were told the captain had some callers from the neighboring shipping.

The next afternoon I, with two others, rowed Capt. Bradley to the French bark "Favorita" to call on her captain, who had been on the "Elizabeth" the day before. She was at anchor several lengths ahead of us, in toward the pier. The captain told us to wait for him, and that we could go on board the bark if we wished. Improving the opportunity, I climbed the side steps to the rail, and descended onto the deck.

The "Favorita" was as handsome a vessel as I had ever seen. The steward, who was coming aft from the galley, stopped to talk with me; and as he knew a little English, and I had a limited supply of French, we got on fairly well. He said the bark was one of ninety-nine which were owned by three sisters in Paris, who had inherited these vessels, and always kept the same number in their possession. If one should be lost, another was immediately built to fill her place. All these vessels are bark rigged, and every thing about them that is painted at all is painted white. The strictest rules and regulations are laid down for the masters of the vessels to carry out, and are rigidly enforced. Every thing must be kept just so taut, trim, and ship-shape; and the motto, "A place for every thing, and every thing in its proper place," painted in French on the after part of the forward house, was carried out in the minutest detail. Her cargo was all out, and she was to sail

the next day for Progresso, to load mahogany and fustic for Europe. Her crew were a fine set of sailors: they were picked men, and plenty of them, well fed, and well paid. Capt. Bradley having remained on the bark about half an hour, we pulled him ashore, and then rowed back to the brig.

For several days every thing progressed smoothly: the cargo was all out except a little in the fore-peak and in the run, aft.

Friday afternoon the captain came late from the city: he had been drinking enough to arouse his ugly temper, and gave vent to his spite against the second mate, who was at the rail to take the boat's painter as she came alongside. The man in the bow of the boat threw the rope to Sawtell; but it fell short of his reach, and dropped into the water. The boat, having good headway, shot on, and swung off from the ship's side. It took but a moment to get out an oar, and pull the boat back again; but enough had happened to give the captain, in his present condition, sufficient cause for showering a volley of abuse on the head of the innocent second mate.

"Why didn't you catch that rope, you confounded numskull? You couldn't hold a rope if it was put into your hand, and your fingers closed over it. One of those lazy dagoes on the pier there would make a better second mate than you are. I might have known I was shipping a land-lubber when I got you! You'd better go put your head in soak, and see if you can't swell up a decent brain, so you'll know something!"

The captain interspersed several oaths to emphasize his complimentary remarks, and, swelling out like a game-cock, came up over the rail, and disappeared into the cabin.

Sawtell was furious through and through, but said nothing. I expected to see him hurl an iron belaying-pin, or something of the sort, at the captain's head; and think he would have done so if the captain had said much more to him.

The next morning we were not surprised to hear that the second mate was missing. He had taken with him every thing he possessed of any value, leaving behind his chest and a few old clothes. We never knew what became of him; but probably he hailed some passing boat, and, putting his luggage into her, escaped to the shore or to some other vessel in the harbor. I think it likely that he had made up his mind, some time before, to run away before we left Vera Cruz, and was only waiting for a good opportunity to do so, when the captain's renewed abuse made him desperate, and a chance boat passing by during the night offered him a good opportunity to escape.

The captain called aft both of the men that had been on the anchor watch during the night, and questioned them sharply to find out what he could of the second mate's sudden disappearance. A boat could not have come alongside in the night without their knowing it, but they protested their entire ignorance of the affair. The captain swore like a pirate, and threatened to put them in irons in the

lazaret, and keep them on bread and water, if they did not confess all they knew. Concluding at last that he could not learn any thing from them, he sent them forward. Without doubt, one of them, if not both, had seen and knew all about Sawtell's escape, if, indeed, they did not directly assist him in getting away. The men all liked and sympathized with the second mate, and were "down on" the captain for the brutal manner in which he had treated him. Sawtell was a thorough seaman, and there could not have been a better man than he was for the place he occupied. The captain did not make any inquiry or search for him on the shore or among the shipping, and seemed glad he was gone. There were nearly three weeks wages due the second mate at the time: this probably went into the captain's pocket, as I do not believe the owners of the vessel were ever credited with it.

The captain went on shore during the morning: on returning late in the afternoon, he called me aft into the cabin, and, kicking a stool toward me, told me to sit down. I wondered what I had done, that I should be called into the cabin in this manner; but took off my hat, and sat down.

The captain began, "Since we left New York, young man, I've taken quite a fancy to you. You have learned quick, taken hold of things in good shape, done your work well, and seem to have a pretty good idea of seamanship generally. Now that I have got clear of that dog of a second mate, you can bring your luggage aft, and put your things into

the second mate's room. I am going to give you a trial in his place. You will stand my watch, and I will risk your getting along all right."

I was so astonished at what he said, that I hardly knew what to do or say. I told him I did not think I was competent to fill the place; at which he said we would see, and that time would tell.

He called the mate and crew aft, introduced me to them as Mr. Dixon, the future second mate, and said that I was to be obeyed accordingly: with this he sent the men forward again. I asked Tom what he thought about my taking the position which had not been offered me, but which I had been told to take. He told me to go ahead, and consider myself lucky at having the place given me. I was a large, strapping fellow of eighteen, nearly six feet tall, and weighing one hundred and seventy pounds at the time, and had worked up a pretty good muscle since coming on board the "Elizabeth." I felt a little queer in my new position; although I knew a second mate's duties perfectly well, and felt really confident I could fill the place. At any rate, I was glad of the opportunity to try. I knew a vessel thoroughly, and was familiar with every rope, spar, and sail, from keel to truck, what it was used for, and where it belonged.

I had always been about vessels, and was eager to learn; but to be promoted to second mate before being on board six weeks, took me entirely aback. It is not a very responsible position; and the second mate is the dog of the ship and the waiter for every

one, both officers and men. If a man needs a piece of marline, or a serving-board, or almost any thing else, the second mate must get it for him, pass the ball for him, and wait on him generally; in short, is the hardest-worked man on board ship. But then, I had the title — "Mr." — of an officer, and, instead of fifteen dollars a month, twenty-eight.

I cleared out the second mate's room, and moved my own things in. There were two berths in the room; and I put my bedding in the upper one, for the lower contained spun-yarn, marline-spikes, dead-eyes, hand-lead, and other things that it is the duty of the second mate to look out for.

I was no longer "Bob," but "Mr. Dixon," and was to eat at a table, off china plates, with knife and fork, instead of from a tin pot and pan, with my fingers. I had more work to do than before: it was my duty to turn the men out in the morning, turn them to after breakfast, set them to work, oversee every thing they did, and work as well myself.

The following Tuesday our cargo was nearly all out, and we could finish unloading the next morning. The captain came on board in the afternoon, and told us that he had chartered the brig to go to Minatitlan, down the coast, to load mahogany for Havre, France, at £2 16*s.* per ton, — a very good freight, he thought.

Wednesday afternoon I took the men into the hold, and stowed away the pieces of board and blocks of wood that had been used for dunnage, to keep the cargo from shifting while the vessel was rolling

and pitching in heavy weather. We also swept the hold clean fore and aft. Part of the men were sent on shore with the water-casks, which were to be filled with fresh water at the pier, while the rest of us lowered them into the hold, and stowed them on either side of the keelson, lashing them firmly to the stanchions between the hatch and the mainmast. All the spare spars, fenders, and every thing movable about the decks, were put into the hold and securely lashed. These were to serve as ballast for our trip round to Minatitlan, and, as the "Elizabeth" was rather flat-bottomed, and did not need much to keep her up all right, would be enough, without any rock or sand ballast which it is customary to put into vessels before leaving port. Some vessels, from their build, are so crank that it is necessary to put more or less ballast into the hold before the cargo can all be taken out; else, being top-heavy, they might roll over. It is common, while vessels are discharging their cargo, unless they are very stiff, for the royal and topgallant yards to be sent down, and the topgallant-masts housed, and possibly sent down also, to prevent the vessel from being top-heavy as the cargo comes out. We also bent our sails, which had been sent down when we came into port. The square sails were sent aloft by fastening a girt-line around the bunt of the sail, then hoisting it up a little above the yard to which it is to be bent. A man on either side of the yard grasps an earing, — which is spliced into a cringle at the upper corner of the sail, — reeves it through an eye-bolt at the yard-

arm, and draws the earing taut as the girt-line is lowered away, bringing the head of the sail on a level with the top of the yard. The earings are "hove taut" with a marline-spike, and two or three turns are put around the yard-arm and secured. The head of the sail is bent to the jack-stays with pieces of spun-yarn reeved through small thimbles in the head of the sail about a foot apart. The bunt-lines, clew-lines, and sheets are then hooked on, and securely moused, and the sail hauled on to the yard, and furled. By six o'clock we had the sails all bent, and, as far as we were concerned, were ready to sail the next morning.

The boat had been sent ashore for the captain an hour before; and we could now see it, just putting off from the pier. There were four men in the stern-sheets; and, as they came nearer, we saw that one of them was Capt. Stetson. The other men Capt. Bradley had with him were Spaniards, — one of them, the ship-chandler; the other, the broker to whom the vessel had been consigned. They were all in good spirits, and had come on board to spend the evening, and bid the captain good-by. Supper, which had been waiting, was now served; and, as the cabin-table was only large enough for four, the mate and I had to wait for second table.

There was much noise and laughter in the cabin during the evening, and the captain and his guests were apparently having a fine time. I was to take the visitors on shore, so the mate and I waited on deck for them. At ten o'clock the captain called to

the mate to get the boat ready. The visitors got into the boat with some assistance from the mate, and we pulled for the "Ice King." Capt. Stetson was in better condition than the Spaniards, and managed to keep them quiet in their seats. We hauled up to the gangway of the ship; and Capt. Stetson, bidding his companions good-night, and whispering in my ear to look out that they did not fall overboard, went up over the side of his ship, while we pushed off, and pulled to the pier. Both of the men wanted to get out of the boat at the same time. I grasped one of them, and held him back; but the broker, before he could be stopped, put his foot on the side of the boat, and stepping onto the landing-stairs, which were wet and slippery, lost his balance, and, at the same time pushing the boat away, fell over, splashing and floundering, into the water. I caught him by the baggy part of the trousers, and quickly hauled him into the boat. Other than a good sousing, he suffered no harm, and was somewhat the soberer for the wetting: he was, however, furiously angry, and the way the Spanish oaths rattled from his mouth was a caution. The other Spaniard was a little more careful, and, with some assistance, got safely on to the pier. The last I saw of them was their staggering exit through the archway at the head of the pier.

CHAPTER IX.

I WAS awakened the next morning by the man on the anchor watch, as had been ordered, and, going on deck, found a smashing breeze blowing from the north-west, — just what we wanted.

I called the men, had the coffee served, and turned them to. It was nearly daylight, and all the signs were favorable for pleasant weather and a fine day. I went forward with the men to clear the anchor-chains, and heave short. We had been lying, as is the custom here, with one anchor down and a long range of chain out, till three days before, when, the weather looking rather lowery to the northward with some indications of a "norther," the other anchor was dropped and given a short range, and chain was paid out on the large anchor till they both held alike. The norther did not come; but, with a change in the wind, we swung around at our moorings. This gave us a turn in the cable, which had to be cleared before we could heave up the anchors. Both chains were hove in till we came to the turn: then, knocking the pin from one of the shackles, — these shackles are fifteen fathoms apart in every anchor-chain, — a tail-rope was made fast to the end of the chain, paid out

through the hawse-hole, dipped under the other chain, so as to take out the turn, and then hauled back through the hawse-hole, taken over the windlass, and re-shackled as before.

This is often a troublesome undertaking, as the pins in the shackles are generally rusty, and hard to knock out, and the chain so heavy that it is difficult to dip it over or under the other chain.

We now had our chain clear, and hove short. The captain was on the quarter with the pilot, who had just come on board. We loosened our square sails and head-sails, set the lower topsail, braced the yards hard around to starboard, manned the windlass, and, after surging and heaving a few times, loosened the anchor from the mud, and hove it up with a will. At the same time the jib and fore-topmast-staysail were rapidly run up. Trimming all the sails flat to starboard, and putting the helm hard up, we slowly paid off to port, and, swinging round clear of the shipping, began to move along slowly to the southward of the fort. All but the light sails were set as quickly as possible; and, flying light before all the wind we wanted, we began to move through the water at a lively rate. I had never seen the old brig go so fast before. Running out beyond the fort, we hauled more to the southward, braced the yards in a little, and stood down the coast. As it was now clear sailing, the pilot left us.

It is about a thirty-hours' run from Vera Cruz to the Coatzacoalcos River, up which Minatitlan is situated about eighteen miles.

In the afternoon the wind grew lighter, and by evening we had almost a dead calm. It was my watch on deck from eight to twelve in the evening. I now walked the poop-deck, instead of the forecastle as I had formerly done. The captain was on deck the first part of the watch, but went below at eleven o'clock, telling me to call him if any thing happened or the wind freshened. The brig was noisily rolling about in the swell, there not being wind enough to keep her steady; and our large mainsail was slatting and threshing so furiously, that we took it in. The night was hot and close and the sky a little overcast. The water was highly phosphorescent; and the effect produced, as we passed through it, leaving a broad illuminated wake behind, was very beautiful: the waves all around glistened with the sparkling light. Just before eight bells a school of porpoises, passing very near the brig, made one of the most remarkable and pleasing sights I had ever seen, as they dove and tumbled through the water, each movement leaving a ripple of phosphorescent light.

At eight bells I called the mate, told the captain the condition of the weather, and how we were progressing, and then turned in for four hours. When I came on deck at four o'clock in the morning, the wind had freshened a little, and the brig was making about five miles an hour. The mate told me that the captain had been on deck at two o'clock, and had left orders for me to call him at daybreak, as we were to haul in nearer the shore as soon as we could see to do it with safety.

About five o'clock, having made out some low land about eight miles off the weather-beam, I called the captain. We braced the yards up sharp, trimmed flat the fore-and-aft sheets, and stood directly in for the shore, which we could see quite distinctly as we approached nearer, and daylight became more apparent. The land was low and sandy as far as the eye could reach, with occasional clumps of trees scattered here and there. The captain got his bearings; and then we kept off, and stood farther down the coast. Just before four bells we sighted some houses on an elevated piece of land at the entrance to the river. We ran up our ensign for a pilot; but it was some time before we saw a boat putting off from the shore, — a delay that caused the captain to heap reproaches on the heads of the "lazy dagoes." After some waiting, the pilot-boat came alongside, and we took the pilot on board.

He immediately inquired our draught, saying that the water was very low on the bar. As we were light, drawing but eight and a half feet aft (the pilot informed us that there were twelve on the bar), he said we could go over without any risk of thumping or sticking. He told us there were three vessels lying inside the bar, waiting for smooth water, so that it would be safe for them to come out. Every thing was braced up sharp; and we stood directly in for the shore, about half a mile distant. There was no perceptible entrance to the river. As we were going along rapidly, we soon came up to the bar, and passed it safely. There was at this point a strong,

three-mile, outward current in the river, which kept us back a little; but as there was a good breeze, and our sails were drawing well, we went up against the stream without much difficulty. We could now see the vessels that the pilot had spoken of, lying at anchor above a bend in the river, a little way ahead of us. We took in the royal and topgallant-sail, clewed up the foresail, and, running up near the rest of the shipping, let the head-sails run down, put the helm hard a-port, and, rounding-to, let go the anchor. The sails were at once stowed, the yards squared, the ropes coiled down, and every thing about the vessel put in ship-shape order.

The pilot said that the wind was too far ahead, and not strong enough for us to attempt to sail up the river that afternoon, and we must wait till morning.

During the night the wind came around north-east, blowing fresh: so, early in the morning, we hove up anchor, and started up the river. It is deep and narrow, especially at some of the bends, where it is hardly as wide as the brig's length: through these places it is difficult sailing on account of the swift current. The river is navigable for vessels of our draught as far as Minatitlan, about eighteen miles from the coast. On each bank was an abundance of orange and lemon trees, filled with fruit. while behind and towering above these, were tall palms and cocoanut-trees.

About ten o'clock the wind fell so that we could hardly hold our own against the current; and the

pilot was just considering the advisability of coming to anchor, when the wind left us entirely, and the current, striking our bow, swung us round against the shore. Our jib-boom scraped along through the bushes, and, hitting a large lemon-tree which overhung the bank, showered the green lemons on to our decks in abundance, and also started up a family of monkeys who had probably been taking a noonday nap in some of the neighboring trees. We could hear them scampering away through the bushes, chattering in their fright most noisily. Our anchor had been dropped as soon as the current began to swing us; but, as there was a range of thirty fathoms of chain overhauled in front of the windlass, it all had to run out through the hawse-hole, and become straightened out, before the sternway of the brig could be checked. The anchor having been dropped in the middle of the stream, as soon as the chain became taut, and the vessel felt the strain, she swung away from the shore. The captain ordered the sails hauled up, and the boat put into the water, and had me take three men in it to pull him up to the town. We were about half way up the river, and had a good nine-miles' pull ahead of us against the current. I pulled the stroke oar; and, after a hard row of two hours and a half, we reached Minatitlan at three o'clock in the afternoon. Just below the town, we passed several vessels lying along the bank of the river loading with mahogany, which is brought alongside in rafts, and taken in over the rail. The captain, having entered our vessel at the custom-house,

and found out where she was to lie for loading, we rowed back to the brig, with the current to help us, in a little more than an hour. We made the boat fast to the quarter, and had our supper. I was hungry and tired, for we had all had a hard day's work. Stationing a man on the anchor watch, I turned in early; for we were to start up the river again early in the morning, as soon as we could get wind enough to take us along.

A fair breeze having sprung up during the night, we hove up anchor at six o'clock in the morning, and moved up the river. We sailed along without further accident to within half a mile of the town, and came to anchor near the bank of the river, where we were to tie up, and take in our cargo. We stowed the sails, and, after dinner, ran a rope to a large cocoanut-tree on the bank, and, taking the inboard end to the capstan, hove the brig within thirty feet of the shore. At the same time we paid out more chain on the anchor, which was to be left in the middle of the stream with a long range of chain, so that we could at any time let go our shore fasts, and swing into the middle of the stream, in case of an emergency, like a sudden rise of the river from heavy rains, or a "norther," such as often comes up quickly and crowds the shipping against the river-bank. The anchor also kept us from getting too near the shore, between which and the vessel there must be room enough for the rafts. The brig was headed up the river towards the village, bow to the current.

The stream was quite high at the time, as there had been several heavy rains; and the rapid current made the water very muddy. The black head of an alligator, sleepily drifting along with the current, could occasionally be seen, the whole of the huge body being hidden under the surface of the water.

We had to wait a week before we could get any cargo. All of the mahogany is cut up in the country, hewn into logs ten to thirty feet in length and from one to four or more square, and shipped in this condition. These logs are hauled to the river-bank, and made into rafts of forty or fifty each, and then floated down to the vessel and taken on board.

Toward the end of the week Capt. Bradley brought on board the stevedore, a large man about forty years old, who was to load us. His name was Joshua Bailey, and he had been ten years in Mexico. He came from Vermont, where, he told me, he had a mother and several relatives, from whom he had not heard directly since he first left home, nearly twenty years before. I afterwards learned that he had accumulated considerable property since coming to Minatitlan. He invited me to come to his house when I was on shore, and I told him I should be glad to do so.

The next day, being on shore, and having some time to wait, I called on the stevedore. By following his directions, I found his place without difficulty, near the landing. There were several naked half-breed youngsters playing in front of the house, which was a story and a half high, and built of

bamboo with a thatched roof. As I approached the open doorway the urchins scrambled up, and ran into the house, yelling at the top of their lungs some gibberish that I did not understand. However, it brought to the door a woman of not more than twenty-five, with a very fine physique, handsome face, large black eyes, and the waving hair so characteristic of the women of mixed Mexican and Spanish blood. I inquired for Bailey, and was surprised to have her answer me, in very good English, that "Josh" would return in a few minutes, and that I had better come in and wait. I did so.

I watched the woman, fascinated by her graceful movements, and the great beauty of her face: she did not seem to belong to the station in which I saw her. She passed me a bamboo stool; and, sitting down, I took a good look at the place. The children stood at a little distance, and stared at me in open-mouthed amazement, till driven from the house by the woman. There were two hammocks hanging from the eaves of the house, and a table and several stools scattered about the place. The woman had been getting supper when I appeared; and, seeing that she was inclined to desist in my presence, I asked her to continue her work. She was dressed in the customary attire of the country, but the material of her garments was of rather better quality than that usually worn by Mexican women of the lower classes. She wore a pair of light-colored stockings, and leathern sandals that showed to advantage her small feet and well-formed ankles.

Most of the women I had met on the streets of Minatitlan wore only a thin skirt fastened above the hips, and reaching scarcely to the knees; and the women from the country, whom I saw on the street with produce for sale, were dressed in this manner. I had to wait but a few minutes for Bailey, who came in with great gusto, nearly filling the doorway as he passed through. He seemed very glad to see me, and introduced me to his wife, who I afterwards learned was his mistress. It is customary for foreigners here to take the finest-looking woman they can get for a housekeeper, keep her as long as she suits, and, when they disagree, change for another. Josh insisted on my staying to supper, which, he said, would not keep me very long; and I consented. The stevedore, his wife, and myself were at the table, the young ones not being allowed inside the house while I remained. We had stewed beef, yams, fried plantain, and an abundance of fruit brought on in a large basket. The knives, forks, and plates had evidently been obtained from some vessel: the only native utensils on the table were some horn spoons and gourd cups.

After supper, lighting up some long, rank cigars which the stevedore had, we went out of the hut, and walked down to the boat. We saw a crowd of natives near the landing, gesticulating and shouting in a wild manner, and hurried along to find out the cause of this great disturbance.

In the centre of the crowd was a man almost dead with fright, who, one of the less excited of the

Mexicans told the stevedore, had been rowing quietly along in his boat, when suddenly he bumped into an alligator. He had not noticed the creature, as it was sleeping behind him as he pulled along, only the top of its head being visible above the surface of the water. The boat, which was rapidly moving through the water, struck the alligator very near the eye, and so startled and enraged the beast that it grasped the bow of the frail craft in its jaws, crushed the forward part of the boat into a thousand bits, and then quickly disappeared from sight. The poor man was so frightened that he leaped from the boat into the water, and began to swim for his life. The accident had been witnessed by several persons on the shore, one of whom had hastily put off and rescued the man; but the poor fellow was so frightened that he could not speak a word, and was shaking all over with fear. He was being vigorously rubbed down, and filled, with *aguardiente*. The stevedore said that it was a very uncommon occurrence for an alligator to attack a man, unless suddenly aroused as this one had been, or driven to desperation by hunger, or else so cornered as to be unable to escape an enemy.

I found the boat waiting for me; and, after thanking the stevedore for his hospitality, I was rowed down to the brig.

CHAPTER X.

THE next morning the stevedore came on board, and told us that there was a raft of logs a little way up the river, which would be along in about half an hour, and said we should get ready for it. We hauled our boat alongside, and coiled a long rope in her, ready to run out to the raft as soon as it came near enough, and so check its headway, and allow it to swing in under the stern. The raft soon hove in sight around a bend in the river, a few lengths ahead of us; there were three natives on it, vigorously sculling away with their long oars, and trying to work the raft over towards us as the current swept it down.

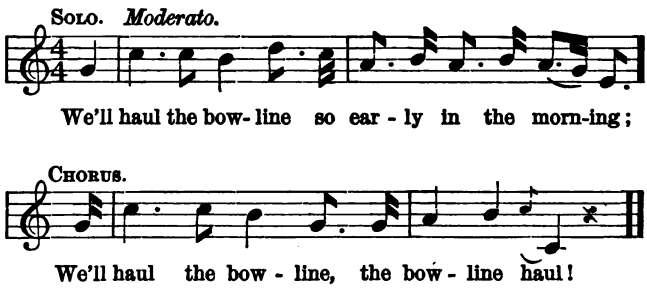
Our boat put off, and, taking one end of the rope to the raft, — the other being fast to our bitt-head forward, — all hands on the raft hauled in the slack, and made the rope fast. The raft was moving rapidly down the river, and, as the rope became taut, the momentum of the raft was checked; it swung in under our quarter, and came to a stand-still. Another rope was made fast to the raft, along the other side of the brig, and taken to the forward capstan; and the raft was thus hove up between the

vessel and the shore, and secured. Every thing was now in readiness to take in the cargo; and we began the work in the afternoon, when the stevedore came on board with his crew. Our own men had nothing to do with handling the cargo: so we kept them at work scraping the spars, oiling and painting, and working on the rigging. We had a raft every day for several days; an unusual abundance, as a vessel may be deemed fortunate if she gets even two or three rafts a week. Some of the logs were monsters, ten of them weighing nearly six tons each; these were about fifteen feet in length, and nearly four feet square, and required a large and powerful purchase to get them over the rail and into the hold without accident. The winch was not strong enough to lift them, so the purchase had to be taken to the windlass.

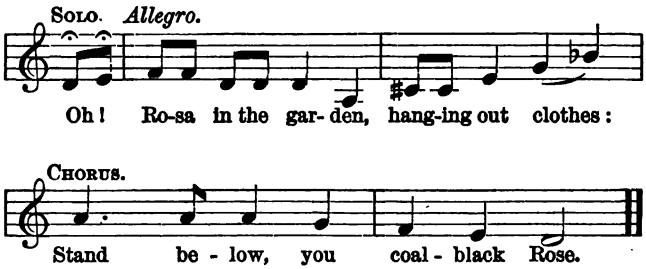
Some of the "shanty" songs, which the stevedore's crew sang as they hove in and stowed away the logs, were highly interesting and melodious. The "shanty-man" was a large, powerfully built Portuguese, who had charge of the work. He would lead off in a song; and the rest of the gang would come in on the chorus, all pulling at the same time, as the word or sign was given in the song. All of the men were Mexicans, except the Portuguese, and a young Swedish sailor who had left his vessel, and had since been living on shore, working for the stevedore.

There is a great deal of melody in these sailor-songs, and a good "shanty-man" has at least fifty

songs in his *répertoire.* One of the most spirited "pulling-songs" was the "Bowline," a favorite with the men, constantly called for when a log refused to move; and almost continually the echoing chorus of this or some other equally pleasing song resounded through the hatchway while the cargo was stowing.

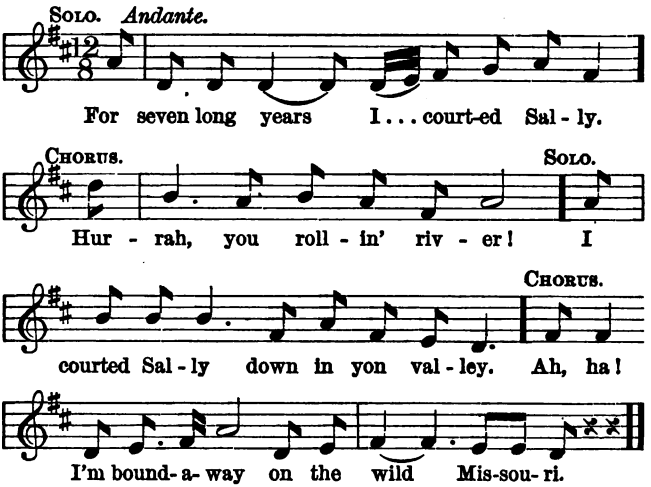


"Rosa," another "pulling-song," undoubtedly of negro origin, was a favorite of mine.



"Pulling-songs" should have but one chorus, while windlass-songs invariably have two. One of

the widest-known and most melodious of all windlass-songs is "Shanandore." This is also of negro origin: as now sung, the wording is changed almost entirely, but the original air remains.



These few are enough to give an idea of sailor-songs. The Portuguese had a good voice for "shanty" singing, and his clear tones would ring out with the line of the song; while the men, catching up the air, would come in heartily on the chorus, and give a quick strong pull at the proper time. It was remarkable to see, when a song was started up, how quickly the men would move a heavy log that before they could not stir. The song not only inspired them with vim and enthusiasm, but gave them the time for pulling all together.

One day when we were about half loaded, the stevedore told us there was to be a cock-fight that afternoon, and that he had a bird to enter: he said it would be very interesting, and that we better go. There were no logs to be taken in, so I easily obtained permission from the mate to go on shore and see the fight. Bailey having told me to call at his house at two o'clock to go along with him, I gladly did so. He showed me several fine birds he had raised, pointed out their markings, and told me of the victories that this or that cock had won. He seemed greatly interested in them, and said he was more careful of their food and condition than of his own.

He took from the coop, which contained several cocks, the bird that was to fight that afternoon. It did not need a connoisseur to note the fine points of the cock: he was large and of great beauty, with a long, slender, but muscular neck, while his feathers were of the color of a partridge, but tipped with black. He had a triple row of spurs, the largest fully an inch and a half long, and as sharp as a bradawl; and the muscles on his legs stood out like whipcords as he strutted about. The stevedore delighted in the bird as a fond parent would in a lovable child. He caught the cock; and, taking it in a closed basket, we soon reached the pit, only a short distance from his house. We entered the building, which was filled with men and women, young and old, from the rich and handsome village beauty to the low and dirty street urchin; every one that could possi-

bly attend was present. The pit was in the centre of the building, and was lined off by a rope to keep back the people. Among the crowd I saw Capt. Bradley with several other men whom I recognized as captains of some of the vessels lying below us. The stevedore found me a good place, and went to look after his bird.

A Mexican, in gaudy attire, was standing in the centre of the arena; and, upon uttering some words in Spanish that I did not understand, several fowls were brought in, and allowed to strut around the pit, so that the crowd might see them, and bet each on the bird he thought likely to win. A great deal of money changes hands on these occasions.

The bets having been made, the fight began. Two birds were put into the pit; and, their heads being uncovered, they immediately flew at each other with such a clawing and pecking and flying of feathers as I never saw before. The birds separated a short distance, then, bending their heads and dropping their wings, ran at one another, spreading out their wings, and scratching at each other in the fiercest manner. They were good fighters, and used their bills and spurs so persistently, that it really seemed as though neither bird would have eye or feather left. As one fowl gained a little advantage over the other, it was a sign for applause and howls of delight from those in the crowd whose bets or sympathy inclined them in favor of the successful bird.

Again the two cocks fly at each other, violently striking and scratching; now they stand back and

glare intently at each other, and once more renew the attack; again and again they dash at each other: the air is filled with flying feathers, blood begins to show itself, and runs down over the bodies of the birds. A few more attacks, and the cocks are in a wretched condition: not a feather is left on their necks or breasts, they peck at each other's eyes, pound away at the top of their heads, pick and tear the muscles about their necks; and finally the bone can be seen between the trickling blood, which bespatters the arena and the attendants, as the birds draw back and shake themselves, and again dash in with renewed vigor. The contest is continued till one of the fowls is unable to fight longer, and falls over from exhaustion. The cocks are not separated; but the enraged and victorious cock struts off a little way, then plunges at the wretched bird, lying on the floor covered with dirt, broken feathers, and blood, his eyes picked out, and his neck nothing more than a bleeding mass of bones. So long as he has strength enough left, he lifts his head and attempts to regain his feet; but this only incites his antagonist to renew the attack. This was continued till life became extinct, and then the barbarous spectacle was ended. Both birds were carried away by an attendant; and, two fresh ones being produced, the brutal affair was begun anew, with increased enthusiasm on the part of the excited people, who applauded and yelled with delight, as the fight went on.

The stevedore's bird was brought in at the third call. He was a fine cock and fought well; but he had

a formidable antagonist in a larger and more powerful bird, and, at the second round, was taken away to save his life. Instead of putting any check on these brutal affairs, the authorities allow and encourage them. The fight lasted about two hours: I waited till it was over, and then returned with the stevedore to his house. He said his bird was overmatched, but he did not expect such a sudden defeat. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow, and did not seem to mind it. He said he had two fine young birds in training, that he was willing to bet almost any amount on.

The next day, Friday, we had two rafts, also one on Saturday; the hold was nearly full, and some of the longer logs were put on deck as they would not go through the hatchway. Saturday we put in six tons of fustic, which we brought down in our boat from a shed a mile above the village. We loaded our large boat with it, and drifted down with the current, making several trips during the day.

Sunday three of us rowed up the river some three miles, and got a barrel of oysters in a very short time. They were loosely attached to the rocks, about a foot below the surface; and we could easily break them off and rake them up. Though very abundant, they were small, and had a brackish taste. After getting all the oysters we wanted, we tied the boat to a tree, and went on an exploring expedition. Near the river-bank there were a number of fruit-trees, from which we got a few bunches of bananas and several buckets full of oranges, which we emptied

into the bottom of the boat. About two hundred feet from the river we came to a small lagoon, on the bank of which lay several large alligators, sunning themselves on the sand. On hearing us approach, they scampered into the water, dragging their ponderous tails through the sand, and leaving grooves three and four inches deep. Along the edge of the water were hundreds of little alligators, from six to twelve inches long, three of which I caught in the bucket, and took on board the brig with me. Two of them died within a few days; but, by great care in feeding and warming the other, I managed to keep him alive nearly a month.

In the afternoon I went on to the raft alongside the brig; and, by poking a stick down between the logs, and pulling it up quickly on the slant, I brought up several shrimps at each sweep. I got two quarts of them, which when boiled by the cook were very good eating. I also found several sea-beans between the logs, the best of which I brought home, and had polished.

During the next week we got all of our cargo, three rafts coming along in one day; but it began to rain hard Tuesday, and the storm continued so violent that we could do nothing on the cargo till Friday. We needed but a few more logs to fill up the hold; and these were taken in first, and stowed under the hatch: the rest of the logs were then put on deck. The fustic, which is very heavy, had been stowed aft, to trim the ship. It is in small sticks, three, or four feet long and half a dozen inches in diameter, very

convenient shape to fill in any small places that were left unfilled by the logs.

On Tuesday, the eighteenth day of December, our cargo was all in. Our deck was full of logs, fore and aft, stowed snug up against the cabin, and reaching as high from the deck as the sheer-poles. An open space was left just behind the main-mast so that the pumps could be worked, and also a small hole just aft of the forward-house so that the men could get in and out.

The logs were securely lashed by putting across the top of them long lashing planks and spars, long enough to reach from one rail to the other, heaving down the ends, and fastening them by rope and chain lashings to ring-bolts in the bulwarks. There were nearly a third as many logs on deck as there were in the hold, and to cross the Atlantic in the winter season with such a deck-load was a dangerous piece of business.

For several days the captain had been in a bad humor: the cargo had not come along fast enough to suit him, and the bad weather of the past few days had upset him entirely. Then, too, he and the stevedore had had some trouble about the way the logs ought to be stowed: this had, however, been amicably settled by the stevedore coming to terms.

We were to drop down the river the following morning, and sail the day after; but the current was running so rapidly since the recent rains, that it was not thought safe to do so. The manner of dropping a vessel down the river is as follows: she is swung

out from the shore, and allowed to drift down stern first with the current, and is sheered this way or that by the rudder, to keep her in the middle of the stream. If she approaches the shore too closely, as often happens at a bend in the river, the kedge-anchor is dropped, or a rope is run to the opposite bank; and the vessel is swung into the middle of the stream again, and once more started down. This process of getting to the mouth of the river is slow, and is very hard for the men. The vessels are sometimes towed down, but there is only one tow-boat; and as she has a monopoly of the business, the captain gets his own prices, usually rather high ones, especially after heavy rains when the current is running strong, and it is not safe for vessels to drop down. The tug-boat, which was named "Minatitlan," was then at Vera Cruz; to which port she makes a regular trip once a week, carrying passengers and the mail. I had seen the boat several times as she passed us on her way up and down the river: she was very powerful and finely constructed, having been built in New York for her owner and commander, Capt. Ware of Millbridge, Me., and formerly captain of the brig "Nellie Ware." The tug did not come till two days after we were ready to sail, — a delay that greatly irritated the captain, who wanted to get to sea; but, as there was no help for it, we had to wait.

Wednesday afternoon, the day before we were to be towed down the river, the mate sent me on shore with the large boat to get some provisions that had

been bought for the voyage across. There were a barrel of black beans, some dried fruits and jerked beef, several bunches of bananas, a quantity of oranges and green cocoanuts, and a sack of flour, laid in by the captain in case we should run short of the supply brought out from New York. Flour is very expensive here, this sack of one hundred pounds costing thirteen dollars in gold. I was glad to see the green cocoanuts, as I was very fond of them: their meat is so soft that one can eat it like custard, with a spoon. After putting all of these things into the boat, we had quite a load; and, pushing off, we rowed down to the brig.

Coming alongside, we heard a great deal of noise and loud talking on the deck, and recognized the captain's and mate's voices. Climbing over the rail, I was startled by the report of a pistol, and heard the captain cry out to the stevedore, who was standing near him, that he was shot. I ran aft, and met the mate coming out of the cabin with a revolver in his hand: he said he had shot the "damned captain," and "hoped he had killed him." I did not stop, but rushed up to the companion-way, where the captain was leaning against the house, and, with the stevedore's assistance, got him below into the cabin. We put him on the lounge, and, making an examination, found a superficial flesh wound just above the right knee, which bled profusely, but was not serious. We bandaged it up, stopped the hemorrhage, and, leaving him on the lounge, went on deck to find the mate. The men said the mate had crossed the raft to the

shore, and disappeared in the woods. I then learned from the stevedore the cause of the shooting. The captain and mate had both been drinking heavily during the day; and in the afternoon the latter had fallen asleep in his bunk, and slept longer than he intended. The captain came on deck to give the mate some direction, and, not seeing him, went to his room, and found him snoring in his berth. This was too much for the captain, who allowed no one to loaf on board his vessel during working-hours. Taking hold of the mate, the "old man" jerked him out on to the floor, and gave him a push that sent him spinning through the cabin-door, and stretched him at full length on the deck. The astonished and bewildered mate, who had told me several times that he should stand none of the captain's nonsense, ran back to his room, and, grabbing up a revolver, started out after the captain, who had gone on to the poop. The latter ran into the cabin, when the mate turned round and went in through the forward companion-way, thinking to intercept the captain; who, hearing the mate coming, ran on deck again, and was crouching down near the wheel, when the mate fired at him through one of the cabin windows. The mate then ran forward, and escaped. Word was immediately sent on shore to the authorities, who arrested the mate that evening, secreted in a *bagnio* that he had been seen to enter. The next morning he was tried by a local justice, the captain appearing against him, his wound not being as bad as had been thought at first. The mate was sentenced to four years in the

chain-gang, and to be put into the stocks three hours a day for the first week in every month of the first year. He was sent up into the mountains with some other prisoners; and I heard, a year afterwards, that he died there of yellow-fever. I could not help a feeling of sorrow when I heard of his death. To think that a man like the mate had committed a crime under such exasperating circumstances, and had been imprisoned away from home and friends, or any one with whom he could speak, and compelled to work with the low and degraded Mexican prisoners who are consigned to the chain-gang, was pitiable in the extreme.

After the trial of the mate, Capt. Bradley came on board bringing with him two men, to be added to the crew; and said that I was to go across as mate, and that he should take Tom from the crew for second mate. I was surprised at this, even more surprised than before, when the captain had told me to put my luggage into the second mate's room. I had studied navigation for a short time while at school in Boston, and knew how to take the sun, and work up an observation; but I had been second mate hardly a month, and such rapid promotion is not common on board ship, unless the one promoted is the captain's relative, — "ship's cousin," — which I happily was not. To the general reader it would seem that I was relating fiction rather than the actual truth.

I was glad Tom was given the place of second mate, as he was well fitted for the position, and capable, from his long experience at sea. He was a man that could be relied on, and knew his place.

All of the mate's effects, excepting his sextant, glass, and a few nautical books and charts, which I bought of him, were taken on shore; and I moved my things into his room in the forward end of the cabin, on the port side. It was a larger room than the one I had before, and contained but a single berth; at one end was a desk fastened to the wall, and on either side were hooks, on which to hang clothing. In the desk were the log-book and slate, which I was now to keep. I liked my new quarters much better than my old ones. My position was now an important one, and I was responsible for every thing about the vessel.

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY the next morning we took in our shore fasts, and hove short the anchor: at six o'clock the tug-boat, which had arrived the night before from Vera Cruz, came down, and made fast alongside. We got our anchor without much trouble, as there had been no strain on it to pull in into the mud. The tug then started ahead, and took us up nearly to the village, before there was room enough to turn the brig with safety: this was accomplished without accident; and the tug, putting on a full head of steam, and aided by the rapid current, whirled us rapidly down the river. Occasionally the speed of the boat was slackened a little as we came to some bend, or narrow passage, only to be increased again when safely passed.

We glided by the spot where we had been obliged to anchor on our way up; and a little before nine A.M., we reached the small village at the mouth of the river. As the wind was dead ahead, and there was quite a sea running on the bar, the pilot said it would not be safe to attempt going out then: so we came to anchor, and the tow-boat left us, and returned up the river. We had to lie here three days before

the water on the bar was smooth enough for us to pass over; and it was Sunday, Dec. 25, when we finally started on our voyage.

Early in the morning a boat from the shore with eight natives in it, engaged to tow us over the bar, came off to the brig. We hove up anchor, and, passing the boat a line forward, were slowly towed out into the current, and began to move along with it; the men in the boat pulling hard enough to make us move a little faster than the current, so that we might be able to steer the vessel.

There was a gentle breeze blowing off shore, and we set our light sails to help us along. The brig was drawing eleven and a half feet aft, and the pilot said there were nearly fifteen feet of water on the bar at that time. In a few minutes we reached the bar, over which quite a swell was rolling. The brig began to pitch considerably; and the pilot seemed anxious, and said he was afraid she might touch bottom, as there was rather more sea on than he had expected to find. We kept the hand-lead going continually, and found plenty of water, till we were nearly across, when it rapidly began to shoal from eighteen down to fifteen, fourteen, thirteen and a half feet; when, *thump*, *thump*, *thump*, the brig struck several times on the bar, shaking her old hulk from keel to truck, but not stopping her headway. As the bar was of sand, no injury was done, and we were soon over. The pumps were immediately sounded, and the vessel found tight.

We now set all sail, the pilot left us, and we were

on our way to Havre. All hands were busy about the decks, clearing up and stowing every thing away, for the voyage; and, as there was a great deal to be done, the crew were kept at work well into the afternoon, although it was Sunday. At four bells, every thing having been cleared up, I took the deck with my watch, and sent the starboard watch below; by this arrangement, I took the first night watch in, from eight to twelve, availing myself of the mate's privilege to choose the time he shall go on duty.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, about nine miles from shore, I took the bearings of a high point of land at the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River, which bore west-south-west, and entered it in the ship's log-book, and began my dead reckoning from it.

I came on deck at six o'clock, and found the wind light, and the brig moving no more than four knots an hour. I went forward to see that the man was on the lookout, and was greatly amused to find our old cook getting ready to take his evening wash. He was a queer character, and bore the name of Dixon, but, so far as I could make out, was not any relative of mine. He was sixty years of age, born in Nova Scotia, and had been at sea ever since he was ten years old. A "barnacle" of the true nautical type, he reminded me much of some of the comical caricatures I had seen of sailors. He was short, stout, bow-legged, pigeon-toed, and pot-bellied in the extreme, with apparent capacity for stowing away half a barrel of beef without much exertion. He had a small bullet-shaped head, covered with a scattering of

thin white hair, which he occasionally touched up with stove-blacking; this, wearing off in a short time, left his hair of a sickly green tinge that did not add much to his beauty. He had a long, crooked, hooked nose, which had been knocked to one side by a blow received in his younger days. His eyes were small and expressionless; and his chin was ornamented by a small tuft of hair that he kept twisted to a point and well blacked. He was always bareheaded and barefooted, and his toes spread out like the web of a duck's foot. I never knew him to wear more than one shirt, which, always unbuttoned at the top, exposed to view his broad chest, covered with thin gray hair. He wore a pair of trousers, well patched, and held in place by one brace put crosswise over his shoulder.

I had just reached the end of the logs, on my way forward, and, looking down into the space left vacant for the anchor-chains, I saw the cook standing with his clothes off, drawing water from over the rail, and pouring it into a beef-barrel that was evidently to serve as his bath-tub. He did not see me; so I got under the lee of the foremast, and kept quiet, intending to watch the performance. Having filled the barrel nearly full of water, he placed a small keg at one side of it; and, getting up on this and putting both hands upon the edge of the barrel, he cautiously raised one crooked leg, and stepped in; just then the vessel gave a slight plunge which caused him to lose his balance, and — in trying to save himself — to kick over the keg, and to come down astride the rim of

the barrel. This was the cause of considerable vindictive speech that would not bear repetition. After another and more cautious attempt, he succeeded in getting both legs into the barrel. It was rather a tight fit; and he had to crouch down into the larger part of the barrel, to enable him to get his hands by the rim into the water. This was rather a novel bath-tub; and, after the slight mishap in getting in, it seemed to answer the purpose very well. Having finished his ablution, the cook stood up, puffed and blowed a few times, and began to look about for some means of getting out. The keg had rolled over out of reach, and apparently he did not like the idea of again attempting the long stride over the barrel on to the deck. Finding he must have some assistance, he called to the man on the lookout to help him; but as the lookout is not allowed to leave the forecastle while on duty, I came out from my hiding-place, and went around to offer my assistance. He said he felt too lame to step over the top of the barrel, and asked me to tip it down gently on its side. It did not seem to be a very easy thing to do; but, bracing my foot against the rail, I gave the barrel a lift, just as the vessel rolled down to one side, but while attempting to keep it from going too fast, unfortunately let it slip from my hands. Over it went, washing the poor fellow out on to the deck at full length, and leaving him a cleaner but a "madder" man. This was the last time the cook took a bath in a beef-barrel.

The next day two of the men were taken sick with chills and fever, which are very common in the

low, swampy lands of Mexico. The chills, followed by fever every second day, continued for several days, but were finally broken up by quinine and whiskey, the usual tropical treatment for this trouble. Foreigners, as they arrive in the infected port, commonly resort to this remedy as a preventive, especially to the whiskey. None of the rest of us had a touch of the fever.

The wind was light for several days, and at no time did we make more than four knots an hour. The crew were kept hard at work setting up rigging, reeving off new lanyards and running-gear, replacing and straightening up the old rat-lines, black-leading the blocks so that the sheaves might run easily, and, in fact, getting every thing ready for the bad weather that we were sure to encounter before we reached our destination. We sent down the royal-yard, bent new upper and lower topsails made of hemp and sewed with tarred twine: they also had wire leach- and foot-ropes; and the captain said that no "d——d hurricane" that had ever yet blown could start them. We took the boat in from the "davies," and securely lashed her on to the cargo, over the main-hatch.

The weather was fine, and we got an observation every day, which I found little difficulty in working up. The captain always compared it with his own, and it was entered in the log-book with the dead reckoning. I also entered in the book every thing that occurred about the vessel, the direction and force of the wind, any vessel which was sighted or spoken, and any other incident worthy of mention.

Going aft one morning to haul the log, what was my surprise to find it missing from the rope to which it had been fastened! It had probably been swallowed by a shark; for we had seen a couple of pilot-fish of about the size and appearance of a mackerel, swimming about the vessel the day before, and had looked for a shark, of which these fish indicate the presence, but could not see any. The pilot-fish guide the larger sharks, especially the blind shark; and if seen near a vessel, one can be quite sure a shark is near, and very likely swimming along under the bottom of the vessel, ready to pounce at any thing that is thrown overboard. I got a piece of pork from the cook, and dragged it over the stern, to tempt the shark if he should be under the vessel; and we had not long to wait before a large shark came slowly up toward the meat, with a pilot-fish gliding gracefully along on either side of him. As he came nearer the meat, we pulled it slowly away, and by so doing got him within ten feet of the vessel; when Tom, who was quite an expert with the harpoon, threw one that we had ready, and struck the shark in the side, back of his fin, just as he was turning over to swallow the meat. In an instant he dove out of sight under the vessel, leaving behind on the water a crimson streak of blood. The line ran out rapidly, we not liking to check it till the shark had stopped his rapid movement, for fear it might snap off; but later, as the end of the rope was getting near, we began to check it a little, and, as the strain lessened, slowly hauled it in. Finally,

all resistance having ceased, we pulled the rope in rapidly, before the fish could get astern of the brig, and snap the line. We brought the shark to the surface, and, as the brig was not moving very fast, the line held all right; and drawing him alongside we slipped a running bowline over his tail, and hauled him on board. He measured nine and a half feet in length, and was quite dead when we got him over the rail.

We cut him open in the hope of finding our lost log, but it was not there; and if it was he that swallowed it, he had also digested it. I cut out his back-bone, and afterwards had it made into a cane.

The bananas that we had obtained in Minatitlan were hanging in bunches in front of the after-house: and banana pie, and bananas stewed, fried, baked, and boiled, appeared at every meal for a week; till we all tired of them so that we could eat no more, and threw the remainder overboard.

On the night of the seventh day out from Minatitlan, we sighted the light at Sisal, Yucatan. It was about ten miles off at the time; and, as the wind was light, it staid in view off our weather-beam all night. In the morning the land could be distinctly seen in the distance; but we ran out of sight of it during the afternoon, when the wind hauled round south-east: every thing was braced up sharp, and we could just lay our course.

The next afternoon we saw a water-spout, several miles to windward, coming directly towards us. We hastily got up a small cannon from below, and

were loading it to fire in the direction of the water-spout, when the latter suddenly burst. It was about four miles from the brig at the time; and, as I had never seen one before, it greatly interested me: it looked very much like the pictures I had seen, being large at its base where it rested upon the water, and extending upward, twisted upon itself, till lost in the clouds. The day had been very hot, and later in the afternoon a rain-squall came up, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and lasted about half an hour. The rain fell in torrents, and soaked us through before we could get our oil-clothes; for we were obliged to shorten sail as quickly as possible. While we were trying to get the outer jib in, it was blown away, and went streaming far out ahead of the vessel. I never saw such lightning as that which accompanied this shower, and the thunder was terrific. The storm was so near that we several times thought we had been struck by the lightning. After the squall had passed, the sun came out as clear and fine as one could wish to have it. The rapidity with which these squalls come up and fiercely blow for a few minutes, then pass over, leaving every thing clear and smooth as before, is astonishing. We bent a new flying-jib, and rolled about on the sea, jogging along slowly, with a little more wind than there was before the squall: as the wind had hauled more to the southward, the yards were squared-in a couple of points, and we ran along freer than before.

The next morning I caught two dolphins; a thing

that I had long wished to do, because I had heard of the different shades of gorgeous color that develop while the fish is dying. I was greatly disappointed; for, instead of the expected display, I could distinguish only very faint tinges of green, red, and blue, and all of these so slight that they would have been hardly noticeable had I not been looking closely for them.

Since we left Minatitlan, Capt. Bradley had been in remarkably good humor. I never saw such a change in a man; evidently getting clear of the two mates whom he did not like had something to do in bringing it about. As long as he did not drink, his temper rarely showed itself; but just as soon as he took any liquor, he was a different man at once: any little thing would anger him, and he would vent his rage on the least provocation. Sorry was the lot of any one that attempted opposition, especially if the captain had any grudge or ill-feeling against him. Capt. Bradley, never, to my knowledge, took any liquor while at sea; however, on leaving port, he was almost always so full of spirits that it took several days for the effects to wear off, and meanwhile he made it a perfect hell for those about him.

CHAPTER XII.

LIGHT breezes prevailed all the way up to Cape Florida, which we sighted on the fourteenth day out. During the afternoon the wind hauled dead ahead, blowing half a gale, and compelling us to take in the topgallant-sail, gaff-topsail, upper staysail, and outer jib; and, at eight bells, we were under reefed topsails and double-reefed mainsail. There was a short, chop sea, made by the strong easterly wind blowing against a three-knot current; and this pitched and tumbled us about in a violent manner. As soon as the wind struck us dead ahead, every thing was braced up sharp; and we stood off to the southward and eastward, away from the Florida coast. At four bells, in the dog-watch, we tacked ship, and stood in again toward the cape. The brig was shipping a great deal of water at the time; and, as my position was forward when working ship, I prepared myself for the wetting that was inevitable by putting on my oil-clothes beforehand. I had one good man forward with me; the rest of the men were stationed at the weather-braces, to haul the yards around when the time came. The second mate stood by the lee braces, all ready to let go; while the captain took the

wheel, sending the man forward to help on the braces. Having cleared the fore-tack and jib-sheets ready to run, I called out, —

"All ready forward!"

This order was repeated by the second mate, so that the captain could hear it at the wheel. The wheel was then put up a little to keep the vessel off a couple of points, in order to increase her headway, so that she might feel her helm quicker and better when it should be put down, and might come up into the wind and go round on to the other tack without mis-staying; in which case the vessel would have to be filled away again as she was before, and all these manœuvrings gone through with again. As soon as the captain thought the brig had enough headway to bring her around, he roared out at the top of his lungs, —

"Hard lee!" and at the same time put the helm hard down. The brig, feeling her helm, began to come up into the wind. We pulled over the jib-sheets, which, as they are almost always sure to catch on the stays, and must be hauled over quickly, are the cause of much noisy talk on the part of those stationed forward. Our square sails were all aback, and the head-sails filling to port, we came round in good shape.

"Fore tack and sheet!" shouted the captain: "let go and haul." At this command, we threw the tack from the capstan, the weather-sheet was cast off and overhauled through the sheave-hole, and we hauled forward the weather-tack, and, taking it through a

ring in the cat-head to the capstan, bowsed it down taut as the yards came around. At the command "Let go and haul," the second mate threw off the weather-braces, and the yards were hauled around to port. The yards started slowly, as the wind was blowing strong, and held the sails back against the masts; but, once started, they came around by the run, hard up against the lee rigging. The weather-braces were hauled in a little, the slack of the lee braces taken in, the fore-sheet hauled down flat and belayed, and all the ropes coiled up and laid on the pins.

The brig was now rolling along on the port tack, pitching and tumbling worse than ever; for the sea was more choppy, although the wind was getting a little lighter. We had a hard night's work of it, tacking ship every few hours, when all hands had to be called to get the vessel around. The captain was on deck all night, occasionally going below to consult the chart, when, as on almost every tack, we sighted a new light. These lights are the only guide to the sailor on his way past the cape at night, and this coast is luckily well provided. Fortunately, too, the Gulf Stream runs through here very rapidly; else it would have been an everlasting job to beat past against the wind, which blows almost continuously from the eastward, and is very strong.

The next day we were well by the cape, and stood more to the northward, following up the course of the Gulf Stream. The weather was considerably cooler than that which we had had on the Mexican

coast; and coming from a hot climate, we felt it more than we otherwise should. The reefs had been shaken out of the topsail and mainsail early in the morning, and the topgallant-sail set as soon as we passed through the choppy sea off the cape; and the vessel ceased laboring as heavily as she had during the night. In the evening the wind grew still lighter, and hauled more to the southward, so that the yards were squared-in a couple of points; and every rag of canvas having been set, we moved along at the rate of eight knots an hour,—very fair speed indeed, considering how deep we were in the water. We continued on our way without the occurrence of any thing outside the usual ship routine, passed along midway between Cape Hatteras and the Bermudas, and then kept a point or two more to the eastward. The weather was now decidedly cold; and we had a succession of westerly gales that were just what we wanted, so long as they did not grow too strong for us to run before. The brig did not ship much water; and, most of the time, all of the square sails were set, while but a single reef was needed in the mainsail. We were ploughing through the water in fine style; and, if the wind would only hold favorable, there was no reason why we should not make a good passage.

On the twenty-seventh day out we passed a large steamer of the Cunard Line, steering westward, and apparently making but little headway, as she labored heavily in the head sea.

The next morning, in latitude 41° 6′, longitude

63° 27′, we saw a Norwegian bark standing to the westward, close-hauled on the wind. She was under reefed topsails, and was pitching and tumbling about, and shipping a great deal of water. One of her upper topsails was gone, and she looked as though she had seen some very rough weather.

The sky was lowering and overcast, the barometer was falling rapidly, and there was every indication that we were to have a storm. The next morning the wind swung round suddenly, and began to blow a gale from the north-east: the light sails were all taken in, the foresail hauled up and furled, and two reefs taken in the mainsail. Towards night all hands were sent up to reef the fore-topsail: it was blowing "great guns" at the time, and was bitterly cold. I went up with the men, for it took all hands to handle the sail; while the captain and cook remained on deck, the latter being at the wheel. After a hard struggle we succeeded in getting the topsail reefed, and, descending to the deck, manned the halyards, and hoisted away.

It was blowing nearly a hurricane, and the waves ran very high, causing the brig to roll and labor heavily, and to ship great quantities of water. Such was the violence of the seas that boarded us, that a portion of the deck-load and some of the water-casks were loosened and washed overboard. It was now thought advisable to heave the vessel to, head to the wind; and preparations were at once made to do so. After hard work on our part, the square sails were hauled up and furled, and double gaskets passed

around them. The head-sails and mainsail were hauled down, and furled with great difficulty, especially in the case of the former; for the vessel was continually plunging her bows under the water, and so making it very difficult and dangerous for the men to hold on. They were wet through, and had to use great care to prevent being washed overboard. The helm was put hard down, and lashed; and the brig came up nearly head to the wind, and lay "hove to" under the main-staysail, which, being a new sail, we hoped would hold. The brig shipped very little water now, and rode quite easily, head to the sea. Occasionally a sea came over the bow, and ran along on top of the cargo, and then overboard, without doing any material harm.

Just after four bells, a tremendous sea came in over the starboard bow, loosening more of the deck-load and carrying it to leeward, and taking away a piece of the lee-rail, with bulwarks, stanchions, and all the rigging attached; it also started the after-house, flooded the vessel with water, and washed away every thing movable, fore and aft, including about thirty logs of mahogany. The cook had just come out of the galley, and was walking aft on the deck-load, as the sea broke over the bow, it caught him when he was about half-way between the fore and main rigging, where there was nothing for him to catch hold of, and, lifting him off his feet, carried him helpless over the rail, and swept him to leeward, struggling and shouting for help in the most frantic manner. We threw him the ends of the braces,

which were the only things we could get hold of in our haste. The sea swept most of them away from him; but he managed to catch hold of one that was thrown over his head, and came down by his side: when, however, we tried to pull it in, he lost his hold, and went down before we could get another rope within his reach.

The pumps were sounded at once, and we found that the brig was making a little water; but she was easily freed with seventy strokes an hour. Five of the timber-heads had been snapped off just above the deck, and more or less water leaked in around them as the waves broke over the vessel.

That night was the most terrible I had ever experienced. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and was fiercely howling and shrieking through the rigging. It was not safe for one to venture about the decks, without grasping the life-lines; which, after the cook was washed overboard, had been stretched along the open space between the fore and main rigging. At midnight it began to snow, and was intensely cold; and it was impossible to face the wind and sleet, which blew with tremendous force against us. Ice formed in thick layers on every part of the vessel, and the deck-load became so slippery that it was impossible to stand upon it. The rigging and running-gear were rigid with ice, and could not be moved.

Several of the men were frost-bitten, one so badly that he was rendered helpless, and had to remain below; his feet, hands, and ears presented a pitiful

sight, and his sufferings were excruciating. None of us got much sleep during the night, although there was very little to be done; and we could only hope that we might ride through the gale without further accident. We had secured, as well as we could, the logs that had been loosened by the heavy sea that washed the cook overboard; and fortunately no more of them were lost. The captain was on deck, off and on, during the night; at two o'clock I went below to report to him. I found him lying in his berth, earnestly reading his Bible, as if preparing for his last moments. I had imagined that he had never seen the inside of a Bible, and this apparent devotion rather took me by surprise. He was evidently desirous of obtaining forgiveness for some of his transactions, and was so intent with what he was reading that he did not notice me until I spoke. He looked at the glass which was hanging from the ceiling, and said it was still falling. He said he had crossed the ocean a great many times in the last twenty years, and that this was the worst weather he had ever seen. I told him every thing remained unchanged outside, and he said he hoped we should ride through the gale all right. With this he went on with his Bible; and I returned to the deck, wondering if he hoped to go to heaven after committing such brutal acts as I had witnessed even in the short time I had been with him.

At daylight the force of the gale seemed to increase a little; and just before six bells we were startled by a report like thunder, and looking aloft

saw our main-staysail — the only sail there was on the brig at the time — flying high up against the main-topmast, and splitting into a thousand pieces. There was not a stitch of canvas left on the vessel. Something must be done, and done quickly, else she would broach-to; and once in the hollow of the sea, all the prayers in Christendom would not keep her afloat two minutes. Our only safety was in getting some stern sail set as quickly as possible, so as to keep the brig head to the wind.

It would not do to set any sail on the mainmast till the main-stay had been secured. The bolt that held the stay in place at the foot of the foremast, had given way; and this had been the cause of the sail flying so rapidly up over the masthead. It was a wonder that the mainmast was not torn out of the brig at the same time. Something that would hold wind must be set at once; so, fetching a tarpaulin from the forecastle, we endeavored to get it outside the weather main-rigging, but found it almost impossible to do so. Several times it blew back into our faces, but finally was got into position and secured. This kept us head to the wind, till we managed to secure the stay, and set the mainsail, close reefed. We got the storm trysail up from the lazaret, and had it all ready to bend, in case the mainsail should give way. This was a wise precaution; for in less than ten minutes from the time the sail was set, the seams began to gap open, and in almost an instant the sail was rent into shreds. The gaff was lowered down, and secured to the boom; the storm trysail

was hauled out to the end of the boom, by a watch-tackle; but the throat halyards being hooked into the head of the sail, it was quickly hoisted up, just in time to prevent the vessel from broaching-to. This trysail was very heavy, and strongly made, and was intended to be used in an emergency such as this. It is a triangular-shaped sail, as its name implies, and can be very quickly set, as it has but three points to be fastened down before hoisting, — the tack, at the jaws of the boom; the clew, at the end of the boom; and the head of the sail, into which the halyards are hooked. The trysail was almost new, and held in good shape. It was no easy matter to set these sails in the wind that was blowing, and with the vessel pitching and tumbling about.

Towards noon the gale abated somewhat, but the sea still ran very high. During the afternoon, as the gale had diminished, and was hauling to the southward still more, it was considered advisable to get a small amount of sail on the brig, and to stand along on our course. We succeeded in setting the lower topsail and fore-topmast-staysail; and these, with the storm-trysail, were all that the brig could stand. We kept to the northward of our course, so as to be out of the trough of the sea as much as possible, and had just begun to run before the gale, when we heard a shout from the man at the wheel, and, running aft, found to our horror that the steering-gear had broken, leaving us without any control over the brig, and rendering us utterly helpless. The trysail was hauled down, in the hope that, having only head-sail set, we

might keep the vessel before the wind; but the brig became unmanageable, and, broaching-to, rolled terribly in the trough of the sea.

Our steering-apparatus was of the "diamond-screw" pattern; and one of the threads having broken, rendered the whole thing utterly useless. The seas began to break over and flood our decks again, and it was with the greatest peril that we could do any thing to better our condition.

We got the royal-yard aft, and with great difficulty managed to secure it, by chain-lashings, across the rudder-head, which was twisting and turning as every wave struck the rudder, and making it almost impossible for us either to put on the lashings, or to secure them. In the mean time we had rigged a mahogany log over the port bow as a drag to keep the brig head to the sea, but it was of little use. Finally, we succeeded in getting the spar lashed across the rudder-head, and, driving wedges under the chain-lashings, had it firm and secure. Cutting off about three feet of both ends of the yard, and fastening to each end a watch-tackle, hooked in a ring on the quarter, we placed a man at each tackle, cut away from the drag, and, getting before the wind, began to run again.

This was an awful night, and bitterly cold; every thing was frozen up about us, and the vessel a complete mass of ice. The brig was leaking badly, and the pumps were kept going nearly half the time during the night. A sea occasionally broke over the stern while we were repairing the damages, and

soaked us through and through with the icy water; and, to cap the climax, all of us suffered bitterly from the cold. My left hand was so badly touched by the frost, that it was swollen to double its usual size, and was so painful that I could hardly use it.

Our new steering-apparatus worked very well, but great care was required on the part of the men at the tackles to prevent the vessel from veering too much one way or the other.

Towards morning the gale abated still more, and we set the upper topsail, double reefed, and the fore-topmast-staysail. All hands were used up, having had very little sleep for forty-eight hours; and since the cook had been washed overboard, there had been nothing warm to eat or drink: in fact, about all we had had to eat was hard-tack and raw potatoes. During the morning we rigged the wheel between the rudder-head and the cabin; and, hauling the tackles taut and fastening the end of each to the barrel of the wheel, we found, after a little experimenting, that the brig steered better by this new arrangement than by the old "diamond screw."

We held our course through the day and the next night; and at daylight of the following morning, which was Friday, we sighted a vessel to leeward, pitching and rolling in the heavy seas, and flying a signal of distress. We at once altered our course, squared-in the yards, and ran directly for her. In a short time we were near enough to make out that the disabled craft was a schooner, apparently in a sinking condition, and that those on board desired

to be taken off. There was a heavy sea running, and it was a dangerous and difficult undertaking to attempt their rescue; but, running down as close to the schooner as was safe, we rounded-to, and succeeded in getting our large boat overboard without smashing it. It was manned by the second mate and three of the least disabled of the crew; and we eagerly watched them as they tossed about, slowly proceeding to the aid of the distressed seamen. At last the schooner was safely reached, and the boat run under her lee; a rope was thrown to our men, which they secured, and the boat was hauled under the schooner's quarter.

A great deal of skill and sound judgment were required on the part of those in the boat, to keep her from being dashed to pieces against the schooner. With much difficulty all of those on board, seven in number, got into the boat, by sliding down a rope from the vessel's deck, and being quickly drawn into the boat; although all of them were wet through before this could be accomplished. In the mean time we had filled away, and run down under the lee of the schooner, so that the men in our boat might not be obliged to pull back to us; which it would have been almost impossible for them to do, against the sea and high wind. The boat now started back for the brig, and, after much hard work and a great deal of bailing, safely reached her. Here again much difficulty was found in getting the men on to the deck. A rope was thrown to them, and fastened under their arms; and they were quickly hauled up, some of them

being in a stupid condition, from the effects of the cold and wet. By this means all the men were safely got on board, but the boat was smashed to small bits in the attempt to get her out of the water. The schooner was the "Elcano," from Hayti for Halifax, with a cargo of sugar. Every thing had gone well with her till she encountered the hurricane that we had just gone through. Getting caught in the trough of the sea, she was thrown on her beam-ends, and became unmanageable; the seas continually sweeping over her, and washing every thing movable from her decks. Her sails were blown away, she became badly iced up, and the cargo shifting caused her to leak freely. To add to the troubles, the crew were so badly frost-bitten that they could not work the pumps; and it was decided to abandon the vessel at the first opportunity. The mainmast was cut away in the hope that the schooner would right: this she did slightly, thus making the situation a little more hopeful for those on board, as the seas did not sweep over her so violently, and the crew were not so likely to be washed overboard. They were disabled and disheartened by the cold, and remained in this helpless condition, without a morsel of food, for nearly forty hours, when we sighted and rescued them. We filled away again on our course, and relieved the men as best we could. Some of them were in a terrible condition, from the severity of their frost-bites. Later the flesh dropped from the ends of their fingers and toes, and rendered amputation necessary with some of them, when we arrived in port.

The next day, Sunday, latitude 43°4′, longitude 60°47′, the wind and sea had both gone down; and the sun, coming out for the first time in four days, softened the ice on the decks and rigging, so that we could clear up somewhat, and get every thing more secure and ship-shape. We set what sail we had, bent another mainsail, and set the storm-trysail in place of the main-staysail which had been blown away. As the sea went down, the brig did not ship as much water as she had; and we succeeded in stopping the leak around the bulwarks. The cook of the unfortunate schooner took charge of our galley; and every thing went on smoothly for several days, the wind holding fair, and blowing strong from the westward.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the morning of the thirty-sixth day out, the cook called me into the galley, and told me that he thought there were not sufficient provisions on board to last into port, as there were so many more to be fed than had been expected when the stores were laid in. This was not very pleasant information, as the prospect of being put on short allowance was not at all encouraging. I reported to the captain the condition of things, and had the pleasure of a "rake down" from him, for not finding this out before; which, however, it did not belong to me to do. We were at once put on an allowance of half the usual amount of beef and bread, the supervision of the allotment falling on me. There was but half a barrel of flour, which was cooked up for the cabin, the men getting hard-tack. Fortunately there was plenty of water, as the sufferings from thirst are much more severe than those from hunger. We did as well as we could under the circumstances, the men taking their allowance without a complaint; although the internal demand for more food left them in a continual state of hunger. Only absolutely necessary work was done, so as to save the

strength of the men as much as possible. We were yet some distance from port, and at this season of the year we could consider ourselves fortunate if we did not encounter more bad weather. The frost-bites of the men were in a fearful condition, but we could do nothing but dress them as well as we knew how. The greatest sufferers were given the best nourishment there was on board, which, however, was not much, nor very good.

On Thursday, Feb. 16, the fifty-third day from Mexico, the greenish tinge of the water indicating soundings, the deep-sea lead, which weighs about twenty pounds, and which has a hundred-fathom line attached, was brought up; and, having been filled in at the bottom with hard soap, it was taken forward. The lead-line, which had been detached and passed forward outside the rigging, was again bent on to the lead; the bulk of the line was placed aft on the quarter, where the captain stood ready to ascertain the depth of the water. When every thing was ready, the topsails were backed, and, hauling forward some half-dozen fathoms of the line, I stood in readiness near the cat-head with the lead in my hand. As soon as our headway was checked, the captain bawled out, "All ready there, forward?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"He — e — ave!"

I threw the lead well away from the ship's side, so that the line might go clear of the channels, shouting out at the same time at the top of my voice, "Watch! ho, watch!" The man stationed

in the main-chains repeated this when he felt the weight of the lead, and at the same time, threw over the line he held in his hand, which was thus known to have gone clear of the ship's side. The line ran out over the quarter, the captain holding it loosely in his hand, till a sudden check in the rapid movement of the line, signifying that the lead had reached bottom. The mark on the line indicated eighty fathoms. The yards were filled away again; and, with all hands on the lead-line, we rattled it in over the taffrail, hand over hand, the line stretching far out astern, and sagging back heavily as we dragged it through the water.

The depth of the water, and the fact that the bottom of the lead was thickly covered with sand and finely broken shell, showed that we were just getting on to soundings. We stood on toward the coast, which was still some distance ahead of us; but, not getting the sun which we so much needed to determine our position accurately, we had to keep the lead going every little while during the day, the water shoaling slightly each time. In the afternoon an outward-bound steamer of the White Star Line passed about three miles to windward of us; and, although we signalled her for our latitude and longitude, we were too far away to make out her answer.

We stood on our course all night, heaving the lead every two hours; and Friday morning, at daybreak, we sighted the land on our starboard bow. Standing in still closer to make out where we were, the captain, who had been in that part of the world

many times before, recognized the land as that bordering the southern side of the Bristol Channel; we being some forty miles too far to the northward of our course. This could be accounted for by our not having had an observation for three days, and by a strong current that was probably running to the northward since the recent gales. We at once "bout" ship, and stood out of the channel. There were several vessels near us in the same predicament; and, as soon as they found out their mistake, they stood away also, to round the coast and get into the English Channel. At two o'clock the next morning we rounded Land's End, and, a little later, made out the light on the "Lizard."

Our course was east by south, directly for Havre. There were a great many vessels about us, bound in and out of the channel; and we had to keep our eyes open, and often use a great deal of skill and sound judgment to avoid a collision.

At daybreak we sighted a small pilot-boat putting out from Falmouth. She was cutter-rigged, with a large black sail, thickly oiled to preserve it, and also to enable it to hold the wind better: she was only partly decked over, and was a very rapid sailer. She came up with us at eight bells, and we soon had the pilot on board. He had the latest American papers with him, among them "The New-York Herald" of twelve days before, which was indeed recent to us who had not seen a paper for fifty-four days. The pilot was a stout, rugged, jovial Englishman, and a great talker. He said the weather in the

channel had been very heavy most of the winter, and that there had been a great many collisions and accidents. He had been on board hardly an hour before the wind hauled dead ahead, and it came in so thick and foggy that we could not see two ship-lengths ahead of us. We braced the yards up sharp, and stood off and on, up the channel; the man on the look-out forward kept the fog-horn going every two or three minutes, as we picked our way along. The fogs are so thick and frequent, and the shipping so abundant in this locality, that the utmost caution is required to navigate safely. As soon as the fog shut down on us, we could hear fog-horns and steam-whistles all around us, some of them quite near. At six bells in the morning watch, we came very near being run into by a large ocean-steamer that was coming down the channel under a full head of steam. We did not see her, although we had heard her whistle for some time, till suddenly she loomed up in the fog almost on us, — a huge black monster. Putting her helm hard a-starboard as soon as she saw us, she came sweeping down upon us, and barely grazed by our stern, the end of our main-boom scraping through her rigging just above the rail, and quickly disappeared in the fog. This was a narrow escape for us: if the steamer had been a few feet nearer, she would have struck us on the quarter, and cut us down to the water's edge, and left us water-logged and disabled. We were unable to make out the name of the steamer as she swept by so rapidly; but, if an acci-

dent had occurred, she would have been liable for damages, being under a full head of steam in a dense fog. The law obliges steam-vessels to sail at half-speed in thick weather.

We stood up the channel all night; and the next day, at five o'clock in the afternoon, we made out the high land to the northward of Havre. We were too late to enter port that night, so were compelled to beat and bang about under light sail till daybreak; first standing three or four miles to the northward, then about the same distance in the opposite direction, and keeping the two shore-lights, which are on the high land above the city, to windward. These two lights are said to be the best on the French coast, are very brilliant, and can be seen from a great distance at sea.

The air was decidedly cold; and we were not sorry when daylight appeared, and a tug-boat was seen coming toward us. Capt. Bradley struck a bargain with the captain of the tow-boat; and, getting a hawser over our bow to the tug, we were not sorry to clew up and stow all the sails, for the last time we hoped. All hands worked with a will: our voyage had been a rough one, and there had been many accidents and incidents to remind us of it quite vividly. A large cotton-loaded ship was towing in just ahead of us; and being a smaller vessel, we were soon up with her, and, passing about a ship's length to windward, were surprised to read on her quarter the name "Chapman," the captain and mate of which I knew well. She was built in Maine, and

hailed from the same port as the "Elizabeth." As it was about high water, we towed directly up to the open gates of the basin. The tug letting us go, we hauled in the hawser, and having sufficient headway steered directly in through the gates, alongside a bark that was moored near the wall; to her we tied up temporarily, till we could learn what dock we were to haul into to discharge our cargo.

The captain went ashore at once, and sent on board some fresh provisions; thus enabling us to enjoy the first square meal we had had for nearly three weeks. The only fear was, that we should eat too much. Never did any thing taste so good to me as the French rolls, to which, and to a bottle of claret sent from across the street, I did ample justice. I do not believe it possible for any one to relish sausage and ham as I did at that time. I never was blessed with such an appetite before, and on leaving Havre had gained nearly twenty pounds in weight.

There are no wharves here at which vessels can discharge their cargoes, as the tide rises and falls some twenty-five feet, which would render it unsafe for vessels to moor at them; so the system of docks and basins has been introduced. These are filled with water; and as the gates at the entrance of the docks are open only at high tide, to let vessels in and out, the water in them remains continually at the same depth, about twenty-five feet. The docks are from a mile to a mile and a half in length, and three or four hundred feet in width; the sides and ends are lined with solid masonry, and the water is kept

within two feet of the top of the dock. The object of the basin is to allow vessels to come in at other times than at high tide: the gates of the basin being opened, the water communicates directly with that outside; and being on the same level, the vessels can haul into the basin even as late as at half tide. The outer gates of the basin are then closed, and the gates between the dock and the basin are opened, and the water in the dock and basin brought to the same level; so that the vessels in the basin can haul directly into the dock, and, as they all connect with each other, from one dock into another.

Toward noon the captain returned, and told me that we were to haul that afternoon into the Collier Dock, where we were to unload. After dinner we began to haul ship, being assisted by three shore hands and a boat, to run lines for us from one buoy to another. We had a long pull against the wind, through a dock a mile in length, and then through a set of gates that separated the two docks, before we reached the one in which we were to tie up. It was tiresome work, slowly heaving the vessel up to one buoy by means of the capstan, and then running a line to the next buoy some distance ahead, and heaving up to this, and so on, from one buoy to another. We reached our berth just before dark, and, getting out the mooring-chains, tied the vessel up alongside the dock. Our voyage was now at an end, just fifty-six days from the time we left the Coatzecoalcos River, Mexico. We had sailed more than a quarter way round the world; Minatitlan being in 98° west, while Havre is in 1° east longitude.

We had a watchman from the shore: so I turned in early, and, for the first time since leaving Mexico, enjoyed a full night's sleep. The next day all hands except myself were paid off and discharged, Tom going with the rest. I was sorry to have him leave; and the captain liked him, and tried to induce him to stay by the vessel: but Tom was restless; and, as the time for which he had shipped was up, he wanted to enjoy himself on shore with the sum that was now due him. I never saw him afterwards; but I heard before we left Havre, that he had shipped as boatswain in an East Indiaman, and had sailed for Calcutta. A man of good education, and a thorough seaman, he deserved a far better position: but just as soon as he got on shore, if he had any money in his pocket, he always kept on a spree till all his money was gone; and then shipping, he took any place he could get. Too many sailors are like him.

Tuesday morning the stevedore came on board with some thirty workmen, and began on the cargo. On the edge of the dock was an immense iron crane, used for lifting heavy weights; and it was for this reason that we had been ordered to this part of the dock. The stevedore, an Englishman named Reis, had two sons, the younger of whom, John, staid about the vessel most of the time, and superintended the discharging of the cargo; although there was a Frenchman in charge of the workmen. Young Reis, with whom I became well acquainted before sailing, was a very fine fellow, and we passed many jolly hours together.

I tallied all the mahogany as it came out; every log being weighed by the metric system, which is used entirely throughout France, and with which I became familiar. This kept me by the brig all day, but I had my evenings free. The second night in port I went around to the "Chapman," and, finding my old friend and fellow-townsman Mr. Tukey, the mate, received a hearty welcome. I had not seen him for nearly three years, during which time he had been away at sea, and was indeed glad to meet him. Tukey said the ship "Norris," which also belonged at our native town, was lying at the other side of the dock; and proposed that, as the two mates, old friends of ours, were on board, we should go across and see them. To this I most gladly consented, for I knew them well; one of them, indeed, having been a former schoolmate of mine. We reached the "Norris" at eight o'clock, and found both the mates on board, getting ready to go up to the "Elizabeth" to see me. We remained on the "Norris" a few minutes, talking over old times, and then went on shore together, to take a look about the city. We dropped into the first *café* that we came to, and ordered some coffee and brandy: a sailor must always have his "grog" if bent on a good time ashore, and does not enjoy himself if he does not have it. Having finished our coffee, we lighted some cigars, and strolled out of the *café* up through the Rue d'Albani; which, with its red lights and brilliant illuminations, has great delights and fascinations for a sailor. Turning to the right, we

passed a small stone church, and entered the Rue de Rivoli, at the head of which is Rotig's large watch and chronometer store; which we entered, as Tukey wished to see about his ship's chronometer, which had been left there to be regulated. Leaving Rotig's, we walked down the street, and, coming to a music-hall, dropped in. A variety performance was going on; and the place was filled with a mixed crowd, made up of people ranging from well-dressed and fine-appearing men and women, down to the lowest order of society,—all drinking and smoking, and taking their pleasure together. Having secured seats and lighted cigarettes, we prepared to enjoy ourselves with the rest. The entertainment had just begun as we came in, and a gymnastic troop occupied the stage. They succeeded in twisting themselves into all sorts of contortions, with a rapidity and agility amazing to behold. Then followed a serio-comic singer and dancer, who was, as well, a high kicker, and who I thought would be a good rival for the *can-can* dancers that I had seen in Mexico. We remained until the entertainment was nearly finished, and then, taking our departure, wended our way towards the docks. We were accosted several times by some of the numerous street denizens; but, not being very familiar with the language, we pretended not to understand what was meant, although it was evident enough. Reaching the "Chapman," we bade each other good-night; Tukey going on board his ship, while the rest of us returned to our respective vessels.

In three days the stevedore had our deck-load removed, and there was now an opportunity for the riggers to begin work on the vessel. There was a great deal to be done in repairing the damages resulting from the bad weather that we had encountered coming across. All of the yards, together with the fore-topgallant-mast and the fore-topmast, were sent down, so as to enable the riggers to get at the eyes of the rigging, which were badly chafed, and needed to be reparcelled and served. The upper topsail-yard was so badly sprung that a new one was necessary; and we were also to have new topgallant and royal yards, — the former being old and worn, while the latter had been used for the steering-gear. Capt. Wilder Cooper, an old sea-captain, and former resident of Maine, and the owner of a dry-dock at Havre, had a gang of men on board repairing our steering-apparatus. The old "diamond screw" was repaired, and set up once more; but, as a precaution and safeguard in case it should break again, an iron tiller, four feet long, with a ring on each side of its outer end, was shipped into the after part of the rudder-head: so that in case of accident, all that was necessary was to hook a tackle into each quarter, then into the rings at the end of the tiller, and the helm would be completely under control. The head rigger, Mattei, was a huge fellow, six feet four inches high, and stout in proportion, with very dark hair and mustache, and a voice that sounded like the rumble of thunder when he called out to any of his men aloft. He was a jovial, whole-

souled fellow; and I liked him all the better because he added to my stock of smoking implements a fine meerchaum pipe, the bowl of which represented the head of a fox, with the neck of a goose in its mouth, the body of which was carved on the side of the bowl. The stem of the pipe was made from an albatross's wing, about twenty inches in length, which Mattei had obtained from a mate that had caught the bird off the Cape of Good Hope, on his way home from the Indies.

Sunday morning the second mate of the "Norris" came on board the brig, and took me ashore. We walked down to the Pier-Head, which is a favorite promenade for the residents of the city, and had a splendid opportunity to observe the street manners and dress of the people. There were many very pretty young girls among the promenaders, laughing and enjoying themselves. On our return, we went through the art-gallery, which contains some very fine paintings, mostly portraits, with some landscapes in oil and water-color. Sunday is a sort of holiday in Havre, as it is in all France; the people looking upon it more as a day of recreation and pleasure than one to be devoted to religious pursuits and quiet. In the evening I went on board the "Norris," to say good-by to the mates, as the ship was to sail the next day for New Orleans, in ballast. This was the last time I ever saw the second mate. He and the mate afterwards left the "Norris," and shipped in the same positions on a new ship, the "Mabel Clark," Capt. Storer, which was lost off Cape of

Good Hope, her first voyage out to the East Indies. The first mate had his arm dislocated at the time, while the second mate was drowned in attempting to swim ashore. Those of the crew that managed to reach the island on which the ship had run ashore were afterwards taken off by a passing vessel, carried to India, and from there sent home. The first mate's arm remained out of place more than six months, till he reached Boston. He said he was sure that the arm was dislocated when the accident occurred, and begged the men to pull it into place; but he could not induce them to touch it. When he arrived at Calcutta the doctors would not do any thing for him; saying that the climate was so hot, that mortification would set in if any operation was attempted. So the poor fellow had to suffer, with his arm hanging useless by his side, till he reached Boston, and had the dislocation reduced.

While in port I ate my meals at a French restaurant near the dock, which was kept by a little wrinkled old woman, with whom I talked a great deal in order to polish up my French. After the fast that we had been compelled to go through, the French cooking was delightful, every thing being well made, and done to a turn. I had my choice of a pint of cider or claret at dinner, one being considered as valuable as the other.

One night, about twelve o'clock, I was called by the watchman, and, hastily dressing myself, came on deck. A cab was standing near the edge of the dock, from which the driver and our watchman were

busily engaged helping some one to alight. Reaching the dock, I found the occupant of the cab was Capt. Bradley, about as drunk as I had ever seen him. He had put both feet through the glass in the cab-door, and would have been locked up by a *gend'arme* who had been called by the irate cabby, had not the consignee, who was with the captain, paid the damage, and thrown in a five-franc piece for the driver as well. We got the captain on board, and into his room, when I turned in again.

A few nights after this occurrence, the captain informed me he had chartered the brig to load coal at Cardiff, and go back to Vera Cruz. I did not like the idea of returning to Mexico, as I had seen enough of the "dagoes," and was hoping we might load for some port in the States.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the twelfth day from the time the stevedore began discharging the cargo, it was all out. We now hauled the brig into a dry-dock, so that the bottom might be examined, as she was a little leaky, and the bulwarks, which had been injured, were still to be repaired: some new sheets of copper were needed on the bottom, to replace what had been worn off during the passage over. We remained in the dry-dock three days, and from there hauled into the basin, ready to sail for Cardiff on the following day. The carpenters were all done, the riggers had nearly finished their work, and by night we were ready for sea, except shipping a second mate and the crew. In the evening the captain told me that he had engaged seven of the riggers to go around to Cardiff in the brig, paying them so much for the run, and their expenses back to Havre. They were good sailors, had all been in American vessels, and spoke and understood enough English for our purposes. We had no second mate; and an English boy that was wandering about the docks in pursuit of something to do, and who said he knew how to cook, was engaged to take charge of the galley. In the after-

noon the captain sent on board sufficient stores to last us to Cardiff, where he intended putting in the provisions for the voyage.

The crew came on board early the next morning, and at high tide, about eight o'clock, the basin gates being opened, and the pilot having come aboard, we towed out into the stream; and, as the wind was fair and fresh, we set our square sails, let go the tug, and sailed directly out into the English Channel.

There were so many new things about the vessel, in the way of spars and rigging, that as soon as we were well under way, all hands were put to work setting up the rigging, which had soon stretched well to windward. A good breeze was blowing, bending the masts to leeward, and thus leaving the shrouds loose and slack on that side, made it comparatively easy work to take in this slack, and, as soon as we were filled on the other tack, to set up the rigging on that side of the ship also. Slush, watch-tackles, and marline were in demand; and the way in which the crew, who were accustomed to this sort of work, spliced the old, reeved off new lanyards, slushed them down, hooked on the tackle, and bowsed them down to the proper mark, was delightful to witness. The quantity of fine work accomplished during this short trip shows how well and quickly work of this kind can be done by experienced men. A set of men such as are generally shipped on a vessel would have required double the time to accomplish this work, which would have been poorly done at that.

Towards night the wind freshened so much that it was necessary to take in the light sails, and, later, to put a single reef in the mainsail. Under this we stood along all night, ploughing through the water faster than I had ever known the old brig to go before; but, as the former mate had told me, sailing light was the strong point of the "Elizabeth," for, being flat-bottomed, she offered very little resistance to the water, and slid along as smoothly and lightly as possible.

The channel was full of vessels, bound in and out, and frequently our course had to be changed a point or two in order to keep clear of some in-bound vessels, on the wind; but this was now much easier than on our trip up the channel a few weeks before, when it was so thick and foggy that we could hardly see a ship's-length ahead of us. Our course during the night was west by north, half north; and at eight bells in the morning watch we rounded Land's End, braced every thing up sharp, and stood up the Bristol Channel, just able to lay our course, which was now north-east-by-north, directly for Cardiff. Towards noon the wind hauled still more to the northward, so that we could not keep to our course; and at four bells in the afternoon we tacked ship, and stood to the southward. We had a straight beat of twenty miles ahead of us; and instead of reaching Cardiff at four o'clock in the afternoon, as we should have done if the wind had not hauled ahead, we arrived up just before midnight. At six o'clock we took a pilot on board, and at four bells were taken in tow by a boat

that was cruising about the channel in search of a tow. All the sails were clewed up and stowed, the anchor cockbilled ready to drop if necessary, and every thing made ready for entering port once more. Fortunately it was high tide; so we towed directly up to the basin, and, waiting our turn, hauled through the gates, which had been opened to allow two loaded ships to come out. As the gates into the docks would not be opened until daylight, we had to remain in the basin over night, and so made fast alongside of a Norwegian ship. In the morning we were taken in tow by a small side-wheeled tug that plies inside the docks, and were towed to the farther end of a dock, a mile and a half in length, and moored alongside of an English bark, inside of which was a Dutch ship. The bark and ship were light, but were chartered to load coal, and were waiting their time to haul under the chute to take in their cargo. We unbent our sails, and sent them down, to prevent their being filled with the coal-dust that filled the air. The crew were paid off, and, taking the small amount of luggage that they had brought with them, left for home in the afternoon. By this run each man had three pounds; which, as the time away from Havre would be barely four days, certainly was not bad pay.

The captain went on shore in the morning, entered the vessel at the custom-house, and reported to the consignee that his vessel was ready to take in cargo. On his return he told me that we should not have any coal for two weeks, and that we must make the

best of it, as the consignee had thirty days in which to load the brig, after which time, if the brig was still unloaded, the captain could charge and would be allowed demurrage, at a certain rate per day.

We had been in port a week when a second mate and cook came on board, shipped by the captain for the voyage out. The second mate, Franklin, was a tall, lusty, red-faced man, about thirty years old, a great talker, and fond of praising himself and his doings. I showed him his room, and helped him in with his chest, but was not favorably impressed with him. He said his home was in Boston, and that most of his life had been passed at sea.

Tom Stevens, the cook, was a fine-looking man of forty, of medium height, inclined to corpulency, and wore a full dark beard and mustache. From his conversation and manners I judged him to be a man above the position he occupied. He afterwards told me that he was the son of a Plymouth judge; and that, having studied engineering, he had gone to Australia some years before with a squad of civil engineers, sent out by the English Government to make some surveys. While at Melbourne he took to drinking and gaming, squandered all of his own money, and all he could borrow from his companions. One night, frenzied by drink, and made desperate by his losses, he hid near the door of the gambling-house, and lay in wait for the gambler that had got his money. Presently he heard footsteps on the stairs. The door opened; a man came out; and the door, closing behind him, shut off the

light, so that the crouching man could not be seen. Stevens, in his madness and desperation, struck the gambler a terrific blow on the head with a heavy stick procured for the purpose. The man gave a shout for help, and fell unconscious to the ground: his cry had been heard by those inside the building; and out rushed a crowd of gamblers, cut-throats, and murderers, anxious to learn the cause of the cry, and to take part in any scrimmage that might be going on. Two or three of them fell over the prostrate body that was lying on the ground, and, taking it up, carried it into the building. Stevens, who had in the mean time escaped under cover of the darkness, was arrested the next day on suspicion of being the assailant. Sufficient evidence, however, could not be obtained to convict him; and after a short trial, he was acquitted. Since then he had drifted about from one place to another, leading an aimless life, often accepting any position he could get to make a shilling by. While in Australia camping out with the engineers on their surveys, he had learned to cook fairly well; and when he could find nothing better to do, he turned this knowledge to advantage, and shipped as cook on some sailing-vessel. He said he had heard that his parents were still living; but he had so disgraced himself since leaving home, fourteen years before, that he had not the courage either to face them or to write to them, but lived along in the degraded state into which he had fallen. I believe that the story he told me was true; but I did not then, nor do I now, think his name was Stevens.

I went on shore frequently. But, although Cardiff is the great export centre for the coal products of Wales, there is not much of interest to be seen in or around the city; and about the docks and shipping, all is black and dirty from the coal-dust.

One evening I had been on shore; and having tired of walking along the streets and looking into shop-windows, I was on my way back to the brig, and just passing a small hotel at the head of the dock, when a man, pretty drunk, reeled out of the door; and, stumbling against me, I recognized Capt. Bradley. The captain being lively, and in a jovial mood, insisted on my going into the tavern with him to drink something before going aboard the brig, for which he was starting as we met. The captain said he had been out to dine with the ship-chandler, — a former Maine sea-captain, who had been obliged to flee the States in disgrace for brutally stringing up and flogging men at sea. Such indignation was aroused against him at the time, that his life was in great danger; and it was a long time before he dared to return to his home, and then only for a short time.

We went into the tavern together; and the captain adding another stiff cocktail to the supply that he already had on board, we again started for the brig. The captain took my arm, and we got along very well till we reached the dock, down the side of which we walked towards the brig. The water reached to within a foot of the top of the dock, along the edge of which there was no protection whatever to prevent any one from falling into the

water. The captain's last cocktail had rather weakened his lower extremities, so that he was reeling from side to side; and it was with difficulty that I prevented him from falling into the dock.

We had nearly reached the brig, when the captain gave an unusually strong reel toward the edge of the dock; and, increasing the grip on my arm so as to save himself from falling into the water, he plunged over, pulling me in with him: both of us were floundering about in the water, the captain clinging to me so that I was unable to assist him or do any thing for myself. Fortunately, a ship was moored near the place where we fell in, and a hawser, which she had out aft to the pier, ran directly over our heads. By good luck I succeeded in getting hold of it: then, with the assistance of the ship's watchman, who had heard us fall into the water and hurried to our assistance, we managed to get once more on to the dock; and, wet through and dripping with the dirty water, we finally reached the brig. The captain's bath had sobered him somewhat, but he was yet far from a state of sobriety. I succeeded in getting him up the side of the German ship which was lying inside the "Elizabeth;" and we were just descending the steps at the rail to the deck of the ship, intending to cross over, when we were startled by the growls and barking of the ship's watch-dog. The mate of the ship had told me that the dog was a fierce brute, and would never let a stranger come on the decks in the night-time. I recalled all this as the dog came rushing

aft, yelping and barking furiously; and, hurrying Capt. Bradley across the deck, helped him up over the rail, into the rigging, and had just grasped the lanyards to swing myself on to the rail, when I heard something behind me, and felt something tear, rip, and give way: reaching the rail, I looked around, and could hardly say that I was surprised to see the dog chewing away vigorously at what proved to be "the sate of a man's breeches." I found myself bereft of the "nether" part of my trousers, but, other than this, unharmed.

The captain was sufficiently sober to take in the ludicrous situation, and his "hoss" laugh echoed across the dock loud enough to awake the soundest sleeper. The watchman on our vessel came to our aid, and we finally reached the deck of the "Elizabeth" without further mishap.

After lying in port nearly three weeks, our turn came to haul under the chute, and take in our cargo. At seven o'clock in the evening about twenty dirty and begrimed coal-heavers and stowers came on board, each with a small lantern attached to the front of his hat: we were to take in coal during the night, and all the light that could be obtained was necessary in the hold.

All the coal is brought along the edge of the dock in tip-cars on an elevated railroad, and the coal is dumped down the chutes into the hold of the vessel below. By this process only a short time is necessary to load a vessel, when the coal is once ready.

There was a continual din and noise all night long,

rendering it impossible to sleep. Occasionally there was a slight lull for a few moments when the cars were shifted, and I could just begin napping; when, with a rattle, rumble, and tumble, down came the coal through the chute, to deafen us till the next shift of cars.

The dust penetrated through to the cabin, which before had been nice and clean, and begrimed every thing within reach.

At six o'clock in the morning, the coal being all in, we hauled away from the chute into the middle of the dock; and by flooding the decks for a couple of hours with water, we managed to remove some of the dirt and dust.

In the afternoon we again hauled to the side of the dock, and took in our stores for the voyage. These were ten barrels of salt beef, eight of salt pork, ten of flour, a hogshead of hard-tack (so hard that one had to break it with a hammer before it could be eaten), numerous small stores for the cabin, and, besides all these, half a ton of potatoes. I gave receipts for the stores as they were brought alongside; and, with the aid of two shore-hands and the second mate, I got them on board and stowed away, — the beef, pork, and flour going into the lazaret, while the potatoes were put down the fore-hold on top of the coal. In the latter part of the afternoon, a man drove up to the vessel with a tip-cart filled with potatoes; and, unloading them on the dock alongside the brig, he came on board with a receipt for me to sign. As I had already received

and taken on board half a ton of potatoes, which I knew were all the captain intended purchasing, I declined to sign the receipt; and advised the man to wait until the captain, who was soon expected, should come on board. This the man objected to, saying that he had something better to do than to hang round "Yankee" vessels. And, having informed me that he was "John Keefe, the honestest man in Cardiff," and that the potatoes would have to be paid for before that "jackass brig" could sail, he mounted his dray, and drove up the dock. When the captain came on board, I told him of this occurrence. He said he had bought the potatoes of Keefe, but, finding some that suited him better at another place, had countermanded the former order. This aroused Keefe's indignation. He informed the captain that the potatoes had been purchased, and would have to be paid for, or he would hold the vessel for the price. The captain, laughing at this threat, told him to go ahead. The potatoes still lay on the dock; and during the night, which was very cold, they were frozen. At eight o'clock we were towed from the dock into the basin, ready to go to sea the next day. In the afternoon the shipping-master brought our crew on board, and the men stowed their things away in the forecastle. They were a different set of men from any we had had before in the brig. Three of them were Italians, two were Greeks, one was a Portuguese, and the other a Frenchman, — seven in all. They were hard-looking men; and, as sailors of any of these

nationalities make a troublesome crew, I could not imagine why the captain had shipped them.

The following morning, April 2, we were ready to haul out of the basin at high tide. The pilot was on board, and we were just getting in the fasts, when a sheriff came on board, seized the vessel, posted on the main-mast a large notice of seizure, and, arresting Capt. Bradley, departed, taking him along, and leaving a keeper on board to prevent the vessel from sailing. I learned from the keeper—who was a good-natured fellow, and had nothing to do but walk the deck and smoke his pipe—that the warrant for the captain's arrest had been sworn out at the request of Keefe, and that the captain was to be taken before a magistrate that morning, and tried on the potato question. Towards noon the captain returned alone to the vessel; and, a few minutes after, the sheriff came on board, took down the placard, and departed, taking the keeper with him. The sheriff informed me that the captain was adjudged grossly careless by the magistrate, in ordering two different lots of potatoes, and not then countermanding the first order till after the potatoes had been put up in sacks, and were all ready to go on board the vessel. The captain was fined the costs of the trial, and the price of the potatoes which thus belonged to him. They still remained on the dock; but as most of them were worthless from being frozen, the captain engaged a drayman to cart them away from the dock for what good potatoes he could get out of the lot.

It was impossible for us to leave the basin till

flood-tide in the afternoon. The hatches were put on, caulked, pitched, and battened down; all the running-gear was overhauled and put in place; water-casks and spars were lashed securely; and in fact every thing was made ready for bad weather and the gales usually encountered at this season of the year.

At ebb-tide the water drains away almost entirely between Cardiff and Penarth, which lies opposite, leaving the flats exposed for miles. If a vessel should be caught outside after the dock-gates are closed, she must necessarily ground, and wait for the next tide. The tide rises higher here than at Havre, the average being about thirty feet. When the tide begins to flow in, it rises very rapidly; as it must do, considering the height it has to reach. The water flows in so quickly that one can see it running along on top of the flats.

At two-thirds tide a trap was opened in the gates, to let the water in the basin run out, in order to bring it on a level with the incoming tide; this was soon accomplished, as the opening in the gate was wide, and the water ran out in a large volume. The water in the basin fell so rapidly, that our lower yards came very near being caught on the top of the dock before they could be cock-billed. We passed a rope out forward, which was taken to a hydraulic capstan on the dock near the gates. After the dock-man had, to his apparent delight, succeeded in parting the line several times, — by not surging as the strain came upon it, before the brig had any head-way, — we finally passed through the gates.

The wind was light and fair; and, getting our square sails set as quickly as possible, we stood away from the dock; and our voyage to Vera Cruz was begun. Towards night the wind increased, but there was not enough to prevent our carrying all sail.

We began to have difficulty with the crew almost before there was a stitch of canvas loosened. One of them, a Greek named George, who afterwards proved to be the leader of the crew, refused to go aloft and loosen the topsails, when ordered to do so by the second mate, who knocked the man down; the Greek, regaining his feet, rushed at the second mate: the two men grappled with each other, and were dealing each other terrific blows in the face, when the second mate, grasping a belaying pin, hit the man a tremendous blow on the top of the head. Stunned by the shock, he fell over on the deck, and was taken into the forecastle: he soon came to, but his surly disposition had been sufficiently aroused to make him a disagreeable man to get along with for the remainder of the voyage.

CHAPTER XV.

THE pilot was taken off in the morning by a passing boat, and had hardly left us when the wind increased so that all the light sails had to be taken in; and it hauled so far ahead, that we could only just lay our course.

I had the two Greeks, one Italian, and the Frenchman in my watch: they were good sailors, but so quick-tempered that it was very difficult to manage them without trouble of some kind. Most of them understood English very well, as more or less of their life had been passed in American and English vessels; but the greater part of their experience at sea had been in French and Italian ships, in which they were well fed, had an allowance of wine daily, and stood watch and watch. American and English vessels have the reputation among sailors of being poor feeders and hard workers: very little or no wine or liquor of any kind is distributed among the men on them, at the present day.

There was a great deal of work to be done on the brig; and, by the captain's orders, the watch which was on deck from eight to twelve in the morning —and which, by rights, should have been below from

twelve to four in the afternoon, when the other watch was on duty — was also kept on deck at that time. As the first dog-watch, from four to six, belonged regularly to this watch, it can be seen that these men were obliged to be on deck ten consecutive hours; not only through their own watch, but also during the afternoon watch when they belonged below. By this arrangement each watch was kept on deck ten hours every other day. This extra work would not have suited any sailors, much less the quick-tempered and hot-blooded men we had to deal with. One morning, coming aft in a body, they presented their grievances to the captain, through George the Greek, who acted as spokesman, and asked for easier work, and their regular four hours' watch, on and off. The captain seemed good-natured about it, and told them that as soon as the extra amount of work which is always necessary about a vessel after coming out of port was finished, they should have their regular watch and watch, and not till then. With this he sent them forward, only partly satisfied with the result of their conference and the promises of the captain, which were never fulfilled.

There was much to be done about the rigging, which had been refitted at Havre. It was hanging slack and uneven, because of the strain that had been brought upon it; the rattlings were crooked, the running-gear was more or less out of order, and long, short, and eye splices, seizings, and mousings were in great demand. The new spars needed oiling,

the old ones scraping and slushing; and to add to the work of the men, and to satisfy his own fancy, the captain ordered the bulwarks scraped and oiled. This latter was a very long and mean job, as the bulwarks were covered with a thick coat of white paint, which so stuck to the wood that it was almost impossible to start it with the scrapers. Whenever there was a spare moment from the ordinary work, it was, get out the scrapers and go at the bulwarks: this became so monotonous that the work dragged slowly along, and was accomplished only a short time before our arrival at Vera Cruz. Our course was nearly south-west, as we were to run in a southerly direction till we struck the trade-winds. On the third day out from Cardiff, we were overtaken by a north-east gale, which lasted thirty hours, and most of the time was blowing very heavy; but we were able to run the brig before it under reefed topsails and staysails, and were not obliged to heave to, as we were on our way over. Our decks were occasionally washed; but, as the weather was mild and there was plenty of sea room, we did not mind it much. One day during the gale I was at the pumps, and had on a pair of long-legged sea-boots that I had made in Havre, when a tremendous sea broke over the brig near the main-rigging, and wet the men and myself through, and filled my boots with water.

A few days after the gale had blown over, we sailed through a lot of deals and wreckage, which, from its appearance, we judged had been in the water some

time, and was probably the deck-load of some vessel, or a portion of the cargo of some ship, that had gone down during the gale. We had splendid weather all the way down the "trades," warm and clear, with all the wind we wanted from over the quarter. For three weeks we did not start a sail, except one night, the wind increasing a little, the royal-yard was lowered down; but the sail was not furled, and in two hours was set and drawing again.

The second mate, Franklin, began to develop considerable dislike for the captain, whose watch he stood; and it did not take long to discover that he was favoring the men, and attempting to incite them to an uprising against the captain. The men were of the kind to be easily influenced, and it was evident from their actions that we should have difficulty with them before our trip was ended. Franklin showed his bad disposition in many ways: and one night, being taken by surprise by the captain, while talking in a suspicious undertone with two of the men under the lee of the forecastle, he dodged around the end of the house, hoping to escape the captain, who, he knew, had little confidence in him; but the captain, anticipating his movements, passed to the other side of the house, and, encountering him in his retreat, called him to account. The second mate denied any intrigue with the men, and explained that he was talking to them about matters pertaining to the ship. Capt. Bradley, however, did not believe this, and accused Franklin of being too intimate with the men, and of encouraging them to

mutiny, and threatened to turn him forward into the forecastle if he did not carry himself straighter and keep in his place.

On Sunday afternoon, April 30, we sighted the north-east point of the island of St. Domingo, off our weather-bow, and, before dusk, had approached within two miles of the land, and could just make out Mona Island, several miles to leeward. We saw the shore-lights very distinctly, and stood along between the two islands, till eight bells, midnight: when, the ship being sufficiently to the southward to clear the island, our course was then changed more to the westward; and we ran along the southern coast of St. Domingo, under a light breeze, and with all sail set, and braced up sharp.

I came on deck at midnight; and the starboard watch, being relieved, went below. The captain had been on deck all night thus far, and he was standing on the poop when I went aft. He ordered me to keep a sharp lookout, as he was going below to get a nap, and told me to call him if any thing unusual occurred. About two o'clock the man on the lookout sang out, —

"Land ho!"

"Where away?" I shouted back to him.

"One point on the starboard bow, sir!"

The night was so hazy that one could see but a short distance ahead: going forward, taking my glass with me, I made out a small strip of low land, not more than a mile ahead of us; and along its edge could quite easily discern the foam of the

breakers, as the waves rolled up on the shore. I at once ordered the man at the wheel to put up the helm, and keep the brig off a couple of points, and then went below to call the captain; who, coming on deck, and taking in the situation at a glance, ordered the vessel kept off still another point, and had the yards squared-in a little by a small pull on the weather-braces. The captain thought he was enough to the southward to keep well clear of the land, which proved to be a small island a few miles from St. Domingo, and a dangerous obstacle directly in the path of navigation; the land being so low that it can be seen but a very short distance, even on a clear night. There was more or less current setting in the direction of the island, and this had helped to set us more to the northward than we thought we were. We passed about a half mile to the southward of the island, and then hauled up to our course again; steering west by south, so as to run between the islands of Jamaica and Cuba.

The next day, Monday, was intensely hot: the wind kept growing lighter and lighter during the morning; and when we made eight bells at noon, with our sextant and the sun, there was not a breath of air left to fill the sails. There was considerable ground-swell, which rolled the brig about, thrashing the sails against the spars; and when the vessel rolled more than usual, after a large wave had passed under her, our huge mainsail bellied down to one side with a slat and noise like thunder, and it seemed as if the sail would tear itself out of the bolt-

ropes. As there was not a breath of wind, the mainsail and fore and main staysails were dropped, the royal and topgallant yards were lowered on to the cap, and the foresail hauled up by the clew-lines and buntlines, and hung in the brails ready to be dropped at any moment if the wind should spring up again. It is well known that sails are worn out more by slatting and chafing than in any other way; and it is to prevent this wear and tear that the fore and aft sails, and the lighter square sails, are run down, and sometimes furled, during a calm.

The heat was so intense that the pitch fairly boiled out of the deck, and stood up in little blisters all over the planks. Some of the men were in the habit of going barefooted, but they now had to put on their shoes before venturing on deck. There were a great many land-birds flying about the vessel, some of them alighting on our spars and rigging, and occasionally coming down to the deck, and perching on the rail or water-casks, within reach: they were so exhausted by the heat that we caught several of them in our hands. Many had been entirely overcome, and fallen into the water, where they were to be seen floating about, dead. Toward night, when the air became cooler, the birds all left us, and flew away towards the shore.

During the afternoon a school of porpoises passed along on either side the brig, and were apparently having a fine time, puffing and blowing, and rolling playfully around on the top of the water. I suc-

ceeded in harpooning a large fellow, weighing about two hundred pounds; and, having with the assistance of the watch got him safely alongside, we slipped a running bowline over his tail, and hooking on the peak-jigger ran him up over the rail, and swung him in on to the deck. The cook, who was something of a butcher, cut up the prize; sliced off a lot of steaks, and hung them over the bow from the jib-stays, to get them near the water, and keep them as cool as possible. In appearance the meat is very much like beef, but tastes more like pork; which circumstance gives the porpoise its name of "sea-hog." It was very good eating, and made quite a treat for us, as we had had no fresh meat since leaving Cardiff. It did not last very long, however, as there were many hungry men to eat it; but, a few days afterward, I succeeded in harpooning two more of the fish, which again added to our stock of fresh provisions.

We still had no wind; and in the evening some of the men went in swimming, although they were advised not to do so, as sharks were plentiful in that locality. We had not seen any, but it was quite likely that some of them had been attracted by the carcass of the porpoise that had been thrown overboard; and it was more than probable that a shark was lurking under the brig at the time, waiting to snatch any thing that was thrown over the side. Our precautionary advice did not prevent the men from going into the water, and having a good swim; and, fortunately, no harm came from it. Some of

the men were very expert swimmers: perhaps the best and most daring among them was the Portuguese, who went up the rigging nearly to the futtock-shrouds, and several times dove from this height, coming down head first into the water. On a bet made with one of the men, he dove directly from the fore-yard arm, — not on a downward roll, but when the brig was nearly on an even keel, — and, turning gracefully in the air, came down head first into the water: then, disappearing for a moment, he rose to the surface, swam to the ship's side, and clambered up over the rail, without any assistance. This was a remarkable feat for a man to do, when it is considered what an unsteady foothold a movable yard must be at best, especially when the vessel is rolling and tumbling from side to side.

The port watch was on deck from eight to twelve in the evening. At four bells I noticed a slight ripple on the water; and wetting my finger, — an old sailor's test, — and holding it up in the direction from which I was expecting the wind, I could feel the slightest breath of air moving; and, being positive that there was wind coming, I ordered the top-gallant-sail and royal set. The fore buntlines and clewlines were overhauled by a man in the slings of the yard; and the weather-tack having been hove down by the capstan on the forecastle, the sheet was hauled down flat; and all of our square sails were set for the coming breeze, which was soon gently filling the sails, and gradually increased until the old brig began to stir a little through the water, and we had

headway enough to steer. We now threw off the gaskets from the mainsail, which had been loosely tied up to keep it from chafing on the after-house, and, putting two men on either halyard, the sail slowly moved skyward, till half-way up the mast, when the peak-halyards were belayed; and all the men, taking hold of the throat, ran it up hand over hand to a "Yo! heave ho!" giving the rising inflection to these syllables till they ended, then repeating them till the sail was up, and at each word giving a "pull all together." The throat-halyards were "two blocks" and belayed; and the men, taking hold of the peak, soon "mast-headed" the sail. We had by this time a three-knot breeze, and, having set the men at work to run up the staysails and jibs, I went below to inform Capt. Bradley of the condition of affairs, also of the light breeze that had just come along and was slowly increasing. The captain came on deck, took a look around, and, having changed the course half a point more to the westward, went below, leaving word that he should be called if the wind increased much more. We were but a few miles away from the island of Jamaica, and it was necessary to be careful about our navigation if the wind should blow harder. It continued increasing, till we had all the breeze we wanted, but not more than we could carry with all sail set. It followed us steadily till we came up with Cape San Antonio, off the western end of Cuba, when it hauled around to the south-east, and blew in gentle puffs. Occasionally it died out entirely for

a few hours, then, springing up rapidly, blew so hard that the royal had to be stowed, and the gaff topsail, upper staysails, and jib dropped; but they were allowed to hang loose till the wind died down again, as it was sure to do in a few hours at the farthest, when all sail would again be set.

Although we had succeeded very well with the men up to this time, it was evident from their actions and the manner in which they did their work, that they were dissatisfied. They growled continually about one thing or another; but this is natural with a sailor, and usually the more he growls the better seaman he is. There was no doubt that the men had enough to be dissatisfied with: for, from the time we left Cardiff, they had been constantly kept on deck when it was their afternoon below; and, although they had had enough to eat, the beef was bad, and so green, tainted, and strong of brine, that it was unfit to use. The pork was so fat and "measly" that the men could not eat it; and, as the cook said, a man might just as well eat grease out of the slush-bucket, as to try and swallow a piece of such pork. It may be asked why I, being first mate, did not have something to say in this matter; but one must remember that I had nothing to do with purchasing the ship's supplies, and in keeping the men at work, when they belonged by rights below, was simply acting in obedience to the order of my superior officer, over whom I had no control. I, myself, had to stay on deck and work as well as the crew; and I cannot say that I liked it any better than they did.

The food we had aft was, indeed, of rather better quality than that the men got, and was varied with an occasional can of fresh meat or vegetables.

Our course was west, half south: and, running along the upper coast of Yucatan, we again sighted the light at Sisal; but, as the wind was good, we did not keep it in view so long as we had on our trip across to Europe. Having passed Cape Desconocida, we changed our course, and stood west-sou'-west, directly across the Bay of Campeche for Vera Cruz.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next morning, June 22, the sky was overcast; and at six bells in the morning watch it began to blow "great guns." The light sails had all been taken in, in time to save them; but while we were attempting to haul up the foresail, it went to pieces like wet blotting-paper, seeming to give out all at once. We hauled up what remained of the sail; but, besides the bolt-rope, to which the sheets, tacks, clewlines and buntlines remained attached, and an occasional piece of canvas flapping from the bolt-rope, there was not much left to show with what this rope skeleton had been filled. The furling of this sail was easily accomplished, as there was no bellying canvas to pull a man nearly off his feet, and over the yard, whenever a gust of wind swept into the sail, — one of the great dangers men have to contend with while stowing sails during a gale.

At noon we got an observation, which we much needed, as it was important to know just where we were: the sun put the brig in latitude 20° 48′ N., longitude 91° 20′ W. Some seventy miles ahead of us were some small rocky islands, between which we must sail; as we should not come up with them

till some time in the evening, it was very necessary for us to be careful of our reckoning.

At seven bells in the afternoon the wind moderated a little; and the topgallant-sail and royal were set, together with the main-topmast staysail and flying-jib. We had no foresail to bend in place of the one that had been blown away, and so unbent the fragments, and stowed them away in the lazaret.

At six bells we could just make out the Triangles, which were the rocky islands through which we were to pass, and which we were rapidly nearing. The wind was still blowing fresh; and we were going through the water at the rate of nine knots, which was all the old brig could do when deeply loaded. The brig was making a great stir forward as she plunged her bow down into the waves, throwing the spray out over the water from either bow; while astern, a broad belt of seething foam trailed languidly away to windward, wide enough to have been made by an ocean-steamer, and far enough to windward to show that the amount of leeway the old craft was making was no small item.

At three bells in the evening we came up with the Triangles, and hauled two points to the northward, so as to run directly between them. They are low, rocky, uninhabited, and unlighted islands; and the only apparent reason for putting them where they are was to obstruct navigation.

I came on deck at eight bells, midnight, and having obtained the course from the second mate, and stationed the man on the lookout, went aft and

found the captain sitting on the taffrail, leisurely smoking his pipe. After a few moments' conversation he went below, having told me to call him at four bells, or sooner if the wind continued to increase. The wind was much fresher than when I went below at eight bells, and the brig was rushing through the water at a rapid pace. The royal and topgallant-sail were still set, and drawing in great style. The brig was very wet forward; and every time she plunged her bow into a wave, the spray flew over the forecastle in bucketfuls, and would have wet through the man on the lookout if he had not taken the precaution to put on his oil-clothes.

The wind was continuing to freshen, and I was on the point of ordering the royal taken in, and calling the captain, when the brig gave an unusually low roll to leeward; and, hearing a cracking sound forward, I looked aloft just in time to see the fore-topgallant-mast topple over, and with a crash like thunder fall to leeward, taking with it every thing above the topmast, including the topgallant and royal yards, the sails, and every thing attached. The spars, as they fell, plunged through the topsails, making a wreck of them; and, as there was no foresail, not a rag of sail was left on the foremast. Forward, the flying-jib was flapping high in the air off to leeward, — the stay having given way at the topmast-head, — and in a few moments was torn into ribbons.

The noise of the falling spars had aroused the captain, who came crawling out of the cabin to learn the

cause of the uproar. The way he "tore around," as soon as he found out what had happened, swore, bawled out one order after another, kicked the men about, and growled at me for not calling him before, must go without saying. All hands were called, and set to work clearing away the *débris*. Not much could be done till daylight. The lower ends of the hanging spars were catching in the fore-rigging, and tearing off the rattlings; and every time the brig rolled to windward they thumped against the rigging and masts with such violence, that it seemed as if the foremast must go by the board. As the topgallant-mast fell, the topgallant and royal back-stays caught over the cross-trees, and kept the spars from going overboard or falling on the deck. After much hard work, the spars were securely lashed to the rigging so that they could not slat: then all we could do was to wait for morning.

From nine knots our headway was cut suddenly down to three; and, as there was not sufficient sail on the vessel to keep her steady, we began to roll about considerably. The mainsail had to be taken in, as so much weather-helm was required with our small amount of head sail that there was danger that the mainsail would round us to. This would have put us in a sorry plight; for the shore was very near each beam, although it was so dark that we could not make it out clearly. To add to our discomfort, the rain began to fall in torrents, and drenched us to the skin.

It seemed a long while before day broke; and, as

soon as the dawn brightened enough for us to see what we were about, the men were set to clear away the wreckage. The second mate and two men went into the rigging; and, a girt-line having been fastened around the topgallant-mast, the lashings were loosened, the back-stays cut adrift, and the whole mass was lowered to the deck, taken to pieces, and lashed to the bulwarks. We got up two old topsails from the lazaret, and bent them in the place of those torn by the falling spars. It took all day to clear up, and get the new sails bent: every one was sulky and cross, and it was impossible to drive the men about faster than a lounging pace. The wind died down somewhat during the afternoon, and hauled more aft: this was fortunate; for, in our crippled condition, we should not have done much on the wind. We set all the sail we possessed, but were cut down nearly one-half, having lost our foresail, fore-topgallant-sail, and royal, also the outer jib.

This accident happened two days' sail from Vera Cruz; but, at our lowered speed, it would take us three or four days to get in.

The morning after our mishap, I was below eating my breakfast: the captain had gone on deck, while I lingered over a cup of molasses-sweetened coffee and a piece of soft-tack. My thoughts wandered back to the time when we had sugar and condensed milk in our coffee, just after leaving Cardiff, happy days that did not last long: the milk was all gone in a week, and in another we were sugarless, and had to come down to forecastle coffee, which is sweetened with a

spoonful of molasses, and in which the trace of milk has never yet been discovered. These reflections were suddenly interrupted by a noise on deck; and, hastily going up the companion-way, I was just in time to see George, the Greek, rushing aft along the weather side of the ship, with a large mess-pan full of beef and potato. He ran up to the captain, — who was standing on the poop, near the taffrail, — hurled the pan with all the force he could command directly at the captain's head, at the same time bawling out in his broken English: "Eat that yer sel': 'tain't fit fer a dog ter eat!" and then ran back into the forecastle. The captain by good luck dodged the pan, which went whizzing past his head, and scattering its contents all over the deck and afterhouse. The captain's anger was aroused in an instant: and, rushing forward to the forecastle-door, he ordered the man to come on deck, — a command that met a flat refusal; the man would not stir from the house. Something had to be done; but the captain knew better than to venture into the forecastle, which a sailor considers his stronghold, and he will do any thing to protect it from intrusion. The whole watch was then ordered out of the house, but not a man moved or said a word. This was mutiny, and matters were getting to be serious: the watch on deck stopped their work, and, passing around to the door on the lee side of the house, went within to join their companions, and closed the door after them. Only one of the crew was on deck, and he was at the wheel; but, as soon as he saw what was

going on, he let go of the wheel, and came forward to join in with the rest. The captain caught him by the collar as he came by the main-hatch, and hurled him with such terrific force against the bulwarks that the man fell over apparently lifeless, not a muscle stirring. The cook ran aft and put the wheel hard up, just in time to prevent the vessel from getting caught aback. Fortunately for us, the weather was good, and the brig did not need many hands to work her: so, with the cook at the wheel, the captain and I busied ourselves with the men. They had evidently leagued together to refuse duty, when an opportunity suited them; but just what they expected to obtain by so doing, was hard to tell, although there is no doubt that they had just cause to complain of the quality of the food, and the amount of work which they had to do. Mutiny on the high seas is a serious matter under any circumstances; and if a squall had overtaken us, with no one on deck to handle the vessel, the sails and spars would have been taken out of her in the twinkling of an eye.

The second mate was ordered to get the keys of the forecastle, which were in the cabin; but he did not move to obey the command. He said that he favored the crew as much as he did those aft, and he should not take any part in the affair whatever. I had observed for some time that the second mate had been talking and lounging about the deck with the crew, whenever he had a chance; and I have not the least doubt that he put the men up to this thing.

The captain did some hard swearing at Franklin, and threatened him with all the pastimes of a "future home" as soon as we should get into port; but this did not bring the keys: so I went for them myself; and, before the crew knew what was going on outside, we had them locked up in the forecastle, and both the doors firmly secured with capstan-bars braced against the water-casks that were alongside the rail. Every thing was quiet inside the house, so that it was impossible to tell whether the men were concocting any plans for escape or not. It would not do to let the men stay in the condition in which they were, for as soon as it became dark they would break out and come on deck; and then it would be a question of a few moments only, before they would have every thing in their own hands.

The captain told me his plans, which he said he had used once before in a similar emergency with a mutinous crew, on a packet-ship of which he was mate. Following his instructions, I took a sharp axe from the galley, and, climbing up over the water-casks on to the forecastle, began to cut a hole through the top of the house; and, with a few vigorous blows that made the pine chips fly, I succeeded in making an opening a foot long and some eight inches wide. In the mean time the captain had brought out from the galley-range a large copper, containing several gallons of boiling water, and passed it up to me, on top of the house, together with a long-handled dipper; saying, as he did so, "We'll see whether they'll come out of their hole or not."

Taking a handspike, he then went round to the door on one side of the house, and stood ready for the men; while I began to dash the water through the hole to the right and left, filling the forecastle full of steam. I could hear the men below scrambling about in their endeavor to escape the hot water.

The captain now swung open the forecastle-door; and the men, seeing an opening, rushed in a body for it, to get away from the steam and hot water which I continued to pour down. The first man to appear through the doorway was the Italian. He jumped through in his eager haste to get into the fresh air; but, before he could escape, he was knocked down by the captain, who brought the capstan-bar crushing down upon the top of his head, and sent him reeling and stunned into the scuppers. The next man, seeing the fate of his companion, attempted to save himself, but was pushed forward by the men crowding and pushing behind, and, receiving a terrific blow from the bar, fell through the doorway unconscious, and rolled over on to the deck. The men now held back, uncertain what to do: they were between two fires. As they could gain nothing from their present situation, they called out for quarter; and promising, in reply to a question from the captain, to turn to, they were permitted to come on deck one at a time. The ring-leader, George, was put in irons, but, going to one side of the ship, showed his great strength by bringing his clinched hands violently down against the rail, and

snapping the irons. He sullenly submitted to another pair being put on, although making the boast that there was no good in putting him in irons, as he could break them as fast as they were put on. The second pair of irons was of better metal than the first, or else the Greek had exhausted his strength with the first effort; for, although he pounded away at the rail with his fists until they were torn and bleeding, he did not succeed in breaking the irons. This only added to his temper, and some of the oaths that he hurled forth at us in broken English were most terrible: as a precaution he was put into the boys' room, with his hands fastened behind him. The rest of the men were strictly forbidden to have any thing to say to him, and then were turned-to, and set to work.

The captain would not trust the second mate to stand his watch, and so remained on deck with him, ordering and kicking him about like a dog. It was my watch below from eight to twelve in the evening: at about six bells I was awakened by a noise on deck, a short distance from my room; and I concluded at once that the captain was at the second mate again. So it proved. Franklin was sullen and cross, and resented being treated like an ordinary sailor, but the captain would not allow him aft on the poop-deck: having come up on the quarter, the captain ordered him forward, and told him to stay there till he was told to come aft. Franklin growled out some unintelligible reply to this; and, as he did not seem inclined to move, his actions were hastened

by a kick from the captain, a gentle reminder that it would be better for him to obey than to argue the point. Coming to this conclusion, he sauntered away. The captain had not, in the true sense of the term, turned the second mate forward. This is sometimes done on board ship when an officer does not prove satisfactory to the captain: the man is then put on the same footing with the crew, moves his chest and bedding into the forecastle, sleeps with the men, and eats out of the same kit with them; but he is never looked up to by the men, for he is in disgrace, and they consider it beneath their dignity to associate with him. Franklin was only temporarily sent forward, and not permitted to stand his watch.

The following morning, June 24, was as bright and clear as one would wish: there was a long, gentle swell rolling in from the southward, upon which the brig slowly rose, lifting her bows into the air, and then gracefully descended into the hollow of the sea, to be again lifted by the next wave. There was a light breeze blowing from the south-east, all the sail we had was set and drawing well, and we were leisurely moving along about five knots an hour.

The crew kept at work, but it was evident that there was no good feeling between them and our end of the ship. The men went doggedly about their work, with their heads bent forward in defiant attitudes, such as only a sailor knows how to assume; and the expressions on their faces were unpleasant and scowling. Without saying a word, a sailor can show defiance, by the menacing manner in which he

carries his arms and holds his head, by the different attitudes and postures into which he throws his body, and especially by the swagger of his gait. Occasionally one of the men would look up from what he was doing; and the glittering vindictiveness of his deep-set eyes would have struck terror to the heart of almost any one, as they flashed about for an instant, and showed the temper that was pent up within, only waiting for a good opportunity to show itself. We had to keep a watchful eye on the men: and, as a precaution, their sheath-knives were taken from them, the points broken off square, and they were then returned; otherwise, in their recklessness the scoundrels might have thrust their knives to the hilt into our bodies, if permitted to get near enough, especially after dark, when it would have been difficult for us to watch their movements closely.

To intimidate the men, the captain called one of the least daring of them aft to turn the grindstone, while he sharpened up and put a double edge upon a long sheath-knife. This, having been brought down to a point, and sharpened sufficiently to suit him, he thrust into a leathern belt around his body, and strutted up and down the weather side of the ship, with a defiant look in his face, which meant, as clearly as though he had said it, "If any one on board this vessel has designs on my life, I am ready for him!"

We moved along slowly during the day, nothing more of importance occurring. The Greek was kept in irons, and none of the crew were allowed to have

any thing to say to him. One man tried to get at him during the evening, but was driven away, and threatened with the irons himself if he tried it again.

CHAPTER XVII.

At daybreak, June 25, we sighted the fort off Vera Cruz; and, running up our flag for a pilot, we soon saw, through the glass, the American flag flying from the fort, as a signal to the people in the city that an American vessel was bound in.

At seven bells, about a mile from the fort, we backed our topsails, and took on board a pilot, who said there were two American vessels in port, — one a bark from Boston, the other a New-York schooner, both nearly discharged, and about to go down the coast to load mahogany for the States.

Every thing looked familiar to me; and, after nearly eight months absence, it seemed almost like getting home again. We passed within a few lengths of an Italian bark, beating out of the roadstead; and, as soon as our crew recognized her nationality, they set up a great shouting and cheering, which we did not attempt to stop, for we were so near port, and had had trouble enough for one trip. The man George, hearing the noise outside, attempted to break down the door and get out; but being unsuccessful, he shouted to the men to let him out, and one of them moved towards the forecastle to open the door:

he had not moved far, however, when his mind was suddenly changed by the captain threatening to "cut him up like a dog" if he moved another step. It was wise that he did stop; for I have not the least doubt that something serious would have happened, as the captain was made desperate by what we had passed through during the last few days.

In a few minutes we rounded-to under the lee of the fort, and dropped the anchor. I felt happy as I heard the chain rattle out through the hawse-hole, and saw the brig sag back, and straighten out the chain, — our voyage ended.

Word was at once sent to the American consul to come on board. On his arrival, he made a superficial examination of the complaints of the crew, and, having finished to his apparent satisfaction, ordered the men put in irons, took them on shore with him, and had them locked up, to answer to the charge of mutiny before a justice. The next morning Capt. Bradley and I went ashore to testify against the men. The magistrate decided that he had no jurisdiction in the case. As the men were in an American vessel, and had shipped in Europe for the round trip from Cardiff to some port in the United States, they must be taken for trial to Boston; for which port the captain found orders awaiting our arrival to load down the coast. As the men could not be left on the hands of the consul, they were handed over to the captain, who arranged with the consul to have them put in jail, and kept there at the ship's expense till the vessel was ready to sail. While we were on

shore the second mate took his departure, and was never heard from afterwards. I was not sorry to learn that he had gone, as we did not get on very well together; and, although a good sailor, he was not a favorite on board.

The coal with which we were loaded was for the Mexican Government, and was to be stored at the fort, for the use of some men-of-war; one of which had just been built in Europe, and was then on her way to Vera Cruz.

Our hatches had been sealed down by the custom-house officers, as before; and on the second morning in port we began to discharge cargo. This, however, was not our work, as it was in the contract that the cargo should be taken out by the government. At an early hour a large boat put off from the fort, and rowed alongside. It was filled with some twenty chain-gang prisoners, chained together at their ankles, two by two, with a light twelve-link chain about ten feet in length, so arranged that when they were walking side by side they could hook it up to their belt, but when at work could unfasten it from their waists, and allow it to drag along on the ground; thus getting more freedom of movement, although still remaining chained to each other at their ankles. In the boat were about an equal number of soldiers and officers, all armed to the teeth. Such a strong guard gave one the impression that the officers must be much afraid their prisoners might attempt to escape; but perhaps the soldiers had nothing else to do, so were sent as a sort of honorary escort.

The custom-house boat swept gracefully alongside a few moments after the prisoners arrived; and the hatches being removed, after a careful examination of the seals, the men were put to work. One of the prisoners, a tall, muscular, finely proportioned man, was called the "driver," and superintended the men, and kept them at work. He was allowed more liberty and privileges than the other prisoners, and was not chained. In his hand he carried a short, thick whip, with which he drove the men about, and occasionally chastised them if they did any thing out of the way or became insubordinate. The prison authorities examined into any punishment he might inflict: if they found it had been administered unjustly or unfairly, they often turned him in with the rest of the prisoners, and appointed a new man in his place. Thus it will be seen that the "driver" must exercise a great deal of judgment in his treatment of the men, if he desires to keep his place; and as the position brings more liberty and less work, together with better food than that which the men in the chain-gang get, the system acts as an incentive to keep the men on their good behavior.

All of the coal was shovelled into sacks in the hold of the vessel, and then hoisted on deck, and thrown over the rail into the lighters alongside. Occasionally the prisoners quarrelled among themselves, and made it necessary for the "driver" to interfere; but for the most part every thing went on quietly. The soldiers had nothing to do, and much of the time lounged about the decks: some of them slept under the

awning; others sat about the decks, rolling and smoking cigarettes, telling stories, and laughing at each other's jokes; while one wee little soldier, made up mostly of brass buttons and big ears, with a gun as large as himself carried in a horizontal position over his shoulder, strutted across the deck in the waist just abaft the main-hatch, and was on duty as guard. The lieutenant in charge of the soldiers was the laziest of them all; passing most of his time in the hammock which was slung under the main-boom, and regularly every hour calling to one of the men, who then brought him a small glass of the native white rum. The discipline was lax, and the soldiers did about as they wanted to.

Every day, a few minutes before twelve o'clock, a boat put off from the fort and rowed alongside, bringing the dinner for the soldiers and prisoners. I was surprised to find what good rations were dealt out to the prisoners. There was a large tin vessel containing several gallons of soup, made of meat and vegetables, so good that I frequently indulged in a bowlful myself. Besides this, there were fresh beef, potatoes, and an abundance of bread. There was always something left over after the men had eaten all they wanted. The prisoners ate their soup with horn spoons that they made themselves: as a curiosity I obtained one of them. Besides this liberal diet, each man was given a small dipper full of *aguardiente*, three times a day; and, that they might have their noon-day allowance, several gallons of the liquor were kept on board the brig, in my charge,

and it was regularly dealt out to them by the "driver," under the supervision of one of the officers. There was no occasion for the prisoners to complain of their food, and I do not think they could grumble much at their treatment either. Many of them were serving short sentences for political offences, and several were pointed out to me as being influential and noted men; others of the gang were thieves and rough characters; while two of them were murderers, both serving out ten years in the chain-gang, which I was told was the sentence usually imposed on a murderer. The streets in the city are kept clean by the prisoners; and early every morning they are marched down to the pier by their drivers and a large guard of soldiers, their chains rattling on the stony pavement at every step. Having reached the end of the pier, the chains are unhooked at the waist, and they are set to work sweeping and washing the top of the pier from one end to the other. Having finished their labor, they are marched back again to the prison.

One afternoon, when our cargo was about half out, I was putting some chafing-gear on the "swifter," when my attention was called to a noise in the hold among the prisoners. I saw the soldiers hurrying, each from the different part of the deck where he had been taking a nap; and, lining the whole hatch-combing, they peered over into the hold below, and began jabbering away at the men at a great rate. In a few minutes the "driver" came on deck, bringing with him the offender, who had been quarrelling

with one of the prisoners over some trivial matter. In order to settle the affair, the fellow hit his adversary with a shovel, striking him a hard blow on top of the head, which knocked him over on to the coal: then, in his rage, he endeavored to dig at the man's face with the point of the shovel, but was prevented from doing any further injury by the other prisoners; some of whom caught hold of the chain that was fastened to his ankle, and dragged him away from his fallen foe. The culprit was taken forward to be flogged by the "driver." In this instance, the man was compelled to lay bare his back, and the "driver" inflicted twelve sharp lashes with the whip; which, however, instead of quieting the man, and making him more tractable, only infuriated him, and added to his obstinacy. There were one or two slightly elevated ridges on the man's back, where the lash had fallen twice in the same place; but, other than this, there seemed to have been no harm done. To stop his noise, and get him into a state of submission, he was "bucked and gagged." A pine-wood stick, about a foot in length, was put horizontally into his mouth, so that he could not utter a word, and fastened there by rope-yarns, passed around and fastened behind his head. His hands were then tied behind his back, and his wrists secured to a belaying pin at the rail. He was kept in this position nearly an hour: reckless, defiant, and with a dogged villanous expression on his face, he would not yield to the repeated offers to let him down if he would go to work again peaceably. By his side, sitting on

the bulwarks, was his inseparable companion, taking every thing complacently, and looking on at the punishment of his comrade with complete indifference. It was not deemed safe to keep the gag in any longer, so it was removed, and the man was given a drink of water. The gag was beneficial in quieting the man, but more from the lameness of the jaws it had produced, than from any change in the defiant spirit of the man. An hour later the boat came for the prisoners, and in it was the prison official who had charge of the men. He immediately investigated the charge against the man, and censured the "driver" for imposing too harsh, and, as he said, uncalled-for, punishment, and threatened to turn him in with the rest of the prisoners if he again inflicted such severe correction under such slight provocation.

Sunday evening I went on board the American bark, to make the acquaintance of the mate. The vessel was the "Mayfair," of Boston, one of the "old-timers" that had seen her best days, and was now run along the coast; as she was hardly considered seaworthy for long voyages. I climbed over the black side of the bark; and, meeting the mate at the gangway, I introduced myself, and passed a very enjoyable evening, talking and smoking with him. The mate's name was Jackson: he belonged in Newburyport, and, coming more recently from the States than I, had much interesting news to tell me. He said the "Mayfair" was about forty years old, and a regular rattletrap, requiring to be pumped

out three times a day, a hundred strokes at a time being necessary before the pumps would suck. The decks were grimy, and worn down into little hollows, where the water collected and stood rotting through the plank. The sails were patched and sooty, and the tar stood out on the rigging like warts on a schoolboy's hand. She had deep, square bows, high bulwarks, over which I could just look, and several small, odd-looking hatchways on deck, the largest of which, the main-hatch, was not more than six feet square. The pumps were also old-fashioned, with the up-and-down handles that use up a man's strength quicker than any thing else. Aft, there was one of the queerest little binnacles I had ever seen, and in it an old-style needle-compass, ornamented on either side with a small, dingy oil-lamp. The only thing I saw new about the vessel was a quarter-boat, which, the mate told me, they had picked up adrift when coming out of New York. I asked the mate why the owners did not get the old hulk insured, and then, as is sometimes done, let the captain run her on shore some pleasant day when there would be little danger of losing any lives. He said the vessel was so old and rickety that it was impossible to get any insurance on her; so she was kept running as long as she could make a dollar, and any one could be found to go in her. The mate said this was his first voyage in the bark, and that, as soon as he could get back to the States, it would be his last. I remained on the bark till ten o'clock, and then returned in our boat to the brig.

By the middle of the coming week all of our cargo was out, but we could not sail till we had shipped a crew. This was a difficult matter at Vera Cruz, as there were very few sailors to be had; and those were men that had run away from their vessels, and, for the most part, foreigners that did not understand the English language.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I HAD not been ashore at all this time, our stay was so short; and, besides, my work kept me on board. It was rather an exertion to get ready and go on shore, so I did not make the attempt. I had been well through the city on our former visit; and anoterh drawback to my going was the prevalence of yellow-fever in the city at the time. Capt. Bradley went on shore every day, but always returned before night-fall: he had already informed me of our destination, and said that we should sail as soon as he could ship a crew. Our cargo was to be taken in at several places along the coast; and the first port we should go to would be Frontera, at the mouth of the Tabasco River, some hundred miles to the eastward of Minatitlan.

We finished discharging the coal on Wednesday, but were unable to leave Vera Cruz until the following Saturday, on account of the difficulty in procuring a crew. A boy came on board Thursday morning with a note from the captain, telling me that the boy had been shipped, and that I was to set him to work. The boy, whose name was William Richardson, said that his home was in Scotland, and

that he had been in an English brig which had been wrecked down the coast during a "norther," about a month before.

Late that afternoon Capt. Bradley came on board in a shore boat, which he had engaged to bring him off. He had again been trying the virtues of Mexican rum, and was as ugly as usual. He growled at the cook because supper was not ready, and then began on me for not having stowed the water-casks in the hold, a thing that it was impossible for me to do alone, and I so informed him; but this only served to irritate him the more, and he ended his remarks by saying that I could consider myself "off duty," and that I should not be reinstated. This did not disturb me at all; as I knew very well that, as soon as he had slept off the effects of the liquor, he would tell me to turn to again. I was now a privileged character, had nothing to do with the vessel, and I rather liked the idea of a little rest and recreation. The next morning, having decided to let things go on as they would, I did not get up so early as usual, slept as long as I could, and then went on deck. The cook told me that the captain had left for the city an hour before, in a shore boat which he had ordered to come for him. Before leaving he put the boy to work, and told him to keep at it till he returned.

Towards noon a boat came alongside containing five men, three of them Germans, one a Mexican, and the other a New-York bootblack of doubtful origin. These the captain had shipped for the crew. The Germans were able-bodied men, spoke some Eng-

lish, and proved to be good sailors; the Mexican had been coasting in native vessels, could not speak a word of English, and proved to be a worthless fellow; while the New Yorker was a little dried-up vagabond of thirty, who had stowed himself away on one of the New-York boats to escape capture for some crime he had committed, and who, having on his arrival at Vera Cruz been turned on shore, was now anxious to get back again to his old haunts. He was nothing of a sailor, and his life for the next two months was most certainly not a happy one.

These men were all we could possibly obtain; and, although it was against the maritime laws to go to sea without a full complement of men, nothing better could be done. If they had so wished, the sailors could have complained to the consul that the vessel was going to sea short-handed, thus compelling them to do more work than by rights belonged to them. They all, however, wanted to get away from Mexico, and would have shipped on a plank for the sake of leaving Vera Cruz and its deadly yellow-fever. Being "off duty," and so having nothing to do with the men, I did not put them to work: as a consequence, they lounged about the forecastle, and did as they pleased.

Capt. Bradley came off to the brig about four o'clock in the afternoon. There were two men with him: one was the American consul; while the other proved to be an Englishman who was in the city on business, and whom the captain had invited on board the brig. The captain took his guests into the cab-

in; and then, coming forward to where I was standing near the mainmast, he asked me, in a good-natured manner, how I liked the crew, and seemed surprised when I told him that I had had nothing to do with them, and so could not answer his question definitely. He asked me what was the trouble, and seemed to be entirely ignorant of having turned me "off duty" the evening before: when I informed him of this fact, he said he did not remember any thing about it. I really think it was so; for he had drunk so much that he did not know what he was talking about at the time, and it was no wonder he did not remember what he said. He said that if he had turned me "off duty," he would now turn me to again; and, as I had no especial reason for not working, I took my place, turned the men to, and kept them hard at work till six o'clock, when they were given their supper. After supper the captain informed me that our old crew, who were still in jail, were to be brought off that evening. And it was about these men, as I afterwards learned, that the consul had come on board to make arrangements for getting clear of them, as they were likely to be bothersome, and also to make trouble for us as soon as we reached Boston.

At nine o'clock in the evening, the men were brought on board by a guard from the jail, and delivered over to our charge. They were permitted to go forward, being perfectly quiet, and were allowed their liberty.

About ten o'clock I turned in, in a hammock

which was slung under the awning, and soon went to sleep, but was awakened in about an hour by a slight noise on the main-deck. Looking forward, I saw the men that had been brought on board in the evening, skulking along the shadowy side of the vessel to the fore-rigging; and, stealthily climbing over the rail, they descended into a boat which was alongside. I had been told by the captain not to disturb them if I heard any of them about the decks during the night; so I kept quiet, and watched their movements. They all had little bundles with them, presumably containing some of their clothes and any small things which they could conveniently carry off with them. All of them having got into the boat, which contained one man besides themselves, they pushed away from the brig, and silently rowed some distance till they were far enough off not to be heard, and then bent to the oars. By the bright moonlight, I could see the boat spin through the water, and in a few minutes land to the southward of the city, beyond the walls; the men, drawing the boat well up on the beach, disappeared from sight. I cannot say that I was sorry to see the last of them, as they disappeared among the trees. In the morning the captain told me, that, as the magistrate had decided that the men must be brought to Boston in the brig, he and the consul concluded that the best thing to do with them, so as to prevent any trouble when we arrived in the States, would be to get clear of them. The plan had been arranged as follows: a man had been employed to go to the jail, and tell the

men that if they were brought to Boston, they would be tried for mutiny, and would receive a heavy sentence of imprisonment. He told them that he had favored their cause, since he had heard of them from their having been brought before the magistrate, and that he had been waiting for an opportunity to assist them. They were greatly frightened by what he told them. They had been expecting to get heavy damages out of the captain for maltreating them, but now the tables seemed to be turned; and they were willing to do any thing that might be proposed in order to escape being brought to the States.

It was arranged that the man should obtain a shore boat, put off to the brig near midnight, and quietly take them away. This plan worked satisfactorily, as has been seen; and their minds, as well as the captain's, now rested easily, it is to be hoped.

Early Saturday morning we hove short, and, after a slow and hard pull, got the heavy sails sheeted home and hoisted. The windlass was manned again; but, with our small number of men, the anchor could not be started from the bottom, in which it had become embedded, and held fast. The captain of a German bark which was lying a few lengths ahead of us, seeing our predicament, sent eight men on board, and with their assistance the anchor was soon aweigh; and swinging around before the wind, which was light and from the northward, we slowly sailed along to the southward of the fort. Hastily getting our light sails set, we moved out into the gulf. The German crew remained on board till we

were about half a mile out, and assisted us in getting our sails set. It was fortunate for us that they did; for, with only the crew that we had, it would have been slow work.

We had no second mate, and so were just about half manned, and poorly at that. As soon as we were well under way, and had the ropes coiled up and the decks cleared, I set the men to work getting every thing off the deck into the hold, to take the place of ballast; for none had been put in, as on our former trip down the coast. This had not been done before leaving port, because the wind was light, and there was every prospect of fine weather and a smooth sea.

While in port our topgallant-mast had been sent down; and the lower end, which had been broken off, having been squared, it was sent up again: but it was some six feet shorter than before, and was too short for the royal-yard, so that only the topgallant-sail could be set on it. The topgallant backstays had to be shortened to suit the length of the spar. Our torn sails had been repaired by a native sailmaker, who had patched them in a grotesque manner with strips of canvas, put on in all conceivable shapes: these were of various tints and colors, and many of them looked as though they had been raked out of an old junk-barrel. It was an amusing sight to look aloft, and observe the sails that we had set forward. The topgallant-sail alone would have been an object well worthy of an artist's brush. As it filled out from its perch on the stump topgallant-

mast, it seemed as if the sail was in a second heaven all by itself. The clews of the sail were fully five feet away from the yard-arms, and a man standing on the topsail-yard could not have reached the foot of the sail. Every thing had been repaired temporarily, so as to last until we reached Boston, where more thorough repairs could be made much cheaper and better.

The wind freshened slowly, and our old patched sails filled out before a five-knot breeze. We had to rely chiefly on our German sailors, as the other two were of very little use, especially the bootblack, who, from his hooked nose, had been dubbed "Bill." He could neither "hand, reef, or steer;" and it remained to be found out if there was any thing that he could do. He was in the captain's watch, and had a sorry time of it. The first afternoon out he was sent to the wheel to relieve the man who had been on two hours; and hardly had he been left with the spokes in his hand, before the topgallant-sail began to shake, then the topsails filled aback; and, before he knew what was going on, up came the brig into the wind, and round on the other tack, with all the square sails lying back, flat against the masts. The invectives which were hurled at poor Bill by the captain, who was forward at the time, and who came running aft when he noticed that the brig was getting caught aback, would not bear repeating. The captain bawled out to Bill to put up the helm; but Bill, not knowing what that meant, put the helm hard down instead, and, by so doing, assisted rather than pre-

vented the brig from coming into the wind. As we had finished all the necessary work about the decks, I had sent my watch below; for, as we were short-handed, it was advisable to save the men as much as possible for any bad weather that might come along. It was now necessary, however, to call all hands to get the brig on her course again; although one watch could easily have done it, in the light breeze, if we had been fully manned. As the brig had paid well off, it was considered advisable to "box-haul" her; so the peak of the mainsail was dropped, and, the helm being put hard up, we wore around before the wind, and came up on our course again. The peak of the mainsail was run up, an old hand put at the wheel, and the port watch piped below again.

During the night we had all the wind we wanted, and about daybreak passed the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River, where we had run in several months before when bound for Minatitlan. The air was very clear, and far off in the distance the snow-white peak of Orizaba loomed up distinctly; while the low sandy coast, which was not more than fifteen miles to the windward of us, and along which we were running, could not be distinguished at all.

Our course was east-sou'-east; and, at the rate we were running, it would take till Monday noon to reach Frontera. The nights were deliciously cool, and a great relief after the hot days, when the scorching tropical sun poured its burning rays down on our decks. One can hardly expect other than hot weather in the tropics during the summer season.

And although we escaped the confined heat of Vera Cruz by being at anchor in the roadstead, where one could get all the breeze that was blowing, nevertheless, it was decidedly hot, and altogether too warm for comfort.

Sunday noon we had our old sea-dinner of duff and molasses, and, added to these delicacies, a good supply of tropical fruits, which the captain had condescended to lay in; probably because they were cheap, or, still more likely, because they had been given to him by the ship-chandler or ship-agent at Vera Cruz. Besides the delicacies, our dinner consisted of corned beef (which was from our old Cardiff supply), yams, and "soft-tack." I was not at all pleased to see the old "salt-hoss" on the table again, as I had had quite enough of it already to suit me for a lifetime. While in port we had been having fresh meat, which the cook had been permitted to get every morning from the shore.

Early Monday afternoon we sighted the coast a few miles to the westward of Frontera, and at four o'clock dropped our anchor in twelve fathoms of water. As the brig swung around to the wind, we paid out a long range of chain: the sixty-fathom shackle was on the windlass. We were anchored a mile from the shore, as there was no harbor for us to run into; and the wind, having a clean sweep in either direction, made it a dangerous place to lie. There were only nine feet of water on the bar at the mouth of the river: so that it was impossible for us to go in, much less to come out when loaded. We

were anchored at this distance from the shore, so as to have plenty of room to slip the anchor and run to sea in case a "norther" should spring up, and set us dragging ashore. By six o'clock the sails were all furled, the ropes coiled up and laid on the pins, thirty fathoms more chain overhauled back of the windlass, ready to be paid out if necessary; and, the ship having been pumped dry, the men were sent below for their supper. There were three vessels at anchor about a mile to the eastward of us, probably loading with mahogany. In the evening the wind died away entirely; and quite a swell, rolling in towards the shore, caught the brig sideways (there being no wind to keep her head to it), rolled her about from side to side, and occasionally dashed the water through the scuppers on to the deck.

It was not dark till nearly eight o'clock, at which time I set the anchor watch, and had the riding-light tied up in the fore-rigging. I went to my room early and turned in, as I was feeling very tired, having had a great deal of extra work to do on account of our short-handed condition.

Early the next morning the boat was lowered into the water from the "davies," where it had been carried; the weather had been so fine, that it was unnecessary to take the boat in on the deck, as is usually done when a vessel goes outside, to prevent any risk of the boat being smashed against the ship's stern, as the vessel rolls about in a heavy sea. Capt. Bradley, taking two men in the boat, went on shore: there was not a particle of wind at

the time, and, as the swell was a long one, the boat rowed almost as easily as if the water were smooth. Still, it would be a great deal easier to sail the boat to and from the shore than to row her, and the men were put to work making two leg-of-mutton sails for her. We cut off about a third of the bottom of an old fore-topmast staysail, and, having spliced on a new piece of rope to the old bolt-rope, sewed it onto the foot of the sail, put in a thimble at the clew and tack, and had one sail complete. The other was made out of an old royal, by cutting it the proper shape, then roping it with a three-quarter-inch rope, and putting a thimble at the head, clew, and tack. All the spars that were necessary were two masts, and these we made from some lashing-poles that were about the deck. No boom is needed with this sort of sail, the sheet being made fast to the clew.

Towards noon I went up into the fore-top to take a survey of the country, and found that the land was low and flat nearly as far as I could see: near the coast, and along the bank of the river, it was sandy and uncultivated; and a half-mile back from the shore there were several large lagoons, filled with stagnant water, and I afterwards discovered abounding with alligators. Having several times while on deck heard a noise, and on turning around seen a splash on the water, I had often wondered what was the cause of it, and now had an explanation. I was just coming down from aloft, when I heard a splash about two ship-lengths ahead of the brig, and, turning in

that direction, was surprised to see a huge "ray," or, as the sailors call them, "devil-fish," splashing about on the surface of the water. I had never seen anything like it before, and I eagerly gazed at it as long as it remained in view. It was of the same shape as the skate-fish, but very much larger. It had a large flat body, about eight feet in length by six in width, and had a black back and white belly like a flounder, a flexible, pointed tail, and a small head, on each side of which were arm-like projections some three or four feet in length, and curved inward upon themselves. This fish has the peculiar habit of jumping from the water three successive times, falling over on to his back each time, thus making the loud splash that I had heard. I was told that the natives are very much afraid of these fish; believing that they can grasp a man within the projecting arms, and crush him to death. Wonderful tales are told of men losing an arm or a leg, and occasionally their lives, by being caught in the embrace of the fish; but I do not consider these statements very authentic.

Capt. Bradley returned from the shore a little before noon, bringing with him a negro, — the stevedore that was to stow the cargo. The captain had expected to find one or two rafts of logs ready to be taken on board, but none had been brought down the river as yet. The agent told him that all of the logs that we were to take on here were on the way down the river, and expected along the following day. Agents and consignees can never be depended upon to tell the truth, and this one was no exception;

for we did not receive any logs for five days, and then only one raft.

There was work enough to be done, and the men were kept busy. Two sets of "mother" and "tail ropes" had to be made for the rafts. Our hawser, which was slightly worn, was cut into two pieces, each twenty fathoms in length, and in one end was put an enormous eye-splice, while the other end was whipped to prevent its ravelling. This rope was intended to be stretched along the side of the raft; and to it were to be fastened the tail-ropes, each a fathom in length, and fitted at one end with an iron dog, which was to be driven into the end of a log. The tail-ropes were to be fastened to the "mother rope," and the logs firmly secured: so that when the raft was taken outside to the vessel, there would be very little danger of the logs breaking adrift. Before the raft leaves the mouth of the river, each log is secured in this way; and, if the sea is at all rough, a chain is stretched along the raft, and each log secured to it, as an additional precaution. After the logs are firmly fastened together, the raft is towed out to the vessel, at anchor a mile or more from the shore. If the sea is smooth, the men in charge have a comparatively easy time, as they can row their boat leisurely along, and depend on the current flowing out of the river to sweep them well over the bar; and not much exertion is required on their part to get the raft alongside the vessel. The rafts are usually taken out of the river very early in the morning, when there is little or no wind: what little

there may be is generally light, and not sufficient to raise any sea, but, blowing off shore, still further assists the raftsmen. If the sea is not smooth, and the indications are not favorable for good weather, the men will not start from the shore with a raft; and sometimes, in bad weather, vessels have to toss and tumble about in a high sea for days and even weeks at a time, unable to get any logs, nor can any one go on shore from the vessel. Although all these precautions are taken with the rafts, they sometimes get caught outside when bad weather was least expected; and the raftsmen have a difficult time of it with their unwieldly crafts, which pitch and roll about as the wind and sea increase. The raft moves rapidly seaward if the wind is blowing off shore, and the logs begin to over-ride one another. Soon one log breaks adrift, then another; and unless the raft has been very firmly fastened together, it soon goes to pieces; and the men have to abandon it and seek their boat for safety. If the logs drift down the coast they may be secured again; but if they are blown seaward, that is the last of them. It took all of one day to splice the "mother-ropes," and cut off the tail-ropes and splice them into the dogs, and then whip their outer ends.

During the remainder of the time, while we were waiting for our cargo, the bulwarks, which had been scraped on our passage down from Cardiff, were oiled, the masts scraped down and oiled, and a short ladder having been rigged over the side, with a plank on it for a staging, the brig was given a coat

of black paint from stem to stern: this dulness I tried to brighten up by a flaming yellow stripe around the brig just below the water-ways, from the figure-head to the stern-bumkin. I then decorated the scroll-work of the figure-head with some of the same yellow paint; and, as a finishing embellishment for the old craft, I rigged a staging over the stern, and proceeded to touch up the name of the vessel. This was painted in large white letters, and had become rather dingy from time, and from the action of the seas that had swashed against it continually when we were loaded. As the brig was tumbling about considerably, the staging had to be secured by guys run along each quarter, and fastened at the main-rigging, to keep the stage from swinging away from the stern. I stepped on to the stage, fully equipped with paint and brush, and was getting along swimmingly, when the quarter guy broke, and the stage swung from under my feet: my brush went in one direction, my paint in another; and, failing to grasp a rope that I had hung over the stern in case of an emergency like this, I fell over and splashed on my back into the water. Instead of getting on swimmingly as before, I began to exert my swimming propensities in an active manner; and, catching hold of the over-hanging ropes, I drew myself out of the water, somewhat wiser for my involuntary wetting. Having changed my clothes, and fastened the staging more securely than before, I proceeded with my painting, and soon had the name finished.

I kept the men busy: some over the sides painting the chain-plates, which had already been pounded to get clear of the accumulated rust; others digging away at the chain-stays forward, and painting up the iron-work, — all of this was given two coats of red paint, which would act as a preservative, and also show off very nicely on the black background. Early the following Monday morning the stevedore came on board, bringing with him his crew; and told us the joyful news, that a raft, having come down the river during the night, was putting off from the shore, and would be alongside within an hour, as there was a favorable current and fair wind. In a few minutes we saw the raft coming over the bar at the mouth of the river: there were two rowboats ahead containing several natives; and, to help them along more rapidly, there were two sails set on the raft. In a short time the raft was within hailing distance, and our boat was sent to their assistance. Having fastened a rope to the raft, we took it to the capstan, and hove the logs alongside, making them fast by a rope, fore and aft. A purchase had already been rigged from the cargo-gaff, and I at once set the men at work heaving in the logs with the winch at the mainmast; and, lowering them into the hold, they were stowed away by the stevedore and his crew. Working all day on the raft, we had the logs in before dark, and were ready for another raft in the morning, but had to wait three days for another, — the last we were to take in at Frontera.

CHAPTER XIX.

FRIDAY we set sail, hove up anchor, and ran up the coast some thirty miles, coming to anchor off the little village of Santa Anna, where we were to finish loading. We had been fortunate thus far in having fine weather: and, if our cargo had been ready for us, we should have been loaded and prepared to sail by this time; but we were obliged to wait as long for the mahogany here as at Frontera.

There were four other vessels at anchor near us; one of them being an American bark, the captain of which had already been on board the "Elizabeth" to make the acquaintance of Capt. Bradley. From him Capt. Bradley obtained a man to ship as second mate. I was glad when the latter came on board; for he was a good, hard-working man, knew his duty well, and so gave me much more time to myself.

The fourth day at Santa Anna a large raft was brought off from the shore; but it was so late in reaching us that we could not take it all on board that day, although we worked till nine o'clock in the evening. The weather was clear, and every thing looked favorable for a fine night; so the raft was dropped astern, and, as a precaution, two more

hawsers were run out to it, over the quarter, and then taken to the bitt-head. The men were thoroughly tired out from their day's work; and, the stevedore's crew having departed in their boat for the shore, all hands turned in, except the boy who was stationed on the first anchor watch.

Capt. Bradley had not returned from the shore, where he went in the morning; and as it was now getting late I hardly expected him to come off, it not being an uncommon thing for him to remain on shore a day or two at a time.

I soon dropped off, and slept soundly, till suddenly awakened by a loud, sharp noise, which I at once knew from the sound was the snapping of the anchor-chain. I got into my clothes as quickly as I could, and rushed on deck, shouting to the second mate to turn out, as I dashed by his room. The brig was tumbling about in a terrific manner; and the whole affair had come on so suddenly that I was almost at a loss to determine what the difficulty was. It did not take me long to find out; for, as soon as I thrust my head through the companion-way, the wind, which was blowing a hurricane, snatched my hat, and sent it spinning far off to leeward. The night had become so dark that it was impossible to make out the land; but I knew at once, from the sensation, that the brig was adrift, and blowing rapidly towards the shore, stern first.

I shouted to the man on the anchor watch to call all hands; but, receiving no reply, ran forward, and bawled out to the crew through the forecastle door,

to turn out, and be quick about it, as the ship was adrift. Then running forward along the lee of the house, I stumbled over the body of a man, and was not astonished to find that it was none other than Bill, whom the second mate had ordered to stand the second anchor watch; and who, as might have been expected, had fallen asleep before he had been on deck half an hour, as it was only a little after midnight at that time. I was thoroughly excited, and I am afraid that I did not handle Bill so gently as I might have done under other circumstances; for, grasping him by the shoulders, I gave him a spin, whirl, and a kick, that brought him to his senses, and sent him reeling half-way down the deck. I wasted no more time over the worthless fellow, who might have prevented the vessel from breaking adrift if he had but kept awake when the norther struck, and called me in time to have had more chain paid out. The maddening fury of the wind was now upon us in earnest, and sweeping us along toward the lee-shore, not more than half a mile astern. We had been lying at anchor, with sixty fathoms of chain in front of the windlass; and, as we were now not dragging so rapidly as when I came on deck, it seemed more than probable that the chain had snapped near the anchor, and that the long range of chain was dragging through the mud, now and again catching on some obstruction on the bottom, and so serving to diminish the rapidity with which the brig had been moving. I only hoped this might be true, as it would give us all the more time to

get some sail set, and stand away from the shore, our only chance of salvation. The fore-topmast and main staysails were loosened at once; and, after a hard pull, they were run up without being torn to pieces by the slatting from side to side, in the terrific tempest that was blowing. The helm was put hard a-port; and, as good luck would have it, the brig began to pay off, and slowly move ahead. I threw off the fasts that secured the raft, and let the logs go adrift; as it would be impossible to steer the brig, or make any headway, with such an unwieldy mass dragging astern. If our sails would only hold, we should be all right. I had expected that the anchor-chain would prevent the brig from paying off, but fortunately it did not. It was necessary to have more sail set, although we had about all we could stand up under; and, as the wind continued to freshen, it keeled the old brig down on her side, so that the seething waters bubbled in through the scuppers, and occasionally dashed over the rail, as the waves kept increasing in size. The brig was not making more than a knot headway; and the long surging wake which was streaming off our weather-quarter showed that something more must be done at once, or the vessel would be on shore in a very few minutes. Our only remaining sail that could possibly withstand the tempest was our lower topsail, which had been thoroughly overhauled, and, being almost new, I had strong hopes of it: it was our only resource, and must be tried. The sail was loosened, and successfully sheeted home, and the

yards were hauled round and braced up sharp: the sail held through all this slatting. In a moment, our speed was sensibly increased, and things began to look more favorable for us. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and swooping down upon the decks so that one could hardly stand; but to get this small amount of sail set, was the work of but a few minutes, although no small undertaking. All hands, but one at the wheel, manned the windlass, and rattled in the chain, which dragged at first heavily from the hawse-hole, but soon came in lively. It had parted just beyond the thirty-fathom shackle; and, besides our anchor, we had lost nearly thirty fathoms of chain. Our course was north-east by east, as near the wind as we could lay, and, with the leeway we were making, none too much to keep the vessel off the shore.

The sky to the northward was continually lighted up by vivid flashes of chain-lightning, which shot across the heavens in fiery, broken lines; and the darting electricity could be distinctly heard, as it whizzed along near the vessel, followed by the crashing and tearing thunder that pealed forth with terrific violence, very near at hand. The lightning was so sharp that not a man could face it; and the darkness that followed the bright light was so intense that it was impossible, for the time being, to make out any thing, even objects within reach. At times, when the sky was lighted up, the coast could be seen, indeed, too near at hand to be at all comfortable; and it made me shudder at the thought that

we might yet be piled up on a lee-shore before morning. The waves, pounding against the weather-side of the brig, leaped up over the rail, flooding the decks with water, and dashing the white and furious spray through the rigging, which then dripped down in torrents below, wetting all hands through to the skin. The water was boiling and seething on all sides of the brig, as she pitched and tumbled about, and bounded upon the surges, which were illuminated by the spectral phosphorescent light so characteristic of tropical waters. As the wind continued to increase, the seas began to strike heavier and heavier against the brig. And, to add to the horror of our situation, the logs in the hold broke loose, and could be distinctly heard above the roar of the gale as they rolled and crashed about with a noise like thunder; bringing up against the ship's side, then back again against the stanchions, with a force that shook the vessel, and made her tremble like a leaf. This was a fearful plight for us to be in. We had been congratulating ourselves that we might escape shipwreck on a lee-shore; but now we were threatened with foundering from a leak, or possibly a hole, in the vessel's side, caused by the rolling logs. I knew very well that if some of the heavier logs should get loose, it would not take long for them to tear and wrench the vessel badly: but there was no possible way of securing them; and all that could be done was to wait, as calmly as possible, for a rapid and favorable change in the tempest.

The sails were holding beautifully, and our hopes

were high that they would not burst, and go to pieces, as it sometimes seemed that they must do, when the wind increased, and came howling down upon us with renewed fury.

It was indeed a veritable "norther," one of the pests of the Mexican coast. Along the whole eastern coast of Mexico there are no harbors in which vessels can lie. This makes it necessary for them to anchor, as we had done, a mile or more from the shore: so that when a "norther" breaks upon a vessel lying at anchor in the open sea, it has a clean sweep over her; and great precaution and sound judgment are required to prevent her from breaking away from her moorings. If the chain should snap, or the vessel drag her anchor, great care would be necessary to prevent her from going ashore. These "northers" come up suddenly, oftentimes in the night, without any premonitory signs whatever, and when the sky an hour before has been full of stars, bland and sparkling, and shining brightly through as clear an atmosphere as one would wish to see. Suddenly great masses of clouds begin to roll up in the north, and quietly, but with rapid floating movements, sail across the stars, quickly hiding them from view, and shutting out their light; the increasing gloom and darkness thicken, sharp lightning plays friskily through the black clouds, followed by the echoing peals of heavy thunder; but, although the heavens are rumbling with the tumult and strife above, not yet has the light, zephyr-like breeze increased a particle. If it should happen to be day-

light, the wind might now be seen with terrible distinctness picking up the small waves that had been rolling peacefully along, hurling and flinging them onward in great, white, seething masses, rolling and tumbling over one another by the force of the hurricane. If the vessel manages to withstand the violence of the tempest as it sweeps down and strikes her, she will indeed be fortunate; all chain is paid out on both anchors, with the hope of being able to hold on till the force of the wind has passed. A heavy sea is quickly blown up: in a very short time it becomes almost mountainous; and, running high up over the bow of the vessel, it forces her back on her moorings, making them taut as a fiddle-string. The chain grinds and creaks through the hawse-hole, as the vessel strains and wrenches in the vain endeavor to ride over the huge waves that come thundering along the main-deck, picking up every thing movable, and dashing along against the bulwarks, seething and boiling in their fury, and lashing a splendor of dazzling froth and spray throughout their course. Enormous torrents pour out over the rails, and scatter themselves over the seas on both sides, smothering the waters with a white seething froth. One sea clears the deck, only to be followed by another; and it is impossible for any one to show himself, with any degree of safety, at the forward part or on the main-deck of the vessel.

If the approach of the "norther" has been seen in time, the moorings of the vessel are sometimes buoyed, and the chains slipped; and the vessel, hav-

ing perhaps an hour or more start before the tornado strikes, runs to sea, and by so doing rides out the gale much better than she possibly could have done at anchor. If she has sufficient time to make a good offing, there is not the danger of being blown ashore that there would have been had she remained at anchor and broken adrift; in which case she might have gone ashore before it was even possible to get enough sail set to stand out to sea.

I kept the brig on her course till four o'clock in the morning, when the wind seemed to lessen slightly; and, as daylight was beginning to break through the clouds, I began to consider the advisability of tacking ship and standing to the westward. It was a dangerous thing to attempt; for the sea was running very high, and continually breaking over the weather bow and filling the decks with water, and the slight diminution in the force of the gale did not yet bring it much below a hurricane. If there had only been sufficient sea-room, it would have been safer to try to wear the ship around; but to leeward we could now see too distinctly the low sandy shore, not more than a mile away, with the white foaming billows tumbling and lashing upon it.

At eight bells the wind luckily began to veer more to the westward; and at two bells, in the forenoon watch, the brig was headed north-east by north, two points more to the northward than we had been standing all night. This took us still farther away from the shore, and added to our safety. I began to get encouraged at this, and it now looked as though

we might be able to get the brig back again to Santa Anna. If successful, it would be a great feather in our caps; as it is no small matter to navigate a vessel along a lee shore, in such a tempest as the one which we had encountered during the night, and from which we had not yet escaped.

Although the gale had spent its fury, it was still blowing too hard for us with any safety to attempt tacking the ship; so I kept the brig as she was, hoping to make sufficient offing before afternoon to make it practicable to wear ship.

The brig was laboring hard in the heavy seas, which rolled up to windward, and came pounding down upon her. Every time the brig lurched heavily to leeward, the logs in the hold could be heard tumbling about and thumping against her sides. This noise had continued at intervals through the night, ceasing only as we struck into a smoother patch of sea: then our spirits were raised in the hope that the logs had caught among themselves and become secure; but in a few moments, as the brig plunged into a heavier sea, the doleful noise began again, and our anxiety returned. It seemed to me that the brig had a slight list to windward; for the force of the seas and wind did not keel her down to leeward as much as would have been expected, and the weather-side of the ship did not rise as easily as it ought, when the seas struck against her. She came up heavily, hanging clumsily on the water, and then tending to fall back to windward. At five bells the wind suddenly increased, and the whole force of the gale

striking the ship on her broad-side keeled her down until the waves rushed over the lee rail in torrents: the water was flush across the deck from the hatch-combings to the top of the lee rail, where it extended out level with the outside seas. To add to our horror the logs again began jumping about in the hold, and went crashing and thumping across to leeward. I could distinctly hear the stanchions as they cracked, and gave way under the weight of the heavy mass. All hands rushed to windward, and held on for dear life to any thing they could grasp. The brig would not answer her helm, and lay dead upon the tumbling seas, not making a particle of headway; the whole weather-side of the brig was out of the water, and she was nearly, if not quite, on her beam-ends. The fierceness of the squall was, however, temporary; and in a moment there was a short lull, of which we at once took advantage for fear the wind should strike again in a few moments with a renewed vigor. The ship's list was terrible, and I expected to see the buckling masts go by the board at any moment: it seemed impossible that rope and iron could be strong enough to keep them in place against the heavy strain that was brought upon them as the vessel was tossed about. Our only hope was to wear the ship around on to the other tack, a very difficult thing to do. The brig righted somewhat, but was so badly listed to starboard that it was impossible for her to roll to windward, or even get on a square keel. The jib was loosened and run up, and, the helm being put hard a-port, we almost yelled with delight as the brig

began to pay off and come around on to the other tack. Hardly were we around, however, before the wind began to blow again as fiercely as before, tearing the jib from the bolt-ropes like a flash. It was with a shudder that we saw the brig stand almost bolt upright against the fury of the blast, instead of rolling down before the heavy seas as she would have done if she had been in trim. The logs had ceased rolling, and without much doubt they were jammed together against the weather-side of the ship.

The pumps were again sounded, as they had been at intervals during the night; and we were not surprised, upon drawing up the sounding-rod, to find eight inches of water in the well. The pump-brakes were at once shipped and manned, and were kept going almost continuously for three hours before the pumps sucked.

Towards noon the wind quieted somewhat, and did not blow in such fierce gusts as during the morning. Early in the afternoon the storm-trysail was taken from the lazaret through the cabin, — for it was not safe to remove the hatch aft, as the seas were continually breaking over the quarter, — and, getting the sail on top of the house, we succeeded in bending and setting it.

I was unable to get the sun at noon, as the sky was overcast and thickly lined with black clouds, which swept along at a rapid pace, apparently only a short distance above the head of our royal-mast. I did not know our exact position; but under short sail, close hauled, we had not made more than four knots

at any time, and most of the time not more than two, — which would place the vessel about thirty miles to the eastward of Santa Anna. The shore to leeward, from which I had hardly removed my eyes for twenty-four hours, showed me plainly enough our position, and reminded me vividly of our perilous situation.

An occasional log could be heard tumbling across the hold, as it was loosened from its position to windward by the vessel attempting a lee roll when struck by an unusually heavy sea: it was sufficiently evident, however, from the weather list which the vessel kept up, that most of the logs were jammed in a mass to windward.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the rain began to fall in torrents, and had the beneficial effect of cutting down the sea a little; and the continued lessening of the wind encouraged us very much. It was a blinding rain; and it seemed as if the black clouds were attempting to disgorge themselves of their contents, and to purify the heavens after the fearful tempest. The water was soon a foot or more deep in the vicinity of the scuppers, through which it gushed furiously in the effort to escape as the ship rolled. The rain at first came in gusts, but in a few minutes settled into a steady fall, as the wind still further died out. The lightning, which had continued more or less throughout the day, was very vivid and sharp before the rain began to fall; and the thunder re-echoed through the heavens, rumbling and rattling like demons let loose. This deluge continued

for an hour, when at last the clouds began to break; and, for the first time in thirty hours, small streaks of blue sky were visible; the rain gradually stopped; in half an hour the light of the sun began to peer through the clouds in the west; and at five o'clock not a cloud could be seen, and hardly a scud was visible. The transition was of remarkable and, indeed, startling rapidity: from a tempestuous gale with all its accompanying horrors, the wind had now nearly all gone. The sea had been so much levelled by the rain that it did not break over the vessel and flood the decks as before; although an occasional wave leaped over the bow, and deposited a handful of spray along the decks. The sun shone brightly over the ruffled waters; and, instead of frowns, and countenances filled with dismay, the men now began to joke, laugh, and talk over the occurrences of the past few hours. It seemed as if we had come from the gloom of purgatory into the light of paradise.

In the gentle breeze that was now blowing, the vessel had about three streaks list to windward. She was pumped dry every hour; but, as only a few strokes were necessary to make the pumps suck, I was lead to think that the leaks must be in the top works, which had become wrenched by the violence of the heavy seas, and the strain incident to the shifting of the logs.

Before the rain had fairly ceased, I had the men aloft shaking out the upper topsail and foresail; and in a few minutes they were set, dripping and steaming before the hot rays of the sun, as the water with

which they were soaked evaporated. The storm-trysail was unbent, and the mainsail set it its place. We had had nothing to eat but hard-tack and cold corned beef since the brig broke adrift: the galley had been filled with water, which washed every thing movable into a heap, and destroyed the eatables. Excepting one hand at the wheel, all the men were now sent below to make a shift, and get some warm food and a pot of tea. I went down for a moment to exchange my wet clothes for dry ones, and to drink a cup of hot tea which the cook brought me. Coming on deck again, I felt like a new man. Having examined the chart carefully, by my reckoning I placed the brig about eighteen miles to the eastward of Santa Anna, and was determined, if possible, to get her back into port, and to come to anchor again off the town, as near our old anchorage as I could. The sky was clear; and, as there would be a good moon, I knew no reason why we should not be at anchor, and have every thing snug, by four bells in the evening watch.

Every stitch of canvas there was on the brig was set, and drawing in good shape; the "old hooker" was making six knots by the log at six bells, and ploughing along through the sea on an even keel, which position she still persisted in keeping. As we yet had an hour's daylight, the main-hatch was taken off to find out the condition of things below; and the sight that met our eyes was bad enough. Not a stanchion between the fore and main mast remained in position, all of them having been wrenched and

torn from the mortises in the deck-beams and on the keelson; cracked, split, and broken into splinters, they lay mingled with the logs which were piled up against the weather-side of the ship, in all sorts of positions. Taking a couple of handspikes, I went into the hold with three of the men, and succeeded in rolling over the topmost logs, and levelling the cargo to some extent; so that the brig rode the seas in better shape, and began to make a decent lee roll, instead of continually hanging down to windward, as she had been doing in spite of the fierceness of the gale, and the force of the terrific seas that had been pounding against her.

At nine o'clock we could distinguish the land ahead; and, going forward, I made a long and thorough examination of the coast, through the glass, and satisfied myself that we were off Santa Anna. I ordered the man to keep a sharp lookout for any vessels ahead, as we ought soon to see the masts of the vessels that had been anchored a little way from us; but it was uncertain whether they had ridden out the gale in safety at their anchors, had succeeded in getting to sea, or had been unfortunate enough to have been driven ashore to leeward. As we approached still nearer, the deep-sea lead was brought up from below, and passed forward; the topsails were laid aback; and, as soon as the brig had lost most of her headway, the lead was hove.

Seventy fathoms, and no bottom! The yards were pulled around, and the brig filled away again; while the men hauled in and coiled down the line on the

house. Every half-hour the yards were backed, the lead thrown, and the same process gone through with again; till at three bells I felt the lead stop suddenly in its rapid downward course at sixty fathoms. I found the bottom of the lead filled with white sand and broken shell, which the sailing directions and chart showed to be the character of the bottom off Santa Anna.

We were about two miles from the shore. By the aid of the glass, I could now make out lights on the beach; and the whole "lay" of the land made me positive of our position, as I had become perfectly familiar with the elevations and indentations along the shore while we had been at anchor. If I had not been as positive as I was, I should never have dared to run head on to the shore, as it is a reckless thing to do at night-time; but the moon was shining almost as bright as day, and enabled us to see objects a long way ahead.

I could not make out any of the vessels that had been at anchor near us; and this made me think all the more strongly that they had slipped their moorings, or broken away, and run to sea, as we had done.

The lead showed fifty-five, fifty, and finally forty-five fathoms; at which mark the light sails were clewed up, and the anchor lowered from the rail. Going forward on to the forecastle, with a "top-mall" in my hand, I ordered the foresail hauled up; and then, waiting till we were as near our old moorings as I could make out from the faint shore-lights and a small hill back of the village, I shouted to the man

at the wheel, "Hard lee!" At the same time the head-sail halyards were thrown from the pins, the down-hauls manned, and the jibs came running down, their heavy hanks rattling merrily as they danced along the stays, apparently happy to be once more in port, and at rest from the continual slatting and banging to which they had been subjected. The brig answered her helm quickly, came round into the wind, and shot forward for several lengths, pitching gracefully over the long shore swells as they lifted her bow high out of the water; then, as the support moved from under her, she would fall into the sea. forcing the water up through the hawse-holes, and sending it streaming in little crooked lines towards the scuppers, and running out over the water-ways to join its element.

The topsails, filling aback as the brig came into the wind, gradually checked her speed; and, when her headway was nearly stopped, I hit the securing-pin that held the anchor in place. The catch sliding back, the bolt shot through the hole in the cat-head, and the entire weight of the anchor resting upon the bolt jerked it through like a flash; and, with a plunge that sent the spray all over me, the anchor began its rapid descent towards the bottom, dragging out the long range of chain. It whistled, creaked, and rattled over the windlass-barrel, and out through the hawse-hole, throwing the iron-rust and dirt in all directions, as it hurriedly sank into the water. Forty fathoms of chain ran out before the anchor reached bottom, and the chain ceased its rapid

downward motion. Ten fathoms more were easily dragged out; and, as a safeguard, we paid out till the sixty-fathom shackle rested on the windlass. The sails were hauled up and stowed: and the men were at once permitted to turn in, after one of the old sailors had been put on the anchor watch; I was determined not to trust any more fellows like Bill. I left orders that the watch should be changed every three hours, as the men were tired out, and it was no more than fair that the watch should be equally divided, at least among those whom I felt I could trust. I also ordered the man to call me every two hours, and to transmit this command to those that followed him. I did this as a precaution: for the men were so used up and sleepy from fatigue and excitement, that it would be a difficult matter for them to keep awake, without some such order; and I did not feel like admonishing them with any threats of violence, after all they had been through.

I ate as square a meal as it was possible for the "Elizabeth" to provide, and was not backward in helping myself to the delicacies which I had found in the captain's room while looking for the charts and sailing-directions during the storm. I regaled myself with a box of sardines, some olives, small crackers, and a small bottle of claret. I was too hungry to consider the consequences of my hearty meal, either from the captain, or from the indigestion that was likely to follow after turning in. I had not known before that the captain kept such good things in his room: they were never seen on the table, and he evidently intended them for his own private lunches.

I was called regularly through the night, as I had ordered; and at daybreak, when the cook was called, I told the man on the anchor watch to turn in, and get what sleep he could, and to tell the cook to speak to me if any thing occurred, or if any shore-boats were seen putting off towards the brig. I had been restless all night, having a dreadful nightmare from my midnight lunch; but, feeling better and very tired, I turned over, and at once dropped asleep again.

CHAPTER XX.

A LITTLE after six o'clock the cook called me, to say that a boat was coming directly towards us from the shore. I hurried on my clothes, and, going on deck, made out by the aid of the glass the captain, the consignee, and the stevedore and several of his men. They were eagerly scrutinizing the brig, and without doubt were wondering what misfortune had befallen us during our short absence. In a few moments the boat was alongside; and the captain, followed by the others, scrambled over the rail, shook hands with me, congratulated me on getting the brig back again so soon and safely, and wanted to know, faster than I could tell him, all about the trip, how the gale had struck us, what mishaps had occurred, and to what extent the brig had been damaged. I had never seen the captain quite so happy and good-natured. He patted me on the shoulder, called me all the pet names imaginable, and made me feel like a hero who had done some very daring and unheard-of thing, and was now receiving his reward.

The damage to the brig, considering what she had been through, was very slight: the most important was the loss of the stanchions that supported the

deck-beams, and the opening of the seams in the deck, forward and along the water-ways, from which the oakum had worked while the vessel was violently straining and wrenching in the heavy seas. It did not take very long to repair these damages. The logs that we had been compelled to cut loose when the brig parted her moorings had drifted ashore about two miles down the beach, and had there been secured.

The men were permitted to sleep till nine o'clock, when they were turned out for breakfast; and, except for attending to some few small jobs about the decks, they were allowed the time to themselves for the rest of the day.

There was a raft of logs tied up at the mouth of the river for us, but it was two days before the water was smooth enough for them to be brought off.

Of the three vessels that had been at anchor to the eastward of us, one had broken adrift; and, unable to get sufficient sail set, — one piece after another being blown away by the gale, — she had gone ashore stern first. Her other anchor had been dropped when it was seen that the sails could do no good; but it dragged along on the bottom, getting no hold whatever. In a few moments the vessel struck heavily, and was soon piled up on the beach. The heavy seas, sweeping completely over her decks, took every thing movable along with them: in another instant the masts went by the board, and, tearing up the decks, allowed the water to pour in torrents into the hold; and, the seams opening, the water ran in and

out of her as through a sieve. Two of the men were drowned in attempting to swim ashore with a line; but a third was more successful, and, having safely reached the beach, hauled in after him a larger rope which he fastened to a tree: this the men on board the vessel hauled taut, and by its aid reached the beach safely, but in an exhausted condition.

The other vessels had taken every thing in time, not having been caught unawares; and, getting their heavy sails set, they slipped their anchors, which had been previously buoyed with a long spar. As soon as every thing was ready, the helm was put up, the head-sails drawn well to windward, and the cable let go; as it rattled out through the hawse-hole and splashed into the water, the vessels filled away, and, standing off shore, secured an abundance of sea-room, with which, so long as their sails held, there was little danger of going ashore. After remaining at sea till the gale had blown over, it was an easy matter to run back, pick up the end of the cable, and, taking it to the windlass, reshackle it, and heave in till the vessel rode with the same hawse as before.

The next day the captain went on shore, taking three men with him in the boat. As there was a light breeze, the sails were set to help the men using the oars. They returned towards noon, bringing an eight-hundred-pound anchor, which the captain had purchased from a wrecker, to take the place of our lost bower. It was of the kedge-anchor pattern, with a movable iron stock, which could be unshipped, and swung around alongside the shank of the anchor:

this would diminish the amount of room needed for stowing it, and make it a great deal more convenient to handle. This kind of anchor is intended to be used in hauling ship. For this purpose the anchor is taken over the stern of the ship's boat, and held there by a slip-rope passed through the ring in the head of the anchor, and secured to a thwart in the boat; the boat is then rowed some distance ahead of the vessel in the direction she is to haul; a man in the stern-sheets pays out the rope, of which one end is fastened to the anchor, while the other is retained on board the vessel. As soon as the rope has all run out from the large coil in the bottom of the boat, the slip-rope is cast off, and the anchor goes to the bottom; the slack of the rope is then hauled in on board the vessel, hand over hand, and taken to the capstan, where a strain is brought to bear on the kedge, the ship's anchor is lifted, and the vessel is hauled ahead till she comes up to the kedge, when the larger anchor is again dropped; the kedge is then brought to the surface, and again carried forward in the boat, and the entire process is repeated till the vessel has been hauled as far as desired.

Having heard that there was to be a fandango on shore Sunday evening, I decided to attend; and when afternoon came, I asked the cook, whom I liked very well, to go along with me. We took two men in the boat, and reached the shore at about four o'clock. Leaving the men in charge of the boat, with strict orders for one of them to stay by and look out for her, Stevens and myself strolled up

the beach to the village. We sauntered leisurely through the narrow streets, passing many houses in front of which stretched in hammocks, or full length on the ground, were men, women, and children, some asleep, others smoking, laughing and chatting, and enjoying themselves in a lazy manner. Hearing some one calling our names, and looking round, we found the stevedore coming towards us: he had seen us passing, and so called out. Handing us some cigarettes, he said he would take us about the village, and show us what there was to be seen, and also go with us in the evening. The fandango did not begin till nine o'clock, so we had several hours of leisure time on our hands. The small hill back of the village shut off what little wind there was; and as the sun's rays had a clean sweep of the place, we found the heat very oppressive. By invitation of the stevedore, whose home was at Frontera, we went to the inn where he was lodging while at Santa Anna. This inn was divided by a thin bamboo partition into two rooms, the larger of which, about fifteen feet square, served the double purpose of parlor and dining-room; while the smaller, which was not much larger than a medium-sized closet, was used as the kitchen. The furniture of the larger room consisted of a table about eight feet long, made of rough unplaned boards placed upon forked sticks stuck into the ground, and fastened by wooden pins. On each side of the table was a rough bench, hewn from a solid log of cedar, and, without much doubt, continually kept in its place, for it was altogether

too heavy for any one to attempt to move. Through the doorway that led into the kitchen, I could see a large, fat, dirty Indian woman, stirring a steaming concoction in a large vessel on the fire. This, I presumed, was to be the supper for the guests of the inn. Around the house were several orange-trees, laden with fruit; and from these hung two or three hammocks, into which we rolled, and smoked our cigarettes, enjoying ourselves with that relaxing sense of comfort that one feels on getting into a shady and comfortable nook, after the fatigue and exhaustion caused by the heat of a tropical sun.

The inn was at the head of a narrow, crooked street, along which, on each side, were several houses, or rather huts. These had walls built of canes about ten feet long, with their larger ends resting on the ground, and, at intervals of every two or three feet, wickered together. The roofs were also made of canes, some of them laid on flat, others running up to a point, and thatched with large palm-leaves put on thick in layers, so as not to be penetrated by the torrents of rain that fall for days together during the wet season. For the most part, these houses are small, filthy hovels, containing only one room, twelve or fourteen feet square, with a chimney in one corner, built of flat pieces of stone, held together by coarse red mortar. At the lower part of the chimney is a hole in which the fire is built; and above the fire, from an iron crane fastened into the side of the chimney, swings a kettle in which all the food is cooked. Among these huts, an

occasional house built of flat stone or unburnt brick was to be seen belonging to the better and more prosperous class of the villagers. In front of many of them were small enclosures containing two or three orange and lemon trees, and tropical flowers in abundance; while behind most of the houses lay a small patch of red peppers (*chili*), of which the Mexicans are very fond. I was given some of these peppers before leaving Santa Anna; and, preserving them in brandy, I took them home with me. They proved very good, as all of my friends that had an opportunity of trying them declared.

Filth and laziness were apparent, both within and without these hovels. Hogs, jackasses, hens, and buzzards wandered about the streets with the freedom of a resident of the town; as indeed they were, and cleaner and much more orderly than most of the natives.

Just outside the village were several fairly large cornfields. Besides the corn, wheat and barley are raised to some extent; but the wheat is dear, and is used for bread only by the better classes, while the Indian corn is the staple article of food, and is used largely in making *tortillas*. The *tortilla* is made by soaking the corn in water till it is quite soft, then grinding it on a smooth stone till it is sufficiently fine, when a large proportion of powdered *chili* and some other ingredients are worked in. The mixture is then spread out in a thin layer on a flat stone, placed on the coals, and baked till it is crisp and brown, and in appearance and taste very much like our common corn or "johnny" cake.

At a little after six o'clock the stevedore invited us into the inn to supper, which the woman had announced as ready; and we seated ourselves around the table. There were two others present, who sat opposite to me, — one an old Spaniard who owned some large forests of mahogany and cedar up the river, and who was on his way from Vera Cruz, where he lived, to attend to his property; the other was a gaudily attired native, who was to take part, as the stevedore informed me, in the evening's entertainment. In the middle of the table was the large, soot-begrimed kettle, that I had seen on the fire. Each one helped himself, dipping out with a long-handled gourd as much of the hotchpotch as his appetite prompted him to take. Earthen dishes served as plates; while horn-spoons, our pocket-knives, and fingers took the place of more modern eating-utensils. I examined the portion of the conglomeration that I had bailed out, and, as nearly as I could determine, found it to be a mixture of pork and mutton, with an occasional stray piece of chicken floating about. It contained, besides, all the native vegetables, — cabbages, yams, beans, onions, tomatoes, and red peppers; the latter being in great abundance, and making the concoction very hot and strong. All of these had been cooked together, — meat, vegetables, and all. And it made very little difference which part I selected, for no article had its proper flavor: the mutton tasted like pork, and the pork like mutton; while cabbage tasted like tomato, and tomato like cabbage; so that, except by the ap-

pearance of the different ingredients, it would have been impossible to tell one thing from another. I ate very little of the mess; but noticed that the others, with the exception of Stevens, seemed very fond of it, and refilled their dishes several times.

Oranges and bananas were the other eatables on the table, and to these I helped myself freely. The woman in charge of the establishment brought us gourds filled with milk, palm-wine, and *aguardiente.* The latter I had tasted before, and given up as altogether too strong; but the palm-wine I found delicious, and it was not necessary to urge me to have my gourd refilled. The dress of our hostess might have shocked our modesty, if we had not already become accustomed to the scanty wearing-apparel of the native Mexican women. As nearly as I could determine from observation, all she had on was a thin skirt of calico, drawn in and fastened about the waist, and hanging down loosely just below the knees. Her robust figure was not particularly charming or graceful, and I was not surprised when the stevedore informed me that she was not married.

Having some time yet to wait, we lighted some cigars; and the sun having gone down, and so allowed the air to cool a little, we strolled out through the streets, and walked down toward the beach to see if our boat was all right. One of the men was sitting in the boat, leisurely smoking his pipe, as we approached. I tossed him a picayune, and told him to get a drink of brandy, while we sat down on the edge of the boat, which was drawn up

on the sand, and enjoyed our cigars. We had been seated but a few minutes when we were startled by a rumbling noise near the shore, a little way up the river. The noise, getting louder and louder, was approaching nearer each moment; and we could now distinctly hear the snapping and cracking of the dry branches and twigs on the ground, as if some heavy objects were crushing them. A moment later several horsemen dashed out through the bushes, and quickly scattered up and down the beach at a considerable distance apart. They were dressed in leathern jackets and breeches, and wore large sombreros, and long-legged untanned boots, with huge spurs which they did not mind digging into the flanks of their handsome, fiery mustangs. Over the high pommel of the saddle was coiled a lasso, which these herders (as they proved to be) are very skilful in using. In a moment, with a rush and a noise like thunder, a herd of several hundred head of wild cattle came bellowing and scampering out through the bushes, driven on by the shouts and yells of the drivers behind. The men on the beach at once set up a great shouting, and, burying their spurs into the sides of their horses, dashed along the edge of the herd, to prevent the beasts from scattering along the beach. Forced ahead by the lashes of the herders, the cattle jumped into the water, and swam directly across to the other side of the river, guided by the men, who swam their horses alongside. They rushed up the opposite bank, and disappeared from view; but for some time we could hear a muffled,

rumbling sound, and the occasional shouts of the men. The stevedore said that these cattle were moving from one pasture to another. This is occasionally done when the grass in any grazing locality is worn down by continual browsing. The beasts are permitted to roam wild over a large territory, each of them being branded on the flank with a letter or mark peculiar to the owner. When they are to be caught, they are lassoed by the *rancheros* on horseback; and, having all been got together, they are driven to new pasture-lands, and allowed to wander about and feed as before. The cattle are raised for their hides, horns, and tallow, which are shipped in the raw state, principally to Europe. Some of the meat is eaten; but most of it is burned, to get clear of it, as the climate is too hot for it to keep any length of time, and there is a great deal more beef than the demand requires.

The man having returned to the boat, "three sheets in the wind," "riding a high hawse," and, as he said, "feeling like a new man, with a warm drop in his locker," we left him, and walked up the beach toward the building where the fandango was to take place. We were too early, and so lingered about the building. It contained but one room, about thirty feet square, with a slightly raised platform in the middle, on which the dancing was to take place. There were no seats for the lookers-on. Half an hour before the time for the dancing to begin, we heard the sounds of violins, guitars, and some sort of wind-instruments, from within. Purchasing our

tickets, we entered, and stood among the gathering crowd, made up of men, women, and children, all dressed in holiday attire, and gayly chatting and laughing with one another. The musicians, from a balcony in one corner of the room, discoursed some lively and very pretty music. The people crowded in so rapidly that there was hardly room enough left for the dancers; who soon made their appearance, coming in through a side entrance, arm in arm. This was the signal for shouting and hand-clapping on the part of the people, and an extra effort from the orchestra. There were six couples on the platform. The women, or rather young girls, were handsome, plump, dark-haired natives, with remarkably light complexions, indicating an admixture of Spanish blood. Their beauty was greatly enhanced by their large black eyes, and heavy, dark, silken lashes; and their smiling countenances and gay manners added much to their attractiveness. Their dresses were very brilliant, cut low in the neck, with skirts reaching nearly to their feet; which latter were incased in dainty embroidered slippers, that showed off their small feet to great advantage. Red was the prevailing color of the dresses, which were richly embroidered in gold, and covered with ornaments; around their necks were bright handkerchiefs, and brilliant silk scarfs were tied about their waists. Their dark hair was twisted in a coil on the top of the head, covered by the traditional mantilla, and held in place by a large tortoise-shell comb.

The men were all young, and gayly dressed in

short round jackets, knee-breeches of bright colors, white stockings, and low morocco shoes. The dance began at once, and was indeed peculiar. The women glided about very modestly and gracefully, sliding a few steps forward, then back again, hardly moving their feet from the floor, and keeping exact time with the music. Their actions were very quiet and grave; and I began to think it a very tame affair, as compared with what the glowing accounts given of the dance had led me to expect. The men danced with more animation and spirit, and were alive from the start. They would glide between, then swing gracefully around their partners, and step daintily to one side, hardly touching their feet to the floor in their rapid movements; again, they would move smoothly along the floor, balance on tiptoe, and, with no apparent effort, whirl rapidly through the air, perfectly balanced all the time, and again "*chasser*" to one side, to glide out between their partners once more; thus the dance continued for a few minutes, when the music stopped, and, with disappointment depicted in my face, I inquired if that was all. In a moment the music began again, this time very lively; and the new spirit that seemed infused into the dancers, especially the women, was wonderful. They were now the active participators in the dance, and seemed to be trying to make up for their previous quietness. Instead of permitting their hands to hang quietly down by their sides, as they had done, they gracefully drew up the folds of their dresses at either side, showing their well-

rounded ankles, daintily covered with bright-colored stockings, crossed and recrossed from the ankles to the knees with silken braid. Most gracefully and prettily they glided about the floor, balancing first on one foot, then on the other, keeping perfect time with the music; now dropping the folds of their dresses, they accompanied themselves with castanets, as they slid between their partners with their arms daintily poised above their heads; again catching up their dresses, they whirled around on one foot, like lightning, their skirts flying out with each movement. Thus far the dancing had not been fantastic in the least; but the music now stopped hardly long enough to allow the dancers time to breathe, and started again with a slightly quicker movement and a different time. The dancing on the part of the men was now grotesque, and their actions ludicrous. The apparent modesty of the women had entirely disappeared, and we were now treated to a few graceful performances on their part. The men twisted themselves into all sorts of contortions, and struck every possible attitude, winding their flexible legs into all conceivable shapes: standing on tiptoe on one foot, they would lightly glide the other over the head of first one woman, then another; but these movements were tame compared with the gyrations of the women. The beautiful figures of the girls — the glowing colors adding to their personal charms — whirled through the swift, delirious dance, which, at times, resembled very much the tarantella. The grace and beauty of the young girls enchanted the lookers-on,

who enthusiastically applauded their movements; and, as one step pleased more than another, the people became wild with delight. First pirouetting with their arms curved, and resting lightly on their hips, then daintily wheeling on one foot, with the greatest ease and without any apparent effort, they would glide smoothly to one side in the most exquisite manner, gracefully gathering in their hands the light folds of their dresses; and with eyes and cheeks radiant with excitement they whirled again into the middle of the floor, elevating one foot high in the air, then the other, or gracefully kicking a hat or a handkerchief from the hand of their partner as they glided past each other. This was continued for a few moments: then, with a series of pirouettes, followed by low courtesies, loud music from the orchestra, a confused hum of voices, shouts of delight, and hats thrown into the air, the dance was ended. The dancers departed as they had come, but not, however, readily; for, as they passed though the crowd, several of the young men ran up behind them, and endeavored to throw their large sombreros over their heads; those that were successful in planting their hats on the heads of the girls then eagerly followed behind. Some of the girls threw off the hats at once; while others kept them on till they were claimed by their owners, this signifying their willingness to accept the owner of the hat as their escort for the remainder of the evening. We at once left the building, and hastened down to the beach. The night was clear and bright; and, getting into the boat, we pulled at once for the brig, and were soon on board.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE logs came along slowly, and it was often necessary for us to wait three or four days between the rafts. These were taken on board, and stowed as fast as they were brought off. Meanwhile there were the regular ship's duties to be performed, so that the intervals were not idly spent. While in port the men were permitted to get their breakfast before turning to; then the decks were washed down, scrubbed, swabbed, and swept dry, and the ropes coiled up and laid on the pins. It is not thought a mark of good discipline to allow sailors to loiter about the decks: they must be kept at work at something, and he is considered a very poor mate that cannot find enough work to keep the men continually busy. All the running and standing rigging must be overhauled, and repaired where it is necessary; splices must be put in where a rope is chafed or stranded, and the fag-ends of the ropes must be whipped and trimmed; the shrouds, especially "the swifter," and the back-stays, must be parcelled in places where there is any likelihood of the spars, sails, or braces chafing. This is done by first covering the part to be parcelled with a handful of tar,

and then serving it with marline, spun-yarn, or sennit. This latter is most commonly used, and is made on board ship in the spare intervals, — as, for instance, between squalls when there is not sufficient time to put the men at any long job, but when, although a squall might be expected at any moment, it would be considered a great piece of neglect and inexcusable laxity of discipline on the part of the officers if the men were permitted to stand about the decks or lean against the rail. Sennit is made by braiding together three or more rope-yarns or pieces of spun-yarn into a flat piece of cordage, which, being well greased, and served on to the rigging with a serving-board, and the assistance, oftentimes, of a boy to pass the ball, makes excellent chafing-gear, and is not only used on the standing-rigging, but also a great deal on pennants and stays, and sometimes on sheets and block-straps. The most common chafing-gear for back-stays, and also for the fore and aft stays, where the bunt of the square sails frequently chafes, consists of battens, made of long strips of wood hollowed out on the inside, and rounded outside; at either end of the batten, and sometimes at its middle, is a small nick in which the spun-yarn, or whatever is used for a seizing, may fit tightly, and hold the batten firmly in its place on the front of the stay. These battens are continually getting loose, worn out, and chafed off, and require a great deal of attention. Capt. Bradley decided that the bulwarks, which we had been all the way from Cardiff to Vera Cruz scraping and getting clean, must now

be painted again, the same color as before; and besides this, the iron-mast and yard-bands, all the blocks, the mast-heads, yard-arms, end of the jib-boom, the "dolphin-striker," chain-plates, and, indeed, nearly every thing else about the vessel that could be painted, was given one or two coats of paint; the iron-work red, the wood-work white.

The native Mexicans manufacture cigars in great numbers: so, while on shore one afternoon, I made a bargain with a young Mexican girl, who had come in from the country, for a lot that she had for sale. With the assistance of the stevedore, who was with me, I exchanged for two hundred cigars, a thick red Havre shirt which I had purchased while in Europe, and which being waterproof, and easily slipped on outside my clothing, I had brought on shore with me, for it looked as if it might shower at any moment. I had worn the shirt a great deal at sea, but it was still in good condition. The girl was delighted with it; and, slipping it on over her bare shoulders, she smilingly dropped us a courtesy, and departed into the country. I later purchased several pounds of leaf-tobacco, — which can be obtained very cheap in the raw state, — and having stripped the leaves from the stems, and sprinkled them with brandy, made them into a roll about a foot long, and pointed at both ends, around this I tightly wound a long piece of light-colored Mexican spun-yarn. I kept the tobacco in this shape for a long time; and when I finally opened it, it was the most delicious smoking-tobacco I had ever tasted.

We lay off Santa Anna three weeks before we got logs enough to fill the hold; and it was a joyful day when the last log was lowered into the hold, jammed into a narrow crevice just large enough to contain it, and wedged in with dunnage to prevent any possibility of shifting when we should strike into a heavy sea. The hatches were put on and calked, the tarpaulins laid and battened down, the hatch-bars stretched across and pinned to the staple, and the decks cleared and made ready for the deck-load, which we were to begin to take on board the following day. Friday night of the same week, every log that we were to take was on board and stowed. We had even a larger number of logs on deck than when we went across to Havre. They were stowed six feet deep, and aft butted snug up against the cabin, while forward there was just room enough left to work the anchor-chains. The lashing-planks were stretched across the top of the logs, and securely fastened at either end to the bulwarks.

The captain had been on shore all day settling up his business, so that we might sail the following day. He left the brig early in the morning, going alone in the boat, and using the sails, so as to take none of the crew away from the brig, there being so much to do on board before going to sea. I had been writing up the log-book, and at nine o'clock went on deck to see if the boat was yet in sight; but I could see nothing of her. It was a clear moonlight night, and a slight ground-swell lifted and dropped the old brig as she rode easily at her moorings; a light

breeze was blowing off shore, favorable for the boat. I sat down on the top of the cabin, lighted my pipe, and was quietly meditating, when the cook, who had been attending to his duties in the cabin, came on deck, and, passing forward, called my attention to a bark that was standing in towards the coast about a mile to the northward of us. She was under full sail; and from her course I imagined that she had just come down the coast, perhaps from Vera Cruz, and probably for mahogany. She was no more than a quarter of a mile away from the shore, and acted so strangely that it was no wonder that she attracted the cook's attention more than the mere arrival of a vessel in port would otherwise have done. Unless those on board of her were perfectly familiar with the coast, they were very reckless in standing head on to the shore in the night-time, under full sail. We could not imagine why her light sails were not taken in, and were expecting every moment to see her come about and stand off shore, or come to anchor. We watched her intently, and were beginning to think that every one on board of the vessel must be either asleep, or else so drunk that they did not know what they were about, when suddenly her head-sails began to shake, and she came slowly up into the wind. We expected to see her come about, and stand off on the other tack in safety; but instead of her head-sails filling aback, and bringing her round on to the other tack, she missed stays, filled away as she was before, and once more stood in towards the shore, which could

not have been half a dozen ship-lengths ahead of her at the time. It seemed to us now impossible for those on the bark to keep their vessel off the shore; and it was difficult to imagine what the officers of the bark could have been thinking about, to stand in so near the shore before attempting to come in stays. Without again trying to bring the bark about, she was kept directly for the beach; and in a moment more she brought up head on, with every thing standing. It was evident enough by this time, why the bark had been manœuvring so; and the seemingly peculiar proceedings of those on board the vessel were now sufficiently clear. The whole eastern coast of Mexico is lined with wrecks of vessels, many of which have been run directly ashore as this one was, on a clear moonlight night, with a light breeze and a smooth sea. As in this case, they are usually run on to some sandy beach, so that those on board can easily escape to the shore. The vessel that is to be run on shore — and, mind you, all the plans are pre-arranged by the captain and the owners of the vessel — is usually an old one, for which it is difficult to find paying freights, on account of her age and unseaworthy condition. A heavy insurance is effected in some underhand manner; and the vessel being chartered for an out-of-the-way place, — as, for instance, some of the ports along the lower Mexican coast, where there is very little chance of an investigation, — she is run on shore, usually some fine night, so that there may not be too many lookers-on. The crew of the vessel

may be bribed not to inform against the captain; or the captain may take the matter entirely in his own hands, and say nothing either to the officers or men about his intentions. Standing in towards the coast, as this bark had done, and getting very near the shore, he gives the orders for tacking ship. Every thing, so far as the crew know, is done to bring the vessel about; but as the captain is standing aft near the wheel,—possibly having it in his own hands,—it is a very easy matter for him to throw the wheel up after the vessel has begun to come into the wind. Instead of coming around, the head-sails fill again, and the vessel mis-stays, once more stands in towards the shore, and a moment later is piled up high and dry on the beach. It is seldom that any lives are lost, and generally all hands save every thing that belongs to them. The sails, spars, rigging, anchors and chains, and every other movable thing, are stripped from the vessel, and sold for what they will bring. No attempt is made to get her off, as might be done in more thickly settled places where there are facilities for such work. This part of the Mexican coast is especially chosen by shipmasters who intend to dispose of their vessels, because of its inaccessibility to interested parties such as the underwriters or their agents. I was told afterwards that an English brig had been run on shore some two or three months before, in broad daylight, when her peculiar actions could be seen, and were especially noticed from the vessels that were lying at anchor near by. After the sails were set, the captain

got all hands drunk, and the vessel was headed for the shore. It was said that the mate was so stupid from the effects of liquor, that he could not get out of his berth. The captain was at the wheel, and, when the brig was within a few lengths of the shore, gave the order to tack ship; but only one or two of the men were in condition to do any thing, and the captain, instead of putting the helm down, kept the vessel straight for the shore, and in a few minutes she struck.

I sat on top of the cabin for some time after the bark went ashore, leisurely smoking, and talking with the cook, who was a very intelligent fellow, and ought to have been filling a better position than that of cook of an hermaphrodite brig. It seemed strange that the captain did not come off; and I was beginning to think that he must have been detained by his business, and had decided to stay on shore for the night, when I discerned, just within the bar at the mouth of the river, a small white speck, which, with the aid of my glass, I made out to be our boat. The wind was light, and the boat came along slowly. The current swept the boat out over the bar, and, for a few minutes, it came along directly towards us; then the course was changed up the coast; then, suddenly coming about, the boat moved down in an opposite direction. It was difficult to account for these mysterious actions, unless the captain had been on one of his sprees. This was more than probable; for he was in the habit of celebrating the last night in port with the ship-chandlers,

consignees, and brokers with whom he had done business, or any captains whom he might have met during his stay. One moment the boat would be pointing towards the brig; the next, back again towards the shore; then up the coast, then down; and acted very much as if she had no steering-gear whatever. Ordinarily it would have required but a few minutes to sail the boat from the mouth of the river to the brig, but now it was fully an hour before the boat got within hailing-distance. I could see the captain sitting, with his coat off, in the stern-sheets, steering the boat. As good luck would have it, he managed to get the boat headed for the brig; and, as the wind was fair and getting quite fresh, she came along rapidly. Imagining the captain's condition, I got on the rail, taking a small coil of rope in my hand, ready to leap into the boat as soon as she came alongside. It was fortunate that I took this precaution; for instead of luffing the boat, so as to check her headway, the captain steered her head on; and, as the boat was moving at a rapid pace, she came crashing against the side of the brig, just forward of the main channels, as she struck, I jumped into the bow, and caught a turn around the mast with the rope which I had in my hand. The bow of the boat was completely crushed in from the force of the blow, and the water was pouring in in torrents. Without any assistance, the captain caught hold of the chain-plates, and clambered on board. In the bottom of the boat were black beans, rice, Indian corn, and other provisions, upset and floating about

in the water. I passed up all that remained in the baskets and bags, then climbed on deck, and dropped the boat astern for the night: she could not sink, and would have to be taken on board in the morning for repairs. While I was fastening the boat, the captain came on deck through the after companion-way. I had never seen him so excited before. He had evidently been drinking, but it was not merely liquor that had worked him up to the condition he was now in. The first thing he wanted to know was, if I could navigate the brig across to Key West; and said that I might have to, as he did not expect to go in her himself. A moment later he said he thought we had better slip the anchors, and run to sea at once, and get out of the infernal place. He soon, however, quieted down sufficiently to tell me what had been going on. He said he had been at the consignee's, settling with him, and paying the stevedore's bills, and all others that had been contracted. He had been obliged to draw a considerable part of the freight-money; and, after paying all the bills, had quite a sum of money left, in a small canvas bag in his pocket. It was late in the evening when, all the business having been finished, he went down to the boat, and was just pushing off from the shore, when he heard a noise behind him. Turning quickly, he saw several natives creeping towards him from the shrubbery that lined the beach. As soon as they found that they were seen, they increased their speed, and, brandishing their huge knives in the air, gave vent to a savage yell, and ran rapidly towards

the boat. The captain quickly pushed off from the beach, and jumped in just as the Mexicans rushed into the water, and grasped the gunwale. Before they could get into the boat, two of them were knocked over by a blow on the head from the oar with which the captain was trying to push the boat into deeper water. The attack was continued by the remainder of the men, who succeeded in getting the oar away from the captain, who by this time was thoroughly wrought up to a state of the greatest excitement and desperation. He succeeded in keeping the men back; but lost both oars, split the boat's rudder into pieces over their heads, and, using the thwarts as a last resort, he lost all but one of them. The boat had been getting into deeper water all this time; and the blows that had been dealt the men drove them away towards the shore with howls of pain and disgust at the failure of their attempt to get at the captain. He at once set the sails; and the light breeze, together with the outward current, began to move the boat towards the bar. The captain found great difficulty in steering with the thwart that alone remained. As soon as the boat was well under way, he looked around, and saw the men run down the beach towards the bar. The water in some places was not more than three feet deep; and it would not be a difficult matter for the men to station themselves along the bar, and intercept the boat. He soon perceived that this was what they intended doing; and, as the boat swept downward, he could see them standing about ten feet apart, up

to their waists in the water. The captain saw the difficulties with which he must contend: his only weapon was the thwart with which he was steering. But he had no intention of turning back, and could have gained nothing if he had done so, for the men could easily have pursued him in their dug-outs; and if he went on shore, they could overcome him still easier. He was now but a short distance from the bar, and could easily see the men brandishing their long knives, and intently waiting till the boat came within their reach. The only chance for the captain was to be able to beat them off till the boat could be swept out of their power by the wind and current, both of which were favorable. The bar was not very wide; and the place where the men were standing was only a narrow belt, with deep water on either side. When the boat was almost up with the men, they all rushed to the part of the bar where the boat must cross. In a moment one of them grasped the bow of the boat, and began to climb over; while the rest (five or six in number) seized hold of the gunwale. But before they could clamber over, the captain began to use the heavy oaken thwart. This he was very careful to hold securely; for, if he should lose it, he would at once be in their power. The blows fell thick and heavy on the heads of the ruffians, and with good effect; for in a moment they had all fled for the shore, shouting out oaths and curses at the captain, and with howls of pain they disappeared from sight; while the boat swept out over the bar, and reached the brig without further

incident, except the difficulty in steering that I have already mentioned.

The men were evidently specimens of the cut-throats and robbers with which all the Mexican villages are infested. They had probably been informed that the captain had some money about him, or perhaps, knowing that he was settling up to leave port, imagined that he would have money about his person, and so had laid in wait for him. They did not know the man they had to deal with, and were probably much surprised at the result of their attack. The captain calmed down gradually while telling me about this adventure, and said he should not go on shore again, as any one of the men who had attacked him might, through malice at the treatment they had received, run a knife into him without a moment's warning. He was even afraid that they might get together a crowd of their villanous companions, and board the brig in search of him. Of such a foolhardy attack, however, there seemed to be no probability; for unless they took us wholly by surprise or boarded us in large numbers, — of which there was little chance, — it would be quite impossible for them to touch our deck. The night passed quietly, and nothing more was heard from the robbers.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE following morning, Sept. 18, all hands were called at daybreak; and the windlass was manned, and the anchor hove short, to "Lowlands," the wildest and most weird of all sailor-songs, led by the second mate. As soon as the hawse was nearly up-and-down, the men were sent below for their breakfast. The wind was very light, but was off shore, the land-breeze of the tropics. The captain was walking the poop, very impatient and desirous of getting away; but he could not leave till the stevedore came off with some papers that could not be filled out the day before.

We had been on the coast nearly three months, and, all in all, had had a hard time. It was not with sorrow that I thought of leaving the place, and getting back to Boston. Nearly a year had passed since we left New York; and I looked forward with delight to my arrival home, where I knew a hearty welcome was ready for me. I had received several letters from home while at Vera Cruz, but they had been awaiting my coming nearly two months. Since going down the coast I had heard no direct news from the States, and it was natural that I should be somewhat anxious regarding my friends and their affairs.

It was eight o'clock before the stevedore put in an appearance, and explained to the captain the cause of the delay. He said that the men who had attacked the captain, the night before, were a notorious set of thieves and cut-throats, who had several times attempted the same thing with captains just before leaving port, and usually had been successful in securing their booty without much resistance. The stevedore was dressed in a new suit of clothes, and looked very fine with a brilliant scarf tied around his waist, a large sombrero on his head, and a pair of tan-colored, high-heeled morocco shoes incasing his otherwise large and clumsy feet, which had always been bare before. I had noticed the propensity of the stevedore and some of his men to use their ears for pockets: at this time the stevedore had several matches behind one ear, a long cigar behind the other, while both of them were filled with small silver change. He told me there was no risk of losing the silver, and said it was a very convenient place to keep it. He presented me with a bundle of sugar-cane and a large basket of delicious oranges, with which I afterwards often regaled myself in the night-time, when it was my watch on deck. The sugar-cane was in pieces about three feet long, and was to be eaten by splitting open the cane, and scooping out the pulp, which was soft and most delightful to the taste. It is very fattening, and the natives eat a great abundance of it during the season.

The order was at once given to get under way. "All hands lay aloft, and loosen the square sails!"

I shouted to the men, who were lounging about the decks waiting for the command. They sprang nimbly into the rigging, and in a few moments every square sail was dropped from the yards. The men then descended to the deck, leaving one hand in the top to overhaul the buntlines and clewlines, and shake the sails clear. The topsail-sheets were bowsed home, the halyards manned, and the yard mast-headed, to "Shanandore, I love your daughter!" led off by the second mate, and the lusty chorus, "Hurrah, you rollin' river!" which the men howled forth with vim as the yard moved skyward. Every square sail was soon sheeted home, and hoisted up, excepting the foresail, which was left hanging in the brails from which it could be dropped in a moment. The mainsail was run up hand over hand, the gaff-topsail sheeted home and hoisted away, while the headsails were lying loose on the bowsprit, all ready to run up.

"Man the windlass, and heave away!"

The pawls of the windlass rattled merrily for a few minutes, the anchor had already been hove short, and it was not long before the strain on the anchor began to show itself by the slower movements of the windlass, as the bow of the brig was hove up over the anchor. As the vessel pitched on the swell, and dipped her bow into the hollow of a sea, the windlass-brakes were rapidly worked up and down to get in the slack of the chain before she again rose on the swell. As she lifted her bow, the chain would harshly grate and grind in the hawse-hole as it straightened

out and brought the windlass to a standstill. "Heave hearty, men! Heave, and raise the dead!" I shouted out, encouraging the men: they worked with a will, and it took but a moment to break the anchor from the holding-ground. With a few long and hearty up-and-down heaves of the windlass-brakes, the anchor came to the surface, and poked its dirty head out of the water. "Heave and pawl! 'Vast heaving!" Meanwhile the helm had been put hard up, the jib "two blocked," and the old brig, paying off slowly, moved seaward, turning tail to the "last place God ever made," as the captain called it; and our homeward voyage was begun. Every rag of canvas was set; but the wind was so light that, at the best, the brig was not making more than three knots.

"Cat-and-fish the anchor!"

The men were wide awake, and little urging was required to keep them at work. The anchor was soon at the cat-head, with the shank and flukes on the rail, and stowed, as we all hoped, for the last time. Halyards, sheets, and braces were coiled up and laid on the pins out of the way; and every movable thing about the decks was put below or securely lashed, so that there should be no possibility of losing any thing if we should strike into rough weather, which we might do at any time, although at this season of the year we might expect a pleasant voyage.

The men had been having all night in for some time; and, as there was the usual amount of work to

be done that there always is just after leaving port, they were now kept on deck all day, so that every thing might be straightened out and put in ship-shape order. All of the standing-rigging had become greatly slackened from the continual rolling to which the brig had been subjected while tumbling about in the seas and heavy swell at anchor off Santa Anna. This needed immediate attention, else we might lose some of our spars the first wind we should get. The men were divided into two sets; and equipped with marline-spikes, spun-yarn, slush and tar pots, watch-tackles and straps, were put to work, one set on the lee fore, the other on the lee main rigging, which was hanging slack, and could be easily taken in. The coverings and mattings which act as chafing-gear must be peeled off, the seizings cut, the half-hitches taken out of the lanyards, which are unrove, slushed down, rerove, and bowsed taut with the watch-tackle hooked into a small strap some dozen feet up the rigging. The lanyard is pounded with a belaying-pin, and twisted and pried with marline-spikes and capstan-bars till it comes down to the required mark, when a seizing is hove on, a couple of loose hitches are thrown over the dead-eye, and the tackle is "come up" with. The coverings are then loosely replaced, and the next shroud is served the same way. It took several days to get the rigging into good shape. After the lower rigging, came the topmast and topgallant rigging, the topmast, topgallant, and royal backstays, and all the fore and aft stays. These last are

the worst of them all, for it is necessary to be very particular with them. A mast must stand just so, — neither too far forward nor aft; and all the masts must rake alike. It is impossible to stay a mast forward without slacking up the opposing stay, which must again be set up when the mast is in the desired position. After all the stays were set up, then the lanyards must be hitched, hove taut, and seized; the ends tucked away; the chafing-gear tacked on with spun-yarn or marline, and laced up crosswise within the outer lanyard: the process is then complete.

The boat, which had been smashed during the captain's last trip from Santa Anna, had been taken on deck before sailing, and lay bottom up on the deck-load between the fore and main masts. I succeeded in repairing her sufficiently well for an emergency; but she had struck the brig with such force as to knock in the stem, and crack and break several of the streaks, so that new ones were needed in their place. We did not have the facilities for repairing thoroughly, and so made the best shift possible under the circumstances.

In the afternoon I divided the men into the watches, and took the two Germans, the English boy, and Bill — who could not be considered of much use — in my watch. We did not have our full complement of men; but, it being summer season, we should probably get along all right.

At eight bells, noon, I took my last look at the Mexican coast, and could distinctly make out the

elevated land just above the village of Santa Anna, from which I "took my departure," and made an entry to that effect in the log.

Every thing ran along smoothly for several days. The weather was fine; and the only thing we had to complain of was the light breeze, which sometimes was not sufficient to fill the sails: at her best, the brig made not more than five knots, while most of the time she did not log two. At this rate, it would be a long time yet before we dropped our "mud-hook" in "Boston city, where all the girls they are so pretty."

After the first few days out, when the work about the rigging was finished, the men were given "watch and watch." Afternoons they were to be seen washing and mending their clothes, reading, and attending to their toilet. This latter is an interesting matter with Jack, who sometimes will use up a whole watch below washing his clothes, and scrubbing his tanned and begrimed hide with a bucket-full of soap and water, alongside the "scuttle-butt." Parting his hair with a small comb, which generally is minus most of its teeth, he gives it an artistic flourish behind, so that it will stand out to either side, completely covering his ears, and reminding one of a vessel running before the wind "wing and wing." A sailor's looking-glass is usually a small three-cornered piece of glass, a relic of better times, which from long usage and much borrowing has been chipped and broken, but is kept carefully treasured as long as there is a vestige of useful

material left. Sunday is given sailors, in most ships, to do their washing and mending; and Jack usually improves the opportunity. It is amusing to watch the men. Some will be forward, stripped of their clothes, scrubbing and rubbing each other vigorously with soap and water, and a stiff bristle-brush; others will be seated about the deck, on the water-casks or the hatch-combings, mending their clothes, smoking, and telling yarns; while one of them, who is oftentimes an adept at the business, is the acting barber, and is occupied cutting hair, and lathering and removing the stubble from the men's faces, which probably have not been shaved for weeks. Sailors usually leave their faces unshaved from the time they leave one port till they are about arriving at another, and then have a grand cleaning-up all around.

On the afternoon of the seventh day from port, we were struck by a squall, which came swooping down upon us from the north-west. We had seen it coming, however, and were ready for it. The gaff-topsail and flying-jib had been hauled down and stowed, and the watch stationed at the topgallant and main-topmast staysail halyards, ready to let them run down if the squall should strike heavily. We slipped into our oil-clothes, as the blackness of the clouds indicated their watery contents; and this was a wise precaution, for hardly had we taken in the light sails before the rain began to patter on the deck. Scarcely a breath of breeze was to be felt; but to windward the ripple of rapidly approaching

wind could be distinctly seen, running along on the top of the waves, about half a mile distant. The calmness of the scene was made fearful by the rumble of the heavy thunder, and the bright flashes of lightning; while the noise of the approaching wind could be distinctly heard above the slatting of our sails, as the brig tumbled about in the surges. The air was close and stifling. The heavy, black, curling clouds were rapidly working their way up from the horizon; while what seemed at first to be only a ripple on the waters off our starboard beam became, as it approached nearer, a white, seething, frothy belt of water, tumbling and plunging about, as it flew along. In a moment the squall struck the brig, careening her down to leeward till the water bubbled up through the scuppers; while the sea, before mild, but now lashed into a white foam by the fury of the wind, scattered its spray over the weather-bow, and dashed it along the decks. The brig had been kept off a couple of points, so that she might not get caught aback when the squall struck.

"Clew up the to'gallant-sail!" bawls out the captain, who is walking along the weather side of the poop, as the wind comes heavier and heavier, and the masts begin to buckle, and the spars to snap and crack. The yard is settled on the cap; up goes the lee clewline, followed by the weather clewline and buntline. The yard is then hauled around into the teeth of the wind, and the brig scuds along a little easier.

A moment later the rain came down in torrents,

and in a few minutes was swashing about the decks, knee deep, as the brig rolled from side to side. The force of the squall had passed when the rain began to fall; and five minutes later hardly a breath of wind was stirring, and the heavy black clouds were rapidly disappearing to leeward. The sun came out through the fleeing clouds, and dried the decks; and the slatting sails soon shook out their moist coating, while the lee braces and the running-gear, which had become taut from the drenching rain, were eased off to diminish the strain upon them.

We wrung out our wet clothes, and hung them up on lines strung across from the fore-stay to "the swifter," where they were soon dried by the hot rays of the sun and the slatting of the vessel. Towards evening the wind sprang up, and blew gently all night.

For several days we had the light, warm breezes of the tropics, occasionally interrupted by a calm or a squall; so that one minute the old brig would be wallowing in the trough of the sea with not wind enough to give her steerage-way, while at another she would be scudding along before some suddenly appearing squall, with all the light sails clewed down; and a few minutes later, before the force of the squall had fairly passed, she would be kept up to her course again, with the light sails reset. The wind would last a few hours, then dying out, the brig would roll around in the calm that seemed sure to follow a breeze; the mainsail would be dropped

and loosely tied up, and the light sails settled away, so that they might not slat themselves to pieces.

This sort of life was growing monotonous. Some days we did not make twenty miles on our course; while our best run was on the ninth day out, when at noon the sun put us eighty miles farther along than we were at noon the day before. Showers often came up in the night-time, accompanied by thunder and lightning, but usually with little or no wind. At these times all opportunities for catching fresh water were always improved; and deck-buckets, half-barrels, kits, and any thing that would hold water, were put under the spouts at the corners of the houses, and soon filled. Usually after a shower the men would spend their watch below, washing and scrubbing, and would get themselves into an exceedingly clean condition.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NINETEEN days out we sighted Cape Florida, early on the morning of Oct. 7. During the night we had the best breeze we had met since leaving Santa Anna; and it gradually increased till now it was blowing fresh, and the brig was making six knots easy. Two small sharks had been following the brig all the previous day: and as "Johnnie" seemed desirous of keeping our company, I thought I would try to gratify his wishes; so, bending a codfish-hook onto one end of the log-line, and baiting it with a dainty little piece of pork, of which sharks are very fond, I threw it over the stern. In a few minutes, "Johnnie shark" came from under the brig. At first he would sniff at the pork, then swim around it, first to one side, then the other, and I was beginning to think that my tempting bait was not sufficiently delicate for the little fellow (he was not more than four feet long), when at last he swam under it, and, turning on to one side, opened his mouth, and swallowed the bait and hook, together with several inches of the line, which I had taken the precaution to parcel so that it might not be bitten in two. He dove downward, and probably thought he was to escape

with his booty; but if such were his thoughts, they must have been suddenly changed, when the line began to get taut, and I hauled him in over the rail, and threw him on to the deck. A few minutes later I caught the other. The cook was very desirous of cooking one of them; and, as I had no objection, he boiled a piece of the smaller one, and served it up for dinner. I saw a large piece going into the forecastle with the beef, in the "beef-barge;" but it was brought back about as it went in, for a sailor is too superstitious to eat shark when he can get any thing else. We had a piece on the cabin-table, and I ate a little; but the captain would not touch it. The meat was white and dry, with a coarse, short fibre, and was almost tasteless. Shortly after I had eaten the shark, I began to feel a little peculiar, and was soon seized with cramp-like pains, followed by nausea, and later vomiting, after which I was all right again. It served one of the men, and also the cook who had eaten heartily of his own dish, the same way. The bad effects were only temporary in each case: the stomach being cleared, the uncomfortable sensations disappeared at once. Small sharks are occasionally eaten, but it is not thought advisable to eat the larger ones.

In the afternoon a full-rigged ship was sighted about five miles off our lee bow, coming towards us under all sail before the wind, which till now had been westerly, and still held so with us. It seemed odd to see the ship before the wind, while we, who were going in an opposite direction, should also be

running free; but it did not take long to explain the cause of this, for in a few minutes the wind began to haul more to the northward, compelling us to brace up our square yards more and more, in order to keep to our course. A few moments more, and we were two or three points to the southward of our course, with the wind striking us dead from the eastward, and had every thing braced up sharp, and the brig lying snug to the wind. It was now clear enough why the two vessels had been approaching each other with a fair wind, and their yards squared. The ship had been coming down before the east wind which is so prevalent through the Straits, while we had been running along quietly before the gentle westerly breezes of the Gulf. At this point the two winds happened to meet, — unfortunately for us, for we were now close-hauled on the wind with the interesting prospect of beating and banging through the Straits, all night at least. The ship passed about two miles to the leeward of us; but, as she did not fly her ensign or signals, we could not make her out: she was apparently in ballast, and was heading towards the cotton-ports of the Gulf.

The wind freshened during the night; and, as the rapid current of the Gulf Stream made a "nasty" choppy sea, running against the wind, the main-topmast staysail and flying-jib were taken in and stowed, so as to ease the brig.

I had the middle watch that night, and was walking along the weather-side of the deck just before four bells, when, looking forward, I saw Bill, who

had been stationed on the lookout, leaning against the capstan, with his head dropped in front of him, and wiggling about as the vessel rolled from side to side. I had been suspicious of him for some time, as I had already caught him napping on the lookout, —the last time, two nights before, when I sent him up on to the fore-yard, where he would be obliged to keep his eyes open, or fall off the yard: I kept him there till his watch was up, and then let him come down. His going to sleep at this time when we were in a dangerous sea, with vessels all around us, rather exasperated me. Determined to break him of his drowsiness while on duty, I went forward along the lee side of the ship, and, getting the draw-bucket, I quietly filled it over the side, and, stealthily climbing over the windlass, I crept up behind Bill, who was braced against the capstan with his back towards me, his head doubled over on his chest, and his feet spread wide apart. Quickly lifting the bucket over his head, and giving it a rapid turn, I brought it down, water and all, square on top of his head. I never saw a more astonished man: he rolled over on the deck, with the bucket still on his head and the water running down all over him, and began to make his arms and legs go, forward and back, as a person does when in swimming, at the same time crying lustily for help. It was some moments before he realized that he had not fallen overboard. I gave him a talking-to, and then sent him below to put on some dry clothes. This thoroughly broke him of napping while on the lookout, and ever afterwards he kept his eyes wide open.

All night long we tacked ship every three or four hours; putting it off, if possible, till eight bells (when the watches were changed), so as to have all hands on deck, for it was hard work to get the brig round with only one watch. Early in the morning a number of flying-fish dropped on the deck: these we secured, and found them very good, broiled for breakfast. These fish have two long fins, very like the wings of a bird, extending along the back from head to tail. With these fins, although without any vibratory motion, they sustain themselves in the air while the wind blows them along. It is said that they can remain in the air as long as their fins are wet; but that, as soon as the moisture has evaporated, they drop into the water, or on to whatever may be under them at the time, — as, for instance, the deck of a vessel, — and are unable to fly again. They can remain in the air half a minute; and the distance they cover during this time depends entirely on the velocity of the wind, their longest flight being estimated at two hundred yards.

As the current swept us through the Straits, our course was gradually changed from east-by-north, to east-north-east. Slowly but continually we were making more northern, till finally the old craft was steering nor'-nor'-east, direct for Hatteras, a straight line for Boston.

The weather was fine; and every sail we had was cracked on, and no opportunity lost to shorten our passage, which was already lengthening out on account of the calms and light winds that had held us back in the Gulf.

For several days we ran along before a stiff south-east breeze, which was directly off the quarter. Every one was in good spirits; and the thought of being soon in Boston put new life into the men, and every thing went with a "snap and a go." Little urging was required to keep the men at their work: and the captain seemed to be too much taken up with himself, or the thoughts of getting home made him too good-natured, to growl at and kick the men about as had been his custom; although, to relieve the monotony, he would occasionally swear at the man at the wheel, if, on coming on deck, he found him star-gazing, or the brig half a point off her course.

Thursday noon, latitude 32° 54′ N., longitude 76° 08′ W. We were a hundred and thirty miles from Cape Hatteras, and if the wind held we ought to be up with it the following morning. It was my evening watch below from eight to twelve. I had just lain down, and was enjoying a smoke before going to sleep, when the captain, who was walking the deck near my room, called to the second mate to take in the gaff-topsail. "Man the downhaul! Ease off the sheet! Easy, there! Haul away the downhaul!" The rattle of ropes, the slatting of canvas, and the orders of the second mate, showed that the sail was coming in; while the long-drawn-out "Yo, heave ho!" indicated that the downhaul was coming hard.

"Slack away the halyards! Pull away on that downhaul!" and a moment later, "Belay all!" The

sail was clewed up. I was wondering what might be the occasion of taking in the gaff-topsail, when the captain bawled out, "Let the topmast-staysail and flying-jib run down!"

A moment later a swoop and a rattle of hanks showed that these sails were down.

"Lay out and furl the flying-jib!"

Half an hour before, when I came below, the sky was clear, and the stars were shining brightly; but all these orders indicated that a squall had probably come up quickly, and was moving in the direction of the brig.

"Keep her off a couple of points!"

"Keep her off a couple of points, sir!"

"Stand by the to'gallant-sail; be spry there, men!" bawled out the captain.

I could hear all these orders very distinctly, while the slatting of the ropes and sails, and the creaking of blocks, together with the hurried sounds of the footsteps of the men, and the "Yo, heave ho!" as they tugged away at the downhauls, showed that the orders were obeyed. I was expecting every minute to hear the order given to call all hands, and meanwhile was impatiently waiting for the squall to strike. It was not long before it came, and did strike with a vengeance.

"Call all hands!" shouted the captain at the top of his lungs. "Clew up the to'gallant-sail!"

I hurried on my monkey-jacket, and rushed on deck. It was "as dark as Egypt," and at first I could not see a thing. The wind was blowing furi-

ously, and it took but a moment for me to realize that the brig was caught aback. It was impossible to haul up the topgallant-sail, as the sail was jammed back against the mast, and held there with a grip like iron.

"Brace round the yards! lively there, men; lively!" cried the captain, who was standing on the poop near the forward end of the house. A hard pull, and the creaking yards came around; the stay-sail and jib-sheets were hauled over; the boom-tackle unhooked, and changed across from port to starboard, rehooked, and the boom guyed off to leeward. The topgallant-sail was now clewed up; and, with plenty of weather-helm, the brig was kept off on her course. The water was bubbling up through the lee-scuppers, as the brig keeled down before the fury of the squall, while astern was a broad wake of seething white foam that was scattered rapidly behind as the brig drove through the water. The advisability of taking in the mainsail was under consideration, when with a snap, just as the vessel gave an unusually deep roll to windward, the boom-tackle parted, and in swung the huge main-boom, which had been guyed well out over the quarter, and went whizzing over our heads far out to windward, as far as the main-sheet would allow it to go. By this time the force of the wind had gone over; but enough sea had been blown up to roll the brig about, and in a moment more down she went into the hollow of a sea, and in came the ponderous boom, dragging along the sheet over the spokes of the

wheel,—from which the man had fled,—and threatening to pull the steering-gear from the rudder-head. All hands were called aft, and an attempt was made to haul in the slack of the sheet as the boom swept across the deck; but it went over so rapidly that only a few feet could be hauled in at a time, and before a turn could be caught around the bitt-head, the sheet whizzed around the bitt, and straightened out like a rod of iron, shaking out the water in all directions like a dog that has been in swimming. It was seen that the boom must be secured at once, or the sheet would part, which it seemed likely to do every time the boom rattled across the deck. If the sheet, which was not a new rope, and could not stand such slats and jerks very long, once parted, and set free the ponderous spar, it would take but a minute for the boom to swing forward, crashing against the main-shrouds, and tearing them to pieces in an instant; or perhaps drawing out the bolts in the chain-plates like soft iron. In either case, the entire support of one side of the main-mast would be lost; and, at the next roll of the vessel, the mast would be sure to go over the side, taking every thing attached along with it. As the boom rattled across the deck, a tail-rope, used in tacking ship to keep the spar steady as the vessel comes around, was hooked into a strap on the boom near the main-sheet block, and, by watching for an opportunity when the boom swung in over the quarter, as the vessel righted on a short sea, the tail-rope was quickly caught under the bitt, and secured by several turns. Then, before the

rope could slip and get away, the main-sheet was hauled flat, and the boom-tackle drawn in from over the side, where it was dragging in the water, and rehooked into the strap. The boom was then guyed out once more to its former position.

The escaped spar caused a great deal of excitement for the time being, but as soon as it was secured every thing went on as before. We now had the wind off our port beam, fresh and steady; and, with our light sails all reset, the old brig was logging fully eight knots, and lashing the foam in all directions as she ploughed through the water. As soon as the brig was on her course again, the port watch was sent below, and turned in.

CHAPTER XXIV.

At seven bells in the morning the cook called me for breakfast, and said that Cape Hatteras was to be seen off the port bow. The sight of land is always inspiring when none has been seen for some time; and, hastily pulling on my clothes, I went on deck to look at the wonderful cape, in attempting to round which many vessels and countless lives have been lost. To all appearances we were to have a fine day, and should be under no necessity for exercising as much caution as the proverbial quotation, —

> "If the Bermudas let you pass,
> You must beware of Cape Hatteras," —

might otherwise have led us to use. We passed within three miles of the cape, and at nine o'clock had it nearly abeam. With the aid of the glass, I could see very distinctly the ragged, rocky shore stretching off in either direction, lashed with the white foam as the waves rolled up, — a barren, desolate-looking place. Many a vessel, coming from the southward, has sailed along with the best of weather, 'ill struck suddenly off Hatteras by a gale of wind

dead ahead, and blown out to sea. If it should happen to be in the winter-season, the vessel might be so iced up, and the crew so benumbed and frost-bitten by the cold, that the vessel would have to be kept off before the gale, and run back into the Gulf Stream to thaw out, and another attempt made to round the cape. Perhaps this time she might succeed; but very likely, on nearing the cape, she would meet another gale as severe as the first, and have again to keep away for the Gulf. It is a fearful place in winter; and often vessels are days and even weeks in passing the cape, being repeatedly blown back whenever they attempt to approach it.

Our course was changed half a point more to the eastward; and we were now steering directly for "Nantucket P'int," which, if the wind should hold, we ought to reach in three days.

The brig was in fine condition; a great deal of work having been accomplished during the clear weather, when not a moment of daylight was permitted to run to waste. It is a mate's pride to have his vessel looking trim as she comes into port. The standing-rigging had all been set up, the masts stayed, every ratling was squared and taut, the running-gear was in good shape, and not a fag-end or a stray seizing could be seen aloft. All the standing-rigging had been tarred; and not a "holiday" was visible anywhere on the rigging, which shone, with its black coat, "like a darky's heel." Every splice in the running-rigging was as smooth as a new rope, and not a strand was visible, while every hook and clew was securely moused.

The poop-deck had been scraped and oiled, the taffrail painted white, and the stanchions oiled; while outside, down to the water-line, the brig had been given a coat of black paint, that greatly improved her appearance. Aloft, the yards had been planed and scraped smooth, and oiled; while the tops, trestle-trees, cross-trees, and mast-heads were painted white, as were also all the blocks. The chain-plates were touched up with red, while the rest of the iron-work was coated with coal-tar, which produced a shiny black appearance.

Every preparation for coming into port was made: the hawsers, which had been coiled down in the fore-hold, on top of the cargo, were taken on deck and overhauled; the mooring-chains, of which we had two, were examined, and made ready for immediate use. Among other things, the deep-sea lead was brought from the lazaret, overhauled from the tub, and coiled down on the quarter. Extra efforts were made to keep the paint-work clean, and every morning till we got into Boston the watch was set to work with a bucket of fresh water and soda to remove the dirt from the paint; all the white paint about the houses, the taffrail, and the forecastle, was carefully rubbed with a piece of canvas, and the whole afterwards washed down with salt water and scrubbing-brushes.

The next day, being Sunday, was given the men, after the decks were washed down, and the ship pumped dry, to do as they desired, only being required to do the necessary labor of working ship;

which, from the fineness of the weather, was very slight. The men went to work about their quarters; and up came mattresses, bedding, reefers, and clothes of all descriptions. These were scattered about the deck; some laid out on the logs, or on top of the house, while most of the things were carried forward on to the forecastle, which Jack considers his tramping-ground, and upon which he can do about as he likes. The head-stays were completely covered with jackets, breeches, shirts, and, in fact, clothing of all kinds, most of which belonged to the German sailors. As soon as the inside of the house was cleared of the movables, buckets of water were passed down; and, scrubbing-brushes and scrapers being brought into use, in a few minutes the dingy little hole looked like an entirely different place.

On overhauling my chest, I found almost every thing I possessed covered with a deep layer of mould, especially those things that had been near the bottom of the chest, and had not been touched for a long while.

The wind held favorable; and for two days we spun along on our course, with no incident occurring worth narrating. All we thought of now was that we were approaching home; and that every time the old brig plunged her bow down into a wave, and gracefully lifted again, and danced along over the next wave, she was bringing us just so much nearer our friends.

At dusk, Tuesday night, the deep-sea lead was passed forward, the yards laid aback, and as the

captain bawled out, "He-e-ave!" I joyfully hove the lead. "Soundings, seventy fathoms!" cried the captain, as I ran aft. And on examining the bottom of the lead by the aid of the binnacle-lamp, we found an abundance of dark sand and white shells, sticking to the soap with which the bottom of the lead had been filled. These told us, as correctly as if we had seen the land, that we were off Nantucket. Our course was at once changed to the eastward, in which direction we stood all night. Towards morning a thick fog surrounded the brig, so that at daybreak it was with difficulty that we could make out objects at either end of the vessel; and at the same time the wind died away, so that the brig had hardly steerage-way. This was a dangerous place to be shut in by a fog, as there are a great many vessels, coal-carriers and others, which are continually plying back and forth in these waters. A man was stationed forward to blow the fog-horn every two or three minutes, and, during the intervals, we all listened. Several blasts could be heard in the distance; also the short, sharp whistle of a steamboat, sounding nearer and nearer as we approached. We kept our horn going vigorously; and, although we could not see the steamer, it was quite easy to tell from her whistle, and the noise of escaping steam, that she was slowly and cautiously groping her way by us, through the fog, to starboard.

Towards noon the fog lifted, and before a gentle south-west breeze we stood to the northward; and as the fog lifted still more, we could see Nantucket

about four miles off the quarter, while ahead began to appear the low, sandy soil of Cape Cod. Before night we passed Chatham, saw the light-houses along the shore, and continued on our course to the northward. The wind increased a little during the evening. We signalled at intervals, with our torch, for a Boston pilot. At midnight, having received a response by the burning of a similar light on a pilot-boat, we backed our topsails, and took the pilot on board. The brig was at once filled away again, but with her course changed to north-half-west, to follow around the curve of the Cape. The pilot had several Boston papers of the day before, which I eagerly read. He gave me all the news, and told me of all the important transactions, political and other, that had occurred during the past few months.

During the night our course was gradually changed more and more to the westward; and at daylight Cape Cod was to be seen directly off the port bow, not more than three miles distant. At eight bells we rounded the Cape, and steered west-north-west, directly for Boston.

The morning dawned clear and beautiful, and the rising sun scattered its glittering rays over the waters of Massachusetts Bay. We saw numerous vessels, bound in and out of the Bay, many of them coasters and fishermen. The wind was south-west; and with every thing braced up sharp, we could just about lay our course. If the wind held, there was no reason why we should not drop our anchor in Boston inner harbor by the middle of the afternoon.

The brig was washed down and scrubbed for the last time. Aloft, the battens were stripped from the rigging and thrown overboard; and the places that they had occupied were covered with a handful of tar, leaving every thing clean and neat. After finishing these small duties, the men were permitted to do about as they wished; and most of them overhauled their chests, threw overboard their old worthless clothes, and packed up the remainder all ready to go on shore as soon as the brig came to anchor. I had some interesting pieces of wearing-apparel in my room. During the forenoon I looked over my possessions, and took out many well-worn garments, which I had carefully treasured for bad weather, and over which I had spent a great deal of time sewing and patching. With a feeling of sorrow I consigned them to the mercy of the placid waters of the Bay. I threw away all the working-clothes I had, except the suit I wore, which must last me into port. It was my "dandy" suit, and I always felt proud when I had it on, because it exhibited my handiwork in great variety. The trousers had been subjected to much wear and tear, and, in several places, had chafed through. The smaller holes I had carefully darned; while over the larger ones I had placed several patches, varying in size and color, most of them being pieces of canvas taken from some old staysail or royal. The seat of the trousers was ornamented by one of these large canvas patches, extending entirely across, and sewed over and over with tarred twine. I was not expecting to see any of my ac-

quaintances before getting on shore, and so kept these trousers on.

At eight bells we were in sight of the land surrounding the inner harbor; and an hour later, when opposite the quarantine-grounds, the pilot ordered the topsails backed, to wait for the port-physician to come on board. As we were from an infectious port, the condition of all hands had to be examined before we could continue on up to the city. Before the yards were fairly around, a small white steamboat was seen putting off from the shore, and in a few moments was alongside. I offered my hand to the port-physician to help him over the rail; when, to my astonishment, I recognized him as a former schoolmate and townsman of mine, Dr. Alonzo Wallace. I think he was more astonished to see me than I was at his sudden and unexpected appearance. To my discomfiture, I had on my daintily patched trousers, the appearance of which amused the doctor greatly, for, knowing me well, he did not restrain his mirth, and said that I better send them up to the Museum as a relic of a "tarred and patched existence." Having examined the bill of health, and pronounced it all right, he heartily shook hands with me, boarded his boat, and in a moment more was off for the quarantine-station. The yards were braced around, the sails filled, and once more we were on our way up the harbor. The top of the State House loomed up in the distance, glistening in the sunlight with its new coat of gold-leaf; while near it could be seen the lofty church-spires, towering high in the air.

Every thing was beginning to look familiar, and it was difficult for me to realize that I had been away fourteen long and often dreary months. At two o'clock the light sails were clewed up and stowed; and, a few minutes later, up went the foresail. The wheel was put hard down; and, at the command from the pilot, I joyfully knocked the pin from the cat-head, and with a splash the anchor went to bottom. The rusty cable creaked and smoked as it rattled over the windlass and out the hawse-hole; and, in a moment more, our speed was checked, and the brig swung round, head to the wind, off the wharves of East Boston. The square sails were at once clewed up, and the fore and aft sails dropped; but, before we could stow them, the brig was surrounded by numerous boats, and a moment later our deck was swarming with all sorts of people, from the boarding-house-keeper and his runners, to the lowest scum of the North End. The cook was besieged by men parleying for the grease and slush; while half a dozen junk-dealers surrounded me, and offered all sorts of prices for the old junk which was stowed away under the to'gallant-forecastle, and of which there were several barrels. Before I could stop them they would drag out a coil of old rope, and, clinging hold of it with one hand, shake a fifty-cent piece or a dollar-bill at me, and whisperingly urge me to put it in my pocket. But as I did not accede to their wishes, they became more noisy, offered me a drink of whiskey (of which each of them possessed a bottle), and, possibly thinking the reason I would not

deal with them was through hopes of getting more for the junk, they raised their offers. Each one of the crew was surrounded by several boarding-house runners, cheap-clothing dealers, and others eager to get some of Jack's hard-earned money, — which they might as well have, for some one would get it all before the men had been on shore a week: a sailor can not or will not keep his earnings. It was with great difficulty that I could keep these sharpers away from the men long enough to get the sails furled; but as soon as this was accomplished, and every thing about the decks straightened up, the men were told that they were off duty, the voyage being at an end. In an hour not a sailor was left on board: first one man had gone, then another, each one being taken off with his chest and bag, accompanied by a boarding-house runner.

That night I "slept in;" and the next day, when the ship-keeper came on board, I left the brig for home.

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